

THE
A R T
OF
S P E A K I N G.

CONTAINING,

I. An ESSAY ; in which are given Rules for expressing properly the principal Passions and Humors, which occur in Reading, or public Speaking ; and

II. LESSONS taken from the Ancients and Moderns (with Additions and Alterations where thought useful) exhibiting a Variety of Matter for Practice ; the emphatical Words printed in Italics ; with Notes of Direction referring to the ESSAY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

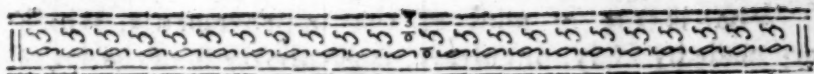
A TABLE of the LESSONS, and an INDEX of the various PASSIONS and HUMOURS in the ESSAY and LESSONS.

Neque vero mihi quidquam præstabilius videtur, quam posse dicendo tenere hominum cœtus, mentes allicere, voluntates impellere quo velit, unde autem velit deducere. Cic.

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—1795.—





A N
E S S A Y
ON THE
A R T O F S P E A K I N G.

THAT *oratory* is an art of great consequence, will hardly be questioned in our times, unless it be by those (if any are so ignorant) who do not know, that it has been taught, and studied, in all countries, where learning has gained any ground, ever since the days of Aristotle. That the *manner* or *address* of a speaker, is of the utmost importance, and that a *just* and *pleasing* manner in delivering either one's own compositions, or those of others, is *difficult* of acquisition, and but too much neglected amongst us, seems unquestionable from the deficiencies we so commonly observe in the *address* of our public speakers much more than in the *matter* uttered by them, and from the little effect produced by their labours.

Of the *learning* necessary for furnishing *matter*; and of the art of *arranging* it properly; of *invention*, *composition* and *style*, various writers among the Greeks, Romans, French, Italians, and English, have treated very copiously. It is not my design to trouble the world with any thing on these branches of oratory. I shall confine myself merely to what the prince of orators pronounced to be the first, second, and third part, or all that is *most important* in the art, viz. *delivery*, comprehending what every gentleman ought to be master of, respecting *gesture*, *looks*, and command of voice.

What is true of most of the improvements; which are made by study, or culture, is peculiarly so of the art of *speaking*. If there is not a foundation laid for it in the earlier part of life, there is no reasonable ground of expectation, that any great degree of skill in it should ever be attained. As it depends upon and consists in *practice*, more than theory, it requires the early initiation: that practice may have its full scope, before the time of life arrives, in which there may be occasion for public exhibition. Mankind must *speak* from the beginning, therefore ought, from the beginning, to be taught to *speak rightly*; else they may acquire a habit of speaking wrong. And whoever knows the *difficulty* of breaking through bad *habits* will avoid that labor by *prevention*. There is a great difference between *speaking* and *writing*. Some, nay most of mankind are never to be *writers*. All are *speakers*. Young persons ought not to be put upon writing (from their *own funds*, I mean) till they have furnished their minds with *thoughts*, that is till they have gotten *funds*: but they cannot be kept from speaking.

Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the *bar*, of appearing upon the *stage*, or in the *pulpit*, does it follow that he need bestow *no pains* in learning to speak properly his *native language*? Will he never have occasion to read, in a company of his friends, a copy of *verses*, a *passage* of a *book*, or *newspaper*? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the instruction of his children and servants? Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is *highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life*.^{*} The limbs are parts of the body much less noble than the *tongue*. Yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expence of time and money to have his son taught to use *them* properly. Which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the *tongue*, the *glory*

^{*} Cic. de ORAT. L. i. p. 83.

of man? Supposing a person to be ever so sincere and zealous a lover of *virtue* and of his *country*; without a competent skill and address in *speaking*; he can only *sit still*, and see them *wronged*, without having it in his *power* to prevent, or redress the evil. Let an artful and eloquent statesman harangue the house of commons upon a point of the utmost consequence to the publick good. He has it greatly in his power to *mislead* the judgment of the house. And he, who *sees through* the delusion, if he be awkward in delivering himself, can do *nothing* toward *preventing* the ruinous schemes, proposed by the other, from being carried into execution, but give his *single vote* against them, without so much as explaining to the house his *reasons* for doing so. The case is the same in other smaller assemblies and meetings, in which volubility of tongue, and steadiness of countenance, often carry it against solid reasons, and important considerations.

To offer a help toward the improvement of youth in the useful and ornamental accomplishment of speaking properly their mother tongue, is the design of this publication; to set about which I have been the more excited by experiencing, in my own practice, a *want* of such a collection, as the following. What I proposed to myself at first, was only to put together a competent *variety* of *passages* out of some of the best writers in prose and verse, for exercising youth in adapting their general manner of delivery to the *spirit* or *humour* of the various matter they may have occasion to pronounce. Such a collection, I thought, might be acceptable to the public, in consideration of its furnishing at an *easy expence*, a general *variety* of examples for *practice*, chosen and pointed out, without trouble to masters. A design, which as far as I know, has not before been executed.* On farther consideration, it occurred to me,

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* The PRECEPTOR, a work in two volumes 8vo. has some lessons for practice; but not the *variety* of humours or passions, which my design takes in; nor the notes of

that it might render such a publication more useful, if I prefixed some general observations on the method of teaching pronunciation, & putting the emphatical words in Italics, and marginal notes shewing the various *humours* or *passions*, in the several examples, as they change from one to another, in the course of the speeches. All masters of places of education are not I fear, sufficiently aware of the extent of this part of their duty ; nor of the number of particulars to be attended to, which render it so difficult to bring a young person to deliver, in a completely proper manner a speech containing a considerable *variety* of different *humours* or *passions*. So that *some* masters, as well as *all* pupils, may find their account in using this collection, till a better be published.

Whoever imagines the English tongue unfit for oratory, has not a just notion of it. That, by reason of the disproportion between its vowels and consonants, it is not quite so tractable as the Italian, and consequently, not so easily applied to *amorous*, or to *plaintive* music, is not denied. But it goes better to *martial* music, than the Italian. And in oratory and poetry, there is no tongue ancient, or modern, capable of expressing a greater *variety* of humours, or passions, by its *sounds* (I am not speaking of its copiousness, as to *phraseology*) than the English. The Greek, among the ancient, and the Turkish and Spanish, among the modern languages, have a *softer* sound, though the *gutturals* in them, of which the English is free (for it is probable, that the ancient Greeks pronounced the letter *X* gutturally) are, to most ears, disagreeable. But there is not in those languages, the *variety* of sound which the English affords. They never

direction for expressing them properly. Besides that the PRECEPTOR is a book of price, and fitter for the master's use than the pupil's ; so that I do not think that it answers the purpose I had in view in this publication. If it did, I should have used it. Otherwise I think it an useful book, and am glad to find, that it is well received.

quit their stiff *pomp*, which, on some occasions, is *unnatural*. Nor is there, as far as I know, any language more *copious*, than the English; an eminent advantage for *oratory*. And if we must fall out with our mother-tongue, on account of some hard and *unliquid* syllables in it, how shall we bear the celebrated *Roman* language itself, in every sentence of which we find such sounds as *tot*, *quot*, *sub*, *ad*, *fed*, *est*, *ut*, *et*, *nec*, *id*, *at*, *it*, *fit*, *sunt*, *dat*, *dant*, *det*, *dent*, *dabat*, *dabant*, *daret*, *darent*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, *fit*, *fuit*, *erat*, *erunt*, *fert*, *duc*, *fac*, *dic*, and so on.

It is greatly to our *Quame*, that, while we do so little for the improvement of our language, and of our manner of speaking it in public, the *French* should take so much pains in both these respects, though their language is very much *inferior* to *ours*, both as to *emphasis* and *copiousness*.

It is true, there is not now the same *secular* demand for eloquence, as under the popular government of ancient times, when twenty talents (several thousand of pounds) was the fee for one speech †; when the tongue of an orator could do more than the *sceptre* of a monarch, or the *sword* of a warrior: and when superior skill in the art of harranguing was the certain means for elevating him who possessed it, to the highest honors in the state. Even in our own country, this is partly the case; for the instances of *bad speakers* rising to *eminent stations* in the government, are *rare*. But it must be owned, our politicks now turn upon *other hinges*, than in the times when Greek and Roman eloquence flourished. Nor are we, accordingly like to bestow the pains which *they* did, for consummating ourselves in the art of Speaking. We shall hardly, in our ages, hear of a person's shutting himself up for many months in a cell under ground, to study and practise elocution uninterrupted; or declaiming on the sea shore to accustom himself to harrangue an enraged multitude without fear; or under the points of drawn swords fixed over

† Pliny says, Isocrates was paid that sum for one oration.

his shoulders to cure himself of a bad habit of shrugging them up ; which, with other particulars, are the labors reorded to have been undertaken by Demosthenes, in order to perfect himself, in spite of his natural disadvantages, of which he had many in the art of elocution. What is to be gained by skill in the art of speaking may not now be sufficient to reward the indefatigable diligence used by a Demosthenes, a Pericles, an Æschines a Demetrius Phalereus, an Isocrates, a Carbo, a Cicero, a M. Antony, an Hortensius, a Julius, an Augustus, and the rest. Yet it is still of important *advantage* for all that part of youth, whose station places them within the reach of a *polite education*, to be qualified for acquitting themselves with reputation, when called to speak in public. In *parliament*, at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, at *meetings* of merchants, in *committees* for managing public affairs, in large societies, and on such like occasions, a competent address and readiness, not only in finding matter, but in *expressing* and *urging* it effectually, is what, I doubt not many a gentleman would willingly acquire, at the expence of half his other improvements.

The reader will naturally reflect here upon *one* important use for good speaking, which was *unknown* to the ancients, viz. for the *ministerial* function. I therefore have said above, page 7, that we have not the same *secular* demand for elocution, as the ancients ; meaning, by reservation, that *we* have a *moral*, or *spiritual* use for it, which *they* had not.

And no small matter of grief it is to think, that, of the three learned professions, real merit is there the *most* *ineffectual* towards raising its possessor, where it ought to be *most* ; which must greatly damp *emulation* and *diligence*. An *able* physician, or lawyer, hardly fails of success in life. But a clergyman may unite the *learning* of a Cudworth with the *eloquence* of a Tillotson, and the *delivery* of an Atterbury ; but, if he cannot make out a *connection* with some *great man*, and it is too well known by what

means *they* are most commonly gained; he must content himself to be buried in a country curacy, or vicarage at most, for life.

If nature unassisted could form the eminent speaker, where were the use of *art* or *culture*; which yet no one pretends to question? Art is but *nature improved upon* and *refined*. And before improvement is applied, genius is but a mass of ore in the mine, without lustre, and without value, because *unknown* and *unthought of*. The ancients used to procure for their youth, masters of pronunciation from the theatres,* and had them taught gesture and attitude by the *palæstritæ*. These last taught what is among us done by the dancing master. And, as to the former, no man ought to presume to set himself at the head of a place of education, who is not in some degree capable of teaching pronunciation. However, I could wish that gentlemen, who have made themselves perfect masters of pronunciation and delivery, would undertake to teach this branch at places of education, in the same manner as masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, are used to do.

It is well when a youth has no natural *defect* or *impediment*, in his speech. And, I should, by no means, advise, that he, who has, be brought up to a profession *requiring* elocution. But there are instances enough of natural defects surmounted, and eminent speakers formed by indefatigable diligence in spite of them. Demosthenes could not when he began to study rhetoric, pronounce the first letter of the name of his art. And Cicero was long necked, and narrow chested. But diligent and faithful labor, in what one is in earnest about, surmounts all difficulties. Yet we are commonly enough disgusted by public speakers lisping, and stammering, and speaking through the nose, and pronouncing the letter R with the throat, instead of the tongue, and the letter S like Th, and screaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice,

* Quint. C. x.

some mumbling, as if they were conjuring up spirits ; others bawling, as loud as the vociferous venders of provisions in London streets ; some tumbling out the words so precipitately, that no ear can catch them ; others dragging them out so slowly that it is as tedious to listen to them, as to count a great clock ; some have got a habit of shrugging up their shoulders ; others of see-sawing with their bodies some backward and some forward, others from side to side, some raise their eyebrows at every third word ; some open their mouths frightfully ; others keep their teeth so close together, that one would think their jaws were set ; some shrivel all their features together into the middle of their faces ; some push out their lips, as if they were mocking the audience ; others hem at every pause ; and others smack with their lips, and roll their tongues about in their mouths, as if they laboured under a continual thirst. All which bad habits they ought to have been broken of in *early youth*, or put into ways of life in which they would have, at least offended *fewer* persons.

It is through neglect in the *early* part of life, and bad habits taking place, that there is not a public speaker among twenty, who knows what to do with his *eyes*. To see the venerable man, who is to be the mouth of a whole people confessing their offences to their creator and judge bring out these awful words, " Almighty and most merciful Father, &c. with his eyes over his *shoulder* to see who is just gone into the pew at his elbow ; to observe this one would imagine there was an absolute *want* of all feeling of *devotion*. But it may be, all the while owing to nothing but awkwardness : and the good man looks about him the whole time he is going on with the service, merely to keep himself in *countenance*, not knowing else, where to put his *eyes*.

Even the players, who excel, beyond comparison, all other speakers in this country, in what regards decorum, are some of them, often guilty of monstrous *improprieties* as to the management of their eyes. To direct them full

at the *audience*, when they are speaking a *soliloquy*, or an *aside-speech*, is unsufferable. For they ought not to seem so much as to think of an *audience*, or of any person's looking upon them, at *any* time ; especially on *those* occasions ; those speeches being only thinking aloud, and expressing what the actor should be supposed to wish *concealed*. Nor do they always keep their *eyes fixed* upon those they *speak to*, even in *impassioned* dialogue. Whether it is from *heedlessness*, or that they are more *out of countenance* by looking one another steadily in the face, I know not : but they do often ramble about with their eyes in a very unmeaning, and-unnatural manner.

A natural genius for delivery supposes an *ear* ; though it does not always suppose a *musical* * ear. I have never heard poetry, particularly that of Milton, better spoken, than by a gentleman, who yet had so little discernment in music, that, he has often told me, the grinding of knives entertained him as much as Handel's organ.

As soon as a child can read, without *spelling*, the words in a common English book, as the SPECTATOR, he ought to be taught the use of the *stops*, and accustomed, from the beginning, to pay the *same* regard to them as to the *words*. The common rule, for holding them out to their just length, is too exact for *practice*, viz. that a comma is to hold the length of a syllable, a semicolon of two, a colon of three, and a period of four. In some cases, there is *no stop* to be made at a comma, as they are often put merely to render the *sense clear* ; as those, which by Mr. Ward, and many other learned editors of books, are put before every *relative*. It likewise often happens, that the strain of the matter shews a propriety, or beauty, in holding the pause *beyond* the *proper length* of the stop ; particularly when anything remarkably *striking* has been uttered ; by which means the hearers have time to *ruminate* upon it, before the matter, which follows, can put it

* Yet Quintillian would have his orator by all means study music, C. viii.

out of their thoughts. Of this, instances will occur in the following lessons.

Young readers are apt to get into a *rehearsing* kind of *monotony*; of which it is very difficult to break them. Monotony is holding one *uniform* humming-sound through the whole discourse, without rising or falling. Cant, is, in speaking, as psalmody and ballad in music, a strain consisting of a few notes *rising* and *falling* without variation, like a peal of bells, let the *matter* change how it will. The chaunt, with which the prose psalms are half sung, half said in cathedrals, is the same kind of absurdity. All these are unnatural, because the continually varying strain of the *matter* necessarily requires a continually varying series of *sounds* to express it. Whereas chaunting in cathedrals, psalmody in parish churches, ballad music put to a number of verses, differing in thoughts and images, and cant or monotony, in expressing the various matter of a discourse, do not in the least *humour* the *matters* they are applied to; but on the contrary, confound it.*

Young people must be taught to let their voices *fall* at the *ends* of sentences; and to read without any particular whine, cant, or drawl, and with the *natural* inflections of voice, which they use in *speaking*. For *reading* is nothing but *speaking* what one sees in a book, as if he were expressing his *own* sentiments, as they rise in his mind. And no person reads well, till he comes to speak what he sees in the book before him in the same natural manner as he speaks the thoughts, which arise in his *own* mind. And hence it is, that no one can *read* properly what he does not *understand*. Which leads me to observe, that there are many books much *fitter* for improving children in reading, than most parts of *scripture*, especially of the *Old Testament*. Because the words of our English Bible are, many of them, *obsolete*; the *phraseology*, as of all bare translations, *stiff*, the subjects not *familiar* to young persons, and the characters *grave* and *forbidding*. *Fables* and *tales*, founded

* See SPECT. N^o. 18.

upon good morals, and select parts of *history* and *biography*, and familiar *dialogues*, are more *pleasing* and *suitable* to children under seven and eight years of age. And, such familiar-reading, as coming near to their own *chat*, is most likely to keep them from, or cure them of a *canting*, *whining*, *drawling*, or *un-animated* manner.

They must be taught, that, in questions, the voice is often to rise towards the end of the sentence, *contrary* to the manner of pronouncing most *other* sorts of matter ; because the *emphatical* word or that upon which the *stress* of the question lies is often the *last* in the sentence. Example. "Can any good come out of *Nazareth* ?" Here the *emphatical* word is *Nazareth* ; therefore the word *Nazareth* is to be pronounced in a higher note than any part of the sentence. But in pronouncing the following, "By what *authority* dost thou these things ; and *who* gave thee this authority ?" the *emphatical* words are *authority* and *who* : because what the Jews asked our Saviour was, by what *power*, or *authority*, he did his wonderful works ; and *how* he came by that power. And in all questions, the emphasis must, according to the intention of the speaker, be put upon that word which signifies the point about which he enquires. Example. "Is it true, that you have seen a noble lord from court to-day, who has told you bad news ?" If the inquirer wants only to know whether *myself*, or some *other* person, has seen the supposed great man ; he will put the emphasis upon *you*. If he knows, that I have seen somebody from court and only wants to know, whether I have seen a *great man* who may be supposed to *know* what *inferior* persons about the court *do not*, he will put the emphasis upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know, only whether the great man came *directly* from court, so that his intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the emphasis upon *court*. If he wants only to know, whether I have seen him *to-day* or *yesterday*, he will put the emphasis upon *to-day*. If he *knows* that I have seen a great man from court, to-day, and only

wants to know, whether he has told me any *news*, he will put the emphasis upon *news*. If he knows all the rest, and wants only to know, whether the news I heard was *bad*, he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad*.

The matter contained in a *parenthesis* or between *commas* instead of a parenthesis, which authors and editors often use, and between *brackets*, [], is to be pronounced with a *lower* voice, and *quicker* than the rest, and with a *short stop* at the beginning and end; that the hearer may perceive where the strain of the discourse *breaks off*, and where it is *resumed*; as, "When, therefore, the Lord "knew, that the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made, "and baptized *more* disciples than John (though Jesus "himself did not baptize, but his *disciples*) he departed "from Judea, and returned to Gallilee."*

A youth should not only be accustomed to read to the master, while the general business of the school is going on, so that none, but the master and those of his own class, can hear him; but likewise to read, or speak, by *himself*, while all the *rest* hear. This will give him *courage*, and accustom him to pronounce *distinctly*, so that every syllable shall be heard (though not every syllable alike *loud*, and with the same *emphasis*) through the whole room. For, it is one part of the judgment of a public speaker, to *accommodate* his voice to the *place*, he speaks in, in such a manner as to *fill* it, and, at the same time, not *stun* the hearers. It is matter of no small difficulty to bring *young* readers to speak *slow* enough. There is little danger of their speaking *too slow*. Though that is a *fault* as well as the contrary. For the hearers cannot but be disgusted and tired with listening much longer than is necessary, and losing precious time.

In every sentence, there is some *word*, perhaps several, which are to be pronounced with a *stronger* accent, or emphasis, than the others. Time was, when the *emphatical* word, or words, in every sentence, were printed in

* John iv. 1, 2, 3.

Italics. And a great advantage it was toward *understanding* the *sense* of the author, especially, where there was a thread of *reasoning* carried on. But we are now grown so nice, that we have found, the intermixture of two characters *deforms* the page, and gives it a speckled appearance. As if it were not of infinitely more consequence to make sure of *edifying* the reader, than of *pleasing* his eye. But to return to *emphasis*, there is nothing more pedantic than *too much* laid upon *trifling* matter. Men of learning, especially physicians, and divines, are apt to get into a fulsome bombastic way of uttering themselves on all occasions, as if they were *dictating*, when perhaps the business is of no greater consequence, than

What's a clock ? Or how's the wind ?

Whose coach is that we've left behind ? SWIFT.

Nor can an error be more ridiculous, than some that have been occasioned by an emphasis placed *wrong*. Such was that of a clergyman's curate, who, having occasion to read in the church our Saviour's saying to the disciples, Luke xxiv. 25. "*O fools, and slow of heart*" [that is, *backward*] "*to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me !*" placed the emphasis upon the word *believe* ; as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault ; when he read it next he placed the emphasis upon *all* ; as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*. As if the *prophets* had been persons in *no respect* worthy of belief.

A total want of *energy* in expressing *pathetic* language is equally blameable. I have often been amazed how public speakers could bring out the *strong* and *pathetic* expressions they have occasion to utter, in so *cold* and *un-animated* a manner. I happened lately to hear the tenth chapter of Joshua read in a church in the country. It contains the history of the miraculous conquest of the five kings, who

arose against the people of Israel. The clergyman bears a very good character in the neighborhood. I was therefore grieved to hear him read so *striking* a piece of scripture-history in a manner so *un-animated*, that it was fit to lull the whole parish to *sleep*. Particularly I shall never forget his manner of expressing the twenty-second verse, which is the Jewish general's order to bring out the captive kings to *slaughter*. "Open the mouth of the cave, and bring out those five kings to me out of the cave;" which he uttered in the very manner he would have expressed himself, if he had said to his boy, "Open my chamber door and bring me my slippers from under the bed."

CICERO* very judiciously directs, that a public speaker *remit*, from time to time, somewhat of the *vehemence* of his action, and not utter every passage with *all the force he can*; to set off, the more strongly, the *more emphatical parts*; as the painters, by means of shades properly placed, make the figures stand off bolder. For if the speaker has uttered a *weaker passage* with *all the energy he is master of*, what is he to do, when he comes to the *most pathetic parts*?

The *ease*, with which a speaker goes through a long discourse, and his success with his audience, depend much upon his *setting out* in a proper *key*,† and at a due pitch of *loudness*. If he begins in too *high* a tone, or sets out too *loud*, how is he afterwards to rise to a *higher note*, or swell his voice *louder*, as the more *pathetic* strains may require? The *command* of the voice, therefore, in this respect, is to be studied very *early*.

* De Orat. L. III. p. 144. Tom. I.

† The word *key* (taken from music) means that note, in the scale, which is the lowest of those that are used in a particular piece, and to which the others refer; and has nothing to do with loudness, or softness. For a piece of music may be sung or played louder or softer, whatever its key is.

The force or *pathos*, with which a speech is to be delivered, is to *increase*, as the speech goes on. The speaker is to grow warm by *degrees*, as the chariot-wheel by its continued motion;† not to *begin* in a pathetic strain; because the *audience* are not prepared to go along with him.

False and *provincial* accents are to be guarded against, or corrected. The manner of pronouncing, which is usual among people of *education*, who are natives of the *metropolis*, is, in every country, the *standard*. For what Horace‡ says, of the *choice* of words, viz. that the *people*, by their *practice*, establish what is *right*, is equally true of the *pronunciation* of them.

Nature has given to every emotion of the mind its *proper* outward expression, in such manner, that what suits *one*, cannot by any means be accommodated to *another*. Children at three years of age express their *grief* in a tone of voice, and with an action totally *different* from that, which they use to express their *anger*; and they utter their *joy* in a manner *different* from both. Nor do they ever, by mistake, apply *one* in place of *another*. From hence, that is, from *nature*, is to be deduced the whole *art* of speaking properly. What we mean, does not so much depend upon the *words* we speak, as on our *manner* of speaking them; and accordingly, in life, the greatest attention is paid to *this*, as *expressive* of what our words often give *no indication* of. Thus *nature* fixes the outward *expression* of every intention or sentiment of the mind. *Art* only adds *gracefulness* to what nature leads to. As *nature* has determined that man shall walk on his *feet*, not his hands: *Art* teaches him to walk *gracefully*.

Every part of the human frame contributes to express

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† “Quid insuavius &c. What is more offensive to the ear, than for “a pleader to open his cause in a boisterous manner.” AUCT. AD HEREN. L. III. N. XII.

‡ “Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.” HOR. ART. POET.

the passions and emotions of the *mind*, and to shew, in general, its present state. The *head* is sometimes *erected* sometimes *hung down*, sometimes drawn suddenly *back* with an air of *disdain*, sometimes shews by a *nod*, a particular person, or object ; gives *assent* or *denial*, by different motions ; *threatens* by one sort of movement, *approves*, by another, and expresses *suspicion* by a third.

The *arms* are sometimes *both* thrown out, sometimes the *right* alone. Sometimes they are *lifted* up as high as the face, to express *wonder*, sometimes *held out* before the breast to shew *fear* ; *spread forth* with the hands open, to express *desire* or *affection* ; the hands *clapped* in *surprise*, and in *sudden joy* and *grief* ; the right hand *clenched* and the arms *brandished*, to *threaten* ; the two arms set *a-kinbo* to look *big*, and express *contempt* or *courage*. With the hands, as Quintillian † says, we *solicit*, we *refuse*, we *promise*, we *threaten*, we *dismiss*, we *invite*, we *intreat*, we express *aversion*, *fear*, *doubting*, *denial*, *asking*, *affirmation*, *negation*, *joy*, *grief*, *confession*, *penitence*. With the hands we *describe*, and *point out* all circumstances of time, place, and manner of what we relate ; we *excite* the passions of others, and *sooth* them, we *approve* and *disapprove*, *permit* or *prohibit*, *admire* or *despise*. The hands serve us instead of many sorts of words, and where the language of the tongue is unknown, that of the hands is understood, being *universal* and *common* to all nations.

The *legs* *advance* or *retreat*, to express *desire*, or *aversion*, *love* or *hatred*, *courage*, or *fear*, and produce *exultation*, or leaping in *sudden joy* ; and the *stamping* of the foot expresses *earnestness*, *anger*, and *threatning*.

Especially the *face*, being furnished with a variety of muscles, *does more* in expressing the passions of the mind, than the whole human frame besides. The change of colour (in white people) shews, by turns, *anger* by *redness*, and sometimes by *paleness*, *fear* likewise by *paleness* and *shame* by *blushing*. Every feature contributes its part. The

† INST. ORAT, p. 455. "Annon his poscimus," &c

mouth open, shews one state of the mind, shut another; the gnashing of the teeth another. The forehead smooth, and eye-brows arched and easy, shew tranquility or joy: Mirth opens the mouth towards the ears, crissps the nose; half-shuts the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears. The front wrinkled into frowns, and the eye-brows overhanging the eyes like clouds, fraught with tempest, shew a mind agitated with fury. Above all the eye shews the very spirit in a visible form. In every different state of the mind, it assumes a different appearance, joy brightens and opens it. Grief half-closes, and drowns it in tears. Hatred and anger, flash from it like lightning. Love darts from it in glances, like the orient beam. Jealousy and squinting envy, dart their contagious blasts from the eye. And devotion raises it to the skies, as if the soul of the holy man were going to take its flight to heaven.

The ancients† used some gestures which are unknown to us, as, to express grief, and other violent emotions of the mind, they used to strike their knees with the palms of their hands.

The force of attitude and looks alone appears in a wonderfully striking manner, in the works of the painter and statuary; who have the delicate art of making the flat canvas and rocky marble utter every passion of the human mind, and touch the soul of the spectator, as if the picture, or statue, spoke the pathetic language of Shakespear. It is no wonder then that masterly actions, joined with powerful elocution, should be irresistible. And the variety of expression by looks and gestures, is so great, that as is well known, a whole play can be represented without a word spoken.

The following are I believe, the principal passions, humours, sentiments and intentions, which are to be expressed by speech and action. And I hope, it will be allowed by the reader, that it is nearly in the following manner, that nature expresses them.

† AUCT. AD HEREN. L. III. N. XV. Quintil. INST.

Tranquility, or *apathy*, appears by the *composure* of the countenance, and general *repose* of the body and limbs, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open the forehead smooth; the eyebrows arched; the mouth just not shut; and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one.

Cheerfulness adds a smile, opening the mouth a little more.

Mirth or *laughter* opens the mouth still more towards the ears; crisks the nose; lessens the aperture of the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears; shakes and convulses the whole frame; giving considerable pain, which occasions holding the sides.

Raillery in sport, without real animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness. The tone of voice is sprightly. With contempt, or disgust, it casts a look askint, from time to time, at the object; and quits the cheerful aspect for one mixed between an affected grin and sourness. The upper lip is drawn up with an air of disdain. The arms are set a-kimbo on the hips; and the right hand now and then thrown out towards the object, as if one were going to strike another a slight back-hand blow. The pitch of the voice rather loud, the tone arch and sneering, the sentences short; the expressions satyrical, with mock-praise intermixed. There are instances of raillery in scripture itself, as 1 Kings xviii. and Isa. xlv. And the excellent Tillotson has not scrupled to indulge a strain of that sort now and then especially in exposing the mock solemnities of that most ludicrous (as well as odious) of all religions, popery. Nor should I think raillery unworthy the attention of the lawyer; as it may occasionally come in, not unusefully, in his pleadings, as well as any other stroke of ornament, or entertainment†.

Buffoonery assumes an arch, sly, leering gravity. Must not quit its serious aspect, though all should laugh to burst

† —————ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res. Hor.

ribs of steel. This command of face is somewhat difficult ; though not so hard, I should think, as to restrain the contrary sympathy, I mean of weeping with those who weep.

Joy, when sudden and violent, expresses itself by *clapping of hands*, and *exultation*, or leaping. The eyes are *opened wide* ; perhaps filled with *tears* ; often raised to *heaven*, especially by devout persons. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features *aggravated*. The voice rises, from time to time, to very *high notes* :

Delight, or pleasure, as when one is entertained, or ravished with music, painting, oratory, or any such elegance, shews itself by the *looks, gestures, and utterance of joy* ; but moderated.

Gravity, or seriousness, the mind fixed upon some important subject, *draws down the eyebrows a little* ; *casts down*, or *shuts*, or *raises the eyes to heaven* ; *shuts the mouth*, and *pinches the lips close*. The posture of the *body and limbs is composed*, and without much motion. The *speech*, if any, *slow and solemn* ; the *tone unvarying*.

Enquiry into an obscure subject, *fixes the body in one posture*, the *head slooping*, and the *eye poring*, the *eyebrows drawn down*.

Attention to an esteemed, or superior character, has the same aspect ; and requires *silence* ; the eyes often *cast down upon the ground* ; sometimes *fixed on the face of the speaker* ; but not too *pertly*.

Modesty, or submission, *bends the body forward* ; *levels the eyes to the breast*, if not to the feet, of the superior character. The *voice low* ; the *tone submissive* ; and *words few*.

Perplexity, or anxiety, which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, *draws all the parts of the body together* ; *gathers up the arms upon the breast*, unless one hand *covers the eyes*, or rubs the forehead ; *draws down the eyebrows* ; *hangs the head upon the breast* ; *casts down the eyes*, *shuts and pinches the eyelids close* ;

shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close, or bites them. Suddenly the whole body is vehemently agitated. The person walks about busily: stops abruptly. Then he talks to himself, or makes grimaces. If he speaks to another, his pauses are very long; the tone of his voice unvarying, and his sentences broken, expressing half, and keeping in half of what arises in his mind.

Vexation, occasioned by some real or imaginary misfortune, agitates the whole frame, and, besides expressing itself with the looks, gestures, rests, and tone of perplexity, it adds complaint, fretting, and lamenting.

Pity, a mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon distress with lifted hands; eyebrows drawn down; mouth open; and features drawn together. Its expression, as to looks, and gesture, is the same with those of suffering (see Suffering) but more moderate, as the painful feelings are only sympathetic, and therefore one removed, as it were, more distant from the soul than what one feels in his own person.

*Grief, sudden, and violent, expresses itself by beating the head; groveling on the ground, tearing of garments, hair, and flesh; screaming aloud, weeping, stamping with the feet, lifting the eyes, from time to time, to heaven; hurrying to and fro, running distracted, or fainting away, sometimes without recovery. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid sullen silence, resembling total apathy.**

Melancholy, or fixed grief, is gloomy, sedentary, motionless. The lower jaw falls; the lips pale, the eyes are cast down, half-shut, eye-lids swelled and red, or livid, tears trickling silent, and unwiped; with a total inattention to every thing that passes. Words, if any, few, and those dragged out, rather than spoken; the accents weak, and interrupted, sighs breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

Despair, as in a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, bends the eyebrows downward; clouds the forehead; rolls the eyes around frightfully; opens

* *Curæ leves loquantur; ingentes stupent. Seneca Hipp.*

the mouth toward the ears ; bites the lips ; widens the nostrils ; gnashes with the teeth, like a fierce wild beast. The heart is too much hardened to suffer tears to flow ; yet the eye-balls will be red and inflamed like those of an animal in a rabid state. The head is hung down upon the breast. The arms are bended at the elbows, the fists clenched hard ; the veins and muscles swelled ; the skin livid ; and the whole body strained and violently agitated ; groans, expressive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than words. If any words they are few, and expressed with a sullen, eager bitterness ; the tone of voice often loud and furious. As it often drives people to distraction, and self-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one, who would represent it.

Fear, violent and sudden, opens very wide the eyes and mouth ; shortens the nose ; draws down the eyebrows ; gives the countenance an air of wildness ; covers it with deadly paleness ; draws back the elbows parallel with the sides ; lifts up the open hands, the fingers together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreaded object, as shields opposed against it. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently ; the breath is fetched quick and short ; the whole body is thrown in a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling ; the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent. Imminent danger, real, or fancied, produces, in timorous persons, as women and children, violent shrieks, without any articulate sound of words ; and sometimes irrecoverably confounds the understanding ; produces fainting, which is sometimes followed by death.

Shame, or a sense of one's appearing to a disadvantage, before one's fellow-creatures, turns away the face from the beholders ; covers it with blushes ; hangs the head ; casts down the eyes ; draws down the eyebrows ; either strikes the person dumb, or, if he attempts to say any thing in his own defence, causes his tongue to falter, and confounds his ut-

france ; and puts him upon making a thousand *gestures* and *grimaces*, to keep himself in *countenance* ; all which only heighten the confusion of his appearance.

Remorse, or a painful *sense* of *guilt*, casts down the *countenance*, and clouds it with *anxiety*; hangs down the head, draws the *eyebrows* down upon the eyes. The right hand beats the *breast*. The *teeth* gnash with *anguish*. The whole *body* is *strained* and violently *agitated*. If this strong remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of *penitence*, or *contrition*, then the eyes are raised (but with great appearance of *doubting* and *fear*) to the throne of heavenly mercy ; and immediately cast down again to the earth. Then floods of *tears* are seen to flow. The knees are *bended*, or the *body* *prostrated* on the ground. The arms are *spread* in a suppliant posture, and the voice of *deprecation* is uttered with *sighs*, *groans*, *timidity*, *hesitation*, and *trembling*.

Courage, steady, and cool, opens the *countenance*, gives the whole form an *erect* and *graceful* air. The accents are *strong*, *full mouthed* and *articulate*, the voice *firm* and *even*.

Boasting or affected courage, is loud, *blustering*, *threatening*. The eyes *stare*; the *eyebrows* drawn down ; the face is red and *bleated*; the mouth *pouts* out ; the voice *hollow* and *thundering* ; the arms are set a-kimbo; the head often *nodding* in a menacing manner ; and the right *fist*, *clenched*; is *brandished*, from time to time, at the person threatened. The right foot is often *stamped* upon the ground, and the legs take such large *strides*, and the steps are so heavy, that the earth seems to tremble under them.

Pride, assumes a *lofty* look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of *anger*. The eyes open, but with the *eyebrows* considerably drawn down ; the mouth *pouting* out ; mostly *shut*, and the lips *pinched* close. The words walk out a-strut, with a *slow*, *stiff*, *bombastic* affectation of importance. The arms generally a-kimbo, and the legs at a distance from one another, taking large *tragedy-strides*.

Obstinacy adds to the aspect of pride, a dogged sourness, like that of *malice*. See *Malice*.

Authority opens the countenance; but draws down the eyebrows a little, so far as to give the look of gravity. See *Gravity*.

Commanding requires an air a little more *peremptory*, with a look a little *severe* or *stern*. The hand is held out, and moved toward the person, to whom the order is given, with the palm upwards, and the head nods toward him.

Forbidding, on the contrary, draws the head backward, and pushes the hand from one with the palm downward, as if going to lay it upon the person, to hold him down immoveable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

Affirming, especially with a judicial oath, is expressed by lifting the open right hand, and eyes, toward heaven; or if conscience is appealed to, by laying the right hand upon the breast.

Denying is expressed by pushing the open right hand from one; and turning the face the contrary way. See *Aversion*.

Differing in sentiment may be expressed as refusing. See *Refusing*.

Agreeing in opinion, or conviction, as granting. See *Granting*.

Exhorting, as by a general at the head of his army, requires a kind, complacent look; unless matter of offence has passed, as neglect of duty, or the like.

Judging demands a grave, steady look, with deep attention; the countenance altogether clear from any appearance of either disgust or favor. The accents slow, distinct, emphatical, accompanied with little action, and that very grave.

Reproving puts on a stern aspect, roughens the voice, and is accompanied with gestures not much different from those of threatening, but not so lively.

Acquitting is performed with a benevolent, tranquil countenance, and tone of voice; the right hand, if not both, open,

waved gently toward the person acquitted, expressing *Dismissal*. See *Dismissing*.

Condemning assumes a severe look, but mixed with pity. The sentence is to be expressed as with reluctance.

Teaching, explaining, inculcating, or giving orders to an inferior, requires an air of superiority to be assumed. The features are to be composed to an authoritative gravity. The eye steady, and open, the eyebrow a little drawn down over it; but not so much as to look surly or dogmatical. The tone of voice varying according as the emphasis requires, of which a good deal is necessary in expressing matter of this sort. The pitch of the voice to be strong and clear; the articulation distinct; the utterance slow, and the manner peremptory. This is the proper manner of pronouncing the commandments in the communion office. But (I am sorry to say it) they are too commonly spoken in the same manner as the prayers, than which nothing can be more unnatural.

Pardoning differs from *acquitting*, in that the latter means clearing a person after trial of guilt; whereas the former suppose guilt, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from punishment. *Pardoning* requires some degree of severity of aspect and tone of voice, because the pardoned person is not an object of intire unmixed approbation; otherwise its expression is much the same as *granting*. See *Granting*.

Arguing requires a cool, sedate, attentive aspect, and a clear, slow, emphatical accent, with much demonstration by the hand. It differs from *teaching* (see *Teaching*) in that the look of authority is not wanting in *arguing*.

Dismissing, with approbation, is done with a kind aspect and tone of voice; the right hand open, gently waved toward the person: with *displeasure*, besides the look and tone of voice which suit displeasure, the hand is hastily thrown out toward the person dismissed, the back part toward him, the countenance at the same time turned away from him.

Refusing, when accompanied with *displeasure*, is expressed nearly in the same way. Without *displeasure*, it is

done with a visible *reluctance*, which occasions the bringing out the words *slowly*, with such a *shake* of the head, and *shrug* of the *shoulders*, as is natural upon hearing of something, which gives us concern.

Granting, when done with *unreserved goodwill*, is accompanied with a *benevolent aspect*, and *tone* of voice ; the right hand pressed to the left breast, to signify, how heartily the favor is granted, and the benefactor's joy in conferring it.

Dependence. See *Modesty*.

Veneration, or worshipping, comprehends several articles, as *ascription*, *confession*, *remorse*, *intercession*, *thanksgiving*, *deprecation* petition, &c. *Ascription* of honor and praise to the peerless and supreme Majesty of heaven, and *confession* and *deprecation*, are to be uttered with all that *humility* of looks and *gesture*, which can exhibit the most profound *self-abasement* and *annihilation*, before One, whose *superiority* is *infinite*. The head is a little raised, but with the most apparent *timidity*, and *dread* ; the eye is *lifted* ; but immediately cast down again, or closed for a moment ; the eyebrows are drawn down in the most respectful manner ; the features, and the whole body and limbs, are all composed to the most profound gravity ; one posture continuing, without considerable change, during the whole performance of the duty. The knees bended, or the whole body prostrate, or if the posture be standing, which scripture* does not disallow, bending forward, as ready to prostrate itself. The arms spread out, but modestly as high as the breast ; the hands open. The tone of the voice will be *submissive*, *timid*, *equal*, *trembling*, *weak*, *suppliant*. The words will be brought out with a visible anxiety and diffidence approaching to *hesitation* ; few, and slow ; nothing of vain repetition, † *harranguing*, flowers of rhetoric, or affected figures of speech ; all simplicity, humility, and lowliness, such as becomes a reptile of the dust, when presuming to address Him, whose greatness is tremendous beyond all created conception. In

* Mark xi. 25.

† Matth. vi. 7.

intercession for our fellow-creatures, which is prescribed in the scriptures,† and in *thanksgiving*, the countenance will naturally assume a small degree of *cheerfulness*, beyond what it was clothed with in *confession* of sin, and *deprecation* of punishment. But all affected ornament of speech or gesture in devotion, deserves the severest censure, as being somewhat much worse than absurd.

Respect for a superior, puts on the looks and gesture of *modesty*. See *Modesty*.

Hope brightens the countenance ; arches the eyebrows ; gives the eyes an eager, wishful look ; opens the mouth to half a smile ; bends the body a little forward, the feet equal ; spreads the arms, with the hands open, as to receive the object of its longings. The tone of the voice is eager, and unevenly inclining to that of joy ; but curbed by a degree of doubt and anxiety. *Desire* differs from *hope*, as to expression, in this particular, that there is more appearance of doubt and anxiety in the former, than the latter. For it is one thing to *desire* what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually obtaining it.

Desire expresses itself by bending the body forward, and stretching the arms toward the object as to grasp it. The countenance smiling, but eager and wishful ; the eyes wide open, and eyebrows raised ; the mouth open ; the tone of voice suppliant but lively and cheerful, unless there be distress as well as desire : the expressions fluent and copious ; if no words are used, sighs instead of them ; but this is chiefly in distress.

Love (successful) lights up the countenance into smiles. The forehead is smoothed, and enlarged ; the eyebrows are arched ; the mouth a little open, and smiling : the eyes languishing and half shut, dote upon the beloved object. The countenance assumes the eager and wishful look of *desire*, (see *Desire* above) but mixed with an air of satisfaction, and repose. The accents are soft, and winning ; the tone of voice persuasive, flattering, pathetic, various, musical,

† Matth. v. 44 Luke vi. 28.

rapturous, as in joy. (See Joy) The attitude much the same with that of *desire*. Sometimes both *hands pressed eagerly to the bosom*. *Love*, unsuccessful, adds an air of *anxiety* and *melancholy*. See *Perplexity* and *Melancholy*.

Giving, inviting, soliciting, and such like actions, which suppose some degree of affection, real or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express love ; but more moderate.

Wonder, or amazement, (without any other interesting passion, as love, esteem, &c.) *opens the eyes*, and makes them appear very *prominent* ; sometimes *raises* them to the *skies* ; but oftener, and more expressively, fixes them on the object ; if the cause of the passion be a *present* and *visible* object, with the look, all except the wildness, of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) If the *hands* hold any thing, at the time, when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it *drop*, unconscious ; and the whole *body fixes* in the *contracted stooping* posture of *amazement* ; the *mouth open* ; the *hands held up open*, nearly in the attitude of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) the first access of this passion *stops* all utterance. But it makes amends afterwards by a copious *flow* of words and exclamations.

Admiration, a mixed passion, consisting of *wonder*, with *love* or *esteem*, takes away the familiar gesture, and expression of simple *love*. (See *Love*.) Keeps the *respectful* look, and attitude. (See *Modesty* and *Veneration*.) The *eyes* are opened wide, and now and then raised toward heaven. The *mouth* is opened. The *hands* are lifted up. The *tone* of the voice rapturous. This passion expresses itself *copiously*, making great use of the figure *hyperbole*.

Gratitude puts on an aspect full of complacency. (See *Love*) If the object of it is a character greatly superior, it expresses much submission. (See *Modesty*.) The right *hand pressed upon the breast* accompanies, very properly, the expression of a sincere and hearty sensibility of obligation.

Curiosity, as of a busy body, *opens the eyes and mouth*,

lengthens the neck, bends the body forward, and fixes it in one posture, with the hands nearly in that of admiration. See Admiration. See also, Desire, Attention, Hope, Enquiry, and Perplexity.

Persuasion puts on the looks of moderate love. (See Love.) Its accents are soft, flattering, emphatical and articulate.

Tempting, or wheedling, expresses itself much in the same way; only carrying the *fawning* part to excess.

Promising is expressed with benevolent looks, the nod of consent, and the open hands gently moved towards the person, to whom the promise is made; the palms upwards. The sincerity of the promiser may be expressed by laying the right hand gently on the breast.

Affectation displays itself in a thousand different gestures, motions, airs, and looks, according to the character, which the person affects. Affectation of learning gives a stiff formality to the whole person. The words come stalking out with the pace of a funeral procession; and every sentence has the solemnity of an oracle. Affectation of piety turns up the goggling whites of the eyes to heaven, as if the person were in a trance, and fixes them in that posture so long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy. Then comes up, deep grumbling, a holy groan from the lower parts of the thorax; but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation through the solid earth. Then he begins to rock from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows. The hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head often shaken with foolish vehemence. The tone of the voice is canting, or sing-song lullaby, not much distant from an Irish howl; and the words godly doggerel. Affectation of beauty, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all sorts of forms, appearances, and attitude, but amiable ones. She undoes, by art, or rather by awkwardness (for true art conceals itself) all that nature had

done for her. Nature formed her almost an *angel*, and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a *monkey*. Therefore this species of Affectation is easily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as *ugly grimaces, motions, and gestures*, as can be made, and take care that *nature* never peep out; and you represent coquetish *affectation* to the life.

Sloth appears by Yawning, dozing, snoring, the head dangling sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, the arms and legs stretched out, and every sinew of the body unstrung, the eyes heavy, or closed; the words, if any, crawl out of the mouth, but half formed, scarce audible to any ear, and broken off in the middle by powerful sleep.

People, who walk in their sleep (of which our inimitable Shakespear has in his tragedy of *MACBETH*, drawn out a fine scene) are said to have their eyes open; though they are not, the more for that, conscious of any thing, but the dream, which has got possession of their imagination. I never saw one of those persons; therefore cannot describe their manner from nature; but I suppose, their speech is pretty much like that of persons dreaming, inarticulate, incoherent, and very different, in its tone, from what it is, when waking.

Intoxication shews itself by the eyes half shut, sleepy, stupid, inflamed. An idiot smile, a ridiculous surliness, or affected bravado, disgraces the bloated countenance. The mouth open tumbles out nonsense in heaps, without articulation enough for any ear to take it in, & unworthy of attention, if it could be taken in. The head seems too heavy for the neck. The arms dangle from the shoulders, as if they were almost cut away, and hung by shreds. The legs totter and bend at the knees, as ready to sink under the weight of the reeling body. And a general incapacity, corporeal and mental, exhibits human nature sunk below the brutal.

Anger (violent) or rage, expresses itself with rapidity, interruption, noise, harshness, and trepidation. The neck stretched out; the head forward, often nodding and shaken

in a menacing manner, against the object of the passion. The eyes red, inflamed, staring, rolling, and sparkling; the eye-brows drawn down over them; and the forehead wrinkled into clouds. The nostrils stretched wide; every vein swelled; every muscle strained; the breast heaving and the breath fetched hard. The mouth open, and drawn on each side toward the ears, shewing the teeth, in a gnashing posture. The face bloated, pale, red, or, sometimes almost black. The feet stamping; the right arm often thrown out, and menacing with the clenched fist shaken, and a general and violent agitation of the whole body.

Peevishness, or ill nature, is a lower degree of anger; and is therefore expressed in the above manner, only more moderate; with half sentences, and broken speeches, uttered hastily; the upper lip drawn up disdainfully; the eyes askint upon the object of displeasure.

Malice, or spite, sets the jaws, or gnashes with the teeth; sends blasting flashes from the eyes; draws the mouth toward the ears; clenches both the fists, and bends the elbows in a straining manner. The tone of voice and expression, are much the same with that of anger; but the pitch not so loud.

Envy is a little more moderate in its gestures, than malice; but much the same in kind.

Revenge expresses itself as malice

Craeltty. See Anger, Aversion, Malice, and the other irascible passions.

Complaining, as when one is under violent bodily pains, distorts the features; almost closes the eyes; sometimes raises them wishfully; opens the mouth; gnashes with the teeth; draws up the upper lip; draws down the head upon the breast, and the whole body together. The arms are violently bent at the elbows, and the fists strongly clenched. The voice is uttered in groans, lamentations, and violent Screams. Extreme torture produces fainting and Death.

Fatigue, from severe labor, gives a general langour to the whole body. The countenance is dejected. (see grief.)

The arms hang listless; the body, if sitting, or lying along be not the posture, stoops as in old age. (See Dotage.) The legs, if walking, are dragged heavily along, and seem at every step ready to bend under the weight of the body. The voice is weak, and the words hardly enough articulated to be understood.

Aversion, or hatred, expressed to, or of any person, or thing, that is odious to the speaker, occasions his drawing back, as avoiding the approach of what he hates; the hands at the same time, thrown out spread, as if to keep it off. The face turned away from that side toward which the hands are thrown out; the eyes looking angrily and askint the same way the hands are directed, the eyebrows drawn downward; the upper lip disdainfully drawn up; but the teeth set. The pitch of the voice loud; the tone chiding, unequal, surly, vehement. The sentences short, and abrupt.

Commendation, or approbation, from a superior, puts on the aspect of love, (excluding Desire, & Respect) and expresses itself in a mild tone of voice; the arms gently spread, the palms of the hands toward the person approv'd. Exhorting or encouraging, as of an army by a general is expressed with some part of the looks and action of courage.

Jealousy would be likely to be well expressed by one, who had often seen prisoners tortured in the dungeons of the inquisition, or who had seen what the dungeons of the inquisition are the best earthly emblem of; I mean Hell. For next to being in the pope's, or in Satan's prison, is the torture of him who is possessed of a spirit of jealousy. Being a mixture of passions directly contrary to one another, the person, whose soul is the seat of such confusion and tumult, must be in as much greater misery than Prometheus, with the vulture tearing his liver, as the pains of the mind are greater than those of the body. Jealousy is a ferment of love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety, suspicion, grief, pity, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, madness, and if there be any other tormenting passion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore to

Express jealousy well, requires that one know how to represent justly all these passions by turns (See Love, Hatred, &c.) and often several of them together. Jealousy shews itself by restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, absence of mind. Sometimes it bursts out in a piteous complaint, weeping; then a gleam of hope, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face clouded with a general gloom shews the mind overcast again with horrid suspicions, and frightful imaginations. Then the arms are folded upon the breast; the fists violently clenched; the rolling, bloody eyes dart fury. He hurries to and fro: he has no more rest, than a ship in a troubled sea, the sport of winds and waves. Again, he composes himself a little to reflect on the charms of the suspected person. She appears to his imagination like the sweetness of the rising dawn. Then his monster-breeding fancy represents her as false, as she is fair. Then he roars out as one on the rack, when the cruel engine rends every joint, and every sinew bursts. Then he throws himself on the ground. He beats his head against the pavement. Then he springs up, and with a look and action of a fury, bursting hot from the abyss, he snatches the instrument of death, and, after ripping up the bosom, of the loved, suspected, hated, lamented, fair one, he stabs himself to the heart, and exhibits a striking proof, how terrible a creature a puny mortal is, when agitated by an infernal passion.

Dotage, or infirm old age, shews itself by talkativeness, boasting of the past, hollowness of eyes and cheeks, dimness of sight, deafness, tremor of voice, the accents, thro' default of teeth, scarce intelligible; hams weak, knees tottering, head paralytic, hollow coughing, frequent expectoration, breathless wheezing laborious groaning, the body stooping under the insupportable load of years, which soon will crush it into dust, from whence it had its origin.

Folly, that is of a natural idiot, gives the face a habitual thoughtless, brainless grin. The eyes dance from ob-

ject to object, without ever fixing steadily upon any one. A thousand different & incoherent passions, looks, gestures, speeches, and absurdities, are played off every moment.

Distraction opens the eyes to a frightful wideness ; rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object : distorts every feature ; gnashes with the teeth ; agitates all the parts of the body ; rolls in the dust ; foams at the mouth ; utters with hideous bellowings, execrations, blasphemies, and all that is fierce and outrageous ; rushes furiously on all who approach ; and, if not restrained, tears its own flesh, and destroys itself.

Sickness has infirmity and feebleness in every motion and utterance. The eyes dim, and almost closed ; cheeks pale and hollow ; the jaw fallen ; the head hung down ; as if too heavy to be supported by the neck. A general *inertia* prevails. The voice trembling ; the utterance through the nose ; every sentence accompanied with a groan ; the hand shaking, the knees tottering under the body ; or the body stretched helpless on the bed.

Fainting, produces a sudden relaxation of all that holds the human frame together, every sinew and ligament unstrung. The colour flies from the vermilion cheek ; the sparkling eye grows dim. Down the body drops, as helpless, and senseless, as a mass of clay, to which, by its colour and appearance it seems hastening to resolve itself. Which leads me to conclude with

Death, the awful end of all flesh ; which exhibits nothing in appearance different from what I have been just describing ; for fainting continued ends in death ; a subject almost too serious to be made a matter of artificial imitation.

Lower degrees of every passion are to be expressed by more moderate exertions of voice and gesture, as every public speaker's discretion will suggest to him.

Mixed passions, or emotions of the mind, require a mixed expression. Pity, for example, is composed of grief and love. It is therefore evident, that a correct speaker must, by his looks and gestures, and by the tone

and pitch of his voice, express both grief and love, in expressing pity, and so of the rest.

There may be other humours and passions, beside these, which the reader, or speaker, may have occasion to express. But these are the principal. And if there be any others, they will occur among the following examples for practice, taken from various authors, and rules will be given expressing them. And though it may be alledged, that some of these passions, or humours, are such, as hardly ever come in the way of the speaker at the bar, in the pulpit, or either house of parliament, it does not therefore follow, that the labour of studying and practising the proper ways of expressing them is useless. On the contrary, every speaker will find his account in enlarging his sphere of practice. A gentleman may not have occasion every day, to dance a minuet : but he has occasion to go into company every day : and he will go into a room with much the better grace for his having learned to dance in the most elegant manner. The orator may not have actual occasion to express anger, jealousy, malice, and some few others of the most violent passions, for which I have here given rules. But he will, by applying his organs of elocution to express them, acquire a masterly ease and fluency, in expressing those he has actually occasion to express.

It is to be remembered, that the action, in expressing the various humours and passions, for which I have here given rules, is to be suited to the age, sex, condition, and circumstances of the character. Violent anger, or rage, for example, is to be expressed with great agitation (see *Anger*) but the rage of an infirm old man, of a woman, and of a youth, are all different from one another, and from that of a man in the flower of his age, as every speaker's discretion will suggest.

A hero may shew fear, or sensibility of pain : but not in the same manner as a girl would express those sensations. Grief may be expressed by a person reading a melancholy story, or description, in a room. It may be acted upon

the stage. It may be dwelt upon by the pleader at the bar; or it may have a place in a sermon. The passion is still grief. But the manner of expressing it will be different in each of the speakers, if they have judgment.

A *correct* speaker does not make a *movement* of limb, or feature, for which he has not a *reason*. If he addresses *heaven*, he looks *upward*. If he speaks to his fellow creatures, he looks *round upon them*. The *spirit* of what he says, or is said to him, appears in his *look*. If he expresses *amazement*, or would excite it, he *lifts up his hands and eyes*. If he *invites* to virtue and happiness, he *spreads his arms and looks benevolence*. If he *threatens* the vengeance of heaven against vice, he *bends his eyebrow into wrath*, and menaces with his *arm and countenance*. He does not *needlelessly* *saw* the air with his *arm*, nor *stab* himself with his *finger*. He does not clap his right hand upon his *breast*, unless he has occasion to speak of *himself*, or to introduce *conscience*, or somewhat *sentimental*. He does not start *back*, unless he wants to express *horror* or *aversion*. He does not come *forward*, but when he has occasion to *solicit*. He does not *raise* his voice, but to express somewhat peculiarly *emphatical*. He does not *lower* it, but to *contrast* the *raising* of it. His *eyes*, by turns, according to the *humour* of the matter he has to express, *sparkle* fury; *brighten* into joy; *glance* disdain; *melt* into grief; *frown* disgust and hatred; *languish* into love; or *glare* distraction.

But to apply *properly*, and in a masterly manner, the almost endlessly various external expressions of the different passions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has so curiously fitted the human frame—*hic labor*—*here* is the *difficulty*. Accordingly a consummate public speaker is truly a phoenix. But much *less* than all this, is generally speaking, sufficient for most occasions.

There is an *error*, which is too inconsiderately received by many judicious persons *viz.* that a public speaker's shewing himself to be in *earnest*, will alone secure him of duly *affecting* his audience. Were this true, the en-

thusiastic rant of the fanatic, who is often very much in earnest, ought to please the judicious ; in whom on the contrary we know, it excites, only laughter, or pity. It is granted, that nature is the rule by which we are to speak and to judge of propriety in speaking. And every public speaker, who faithfully, and in a masterly manner, follows that universal guide, commands attention and approbation. But a speaker may, either through incurable natural deficiency, or by deviating into some incorrigible absurdity of manner, express the real and the warm sentiments of his heart, in such an awkward way, as shall effectually defeat his whole design upon those who hear him, and render himself the object of their ridicule. It is not enough, as Quintilian* says, to be a human creature, to make a good speaker. As, on one hand, it is not true, that a speaker's shewing himself in earnest is alone sufficient, so on the other, it is certain, that if he does not seem to be in earnest,§ he cannot but fail of his design.

There is a true sublime in delivery, as in the other imitative arts ; in the manner as well as in the matter of what an orator delivers. As in poetry, painting, sculpture, music, and the other elegancies, the true sublime consists in a set of masterly, large, and noble strokes of art, superior to florid littleness ; so it is in delivery. The accents are to be clear and articulate ; every syllable standing off from that which is next to it, so that they might be numbered as they proceed. The inflections of the voice are to be so distinctly suited to the matter, that the humour or passions might be known by the sound of the voice only, where there could not be one word heard. And the variations are to be, like the full swelling folds of the drapery in a fine picture, or statue, bold, and free and forcible.

True eloquence does not wait for cool approbation. Like irresistible beauty, it transports, it ravishes, it com-

* INST. ORAT. p. 442.

§ ——— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Prius ipsi tibi.

HOR.

minds the admiration of all, who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to criticise, it is not genuine. It ought to hurry us out of ourselves, to engage and swallow up our whole attention; to drive every thing out of our minds, besides the subject it would hold forth, and the point, it wants to carry. The hearer finds himself as unable to resist it, as to blow out a conflagration with the breath of his mouth, or to stop the stream of a river with his hand. His passions are no longer his own. The orator has taken possession of them; and with superior power, works them to whatever he pleases.

There is no earthly object capable of making such various and such forcible impressions upon the human mind, as consummate speaker. In viewing the artificial creations, which flow from the pencil of a Raphael, the critical eye is indeed delighted to a high pitch, and the delight is rational, because it flows from sources, unknown to beings below the rational sphere. But the ear remains wholly unengaged and unentertained.

In listening to the raptures of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, the flood of pleasure which pours upon the ear, is almost too much for human nature. And music applied to express the sublimities of poetry, as in the oratorio of Samson, and the Allegro and Pensoso, yields a pleasure so truly rational, that a Plato, or a Socrates, need not be ashamed to declare their sensibility of it. But here again, the eye has not its gratification. For the opera (in which action is joined with music, in order to entertain the eye at the same time with the ear) I must beg leave, with all due submission to the taste of the great, to consider as a forced conjunction of two things, which nature does not allow to go together. For it never will be other than unnatural to see heroes fighting, commanding, threatening, lamenting, and making love in the warblings of an Italian song.

It is only the elegant speaker, who can at once regale the eye with the view of its most amiable object, the human form in all its glory; the ear with the original of all mu-

fic, the *understanding* with its proper and natural food, the knowledge of important truth ; and the *imagination* with all that, in nature, or in art, is *beautiful, sublime, or wonderful*. For the orator's *field* is the *universe*, and his subjects are *all* that is *known* of God, and his works ; of superior natures, good and evil, and their works ; and of terrestrials, and their works.

In a consummate speaker, whatever there is of *corporeal* dignity, or beauty, the majesty of the human *face* divine, the grace of *action*, the piercing *glance*, or gentle *languish*, or fiery *flash* of the *eye* ; whatever of lively *passion*, or striking *emotion* of mind, whatever of fine *imagination* of wise *reflection*, or irresistible *reasoning* ; whatever of *excellence* in human nature, all that the *hand* of the *Creator* has impressed, of his *own image* upon the noblest creature we are acquainted with, all this appears in the consummate *speaker* to the highest advantage. And whoever is proof against such a display of all that is noble in human nature, must have neither *eye*, nor *ear*, nor *passion*, nor *imagination*, nor *taste*, nor *understanding*.

Though it may be alleged, that a great deal of *gesture*, or *action*, at the *bar*, or in the *pulpit*, especially the latter, is not wanted, nor is quite in *character* ; it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man, that has not its proper *attitude*. The *eyes* are not to be rolled along the *cieling*, as if the speaker thought himself in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themselves. Nor are they to be constantly cast *down* upon the ground, as if he were before his judge receiving sentence of death. Nor to be fixed upon *one point*, as if he saw a *ghost*. The *arms* of the *preacher* are not to be needlessly *thrown out*, as if he were drowning in the *pulpit* ; or *brandished*, after the manner of the ancient *pugiles*, or boxers, exercising themselves by fighting with their own shadow, to prepare them for the Olympic contests. Nor, on the contrary, are his *hands* to be *pocketed up*, nor his *arms* to hang by his sides as lank as if they were both *withered*. The *head* is not to stand

fixed, as if the speaker had a perpetual crick in his neck. Nor is it to *nod* at every third word as if he were acting Jupiter, or his would-be-son Alexander.*

A judicious speaker is master of such a *variety* of decent and natural *motions*, and has such command of attitude, that he will not be long enough in *one posture* to offend the eye of the spectator. The *matter* he has to pronounce, will suggest the propriety of *changing* from time to time, his *look*, his *posture*, his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were to continue too long the *same*, would become *tedious*, and *irksome* to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment *changing* posture, like an harlequin, nor throwing his *hands* about, as if he were shewing legerdemain tricks.

Above all things, the public speaker is *never* to forget the great rule *ARS, EST CELARE ARTEM*. It would be infinitely more pleasing to see him deliver himself with as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than those of an Egyptian *mummy*, than *distorting* himself into all the *violations* of *decorum*, which *affectation* produces. *Art*, *seen through*, is *execrable*.

Modesty ought ever to be *conspicuous* in the behaviour of all, who are obliged to exhibit themselves before the eye of the *public*. Whatever of *gesture*, or exertion of *voice*, such persons use, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them by the *importance*, *spirit* or *humour* of the *matter*. If the speaker uses any *arts* of *delivery*, which appear plainly to be *studied*; the effect will be, that his *awkward* attempt to work upon the passions of his hearers, by means of which he is *not master*, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them. With what *stiff* and *pedantic solemnity*

D 2

* With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears ;
Assume the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

Dryden's Ode,

do some public speakers utter *thoughts*, so trifling, as to be hardly worth uttering at all ! And what *unnatural* and *unsuitable tones* of voice, and *gesticulations*, do others apply, in delivering what, by *their* manner of delivering, one would be apt to question, not only whether it is their *own* composition. whether they really *understand* it.

The *clergy* have one considerable *apology* from the awkwardness of the *place* they speak from. A *pulpit* is, by its very *make*, necessarily *destructive* of all *grace* of attitude. What could even a *Tully* do in a *tub* just *big enough* for him to *stand* in *immersed* up to the *arm pits*, *pillowing* his *chin* upon his *cushion*, as *Milton* describes the *sun* upon the *orient wave* ? But it is hardly to be expected, that this, or any other *impropriety* in *sacred matters*, of which there are many *greater*, should be *altered*. *Errors* in them, become, by long *establishment*, *sacred*.* And I doubt not, but some of the *narrower* part of the *clergy*, as well as of the *people*, would think any other form of a *pulpit*, than the *present*, though much *fitter* for *exhibiting* the *speaker* to an *advantage*, an *innovation* likely to prove *dangerous* to *religion*, and, which is worse, to the *church*.

Nor is it to be expected, that *decorum* of manner, in *preaching*, should be carried to any great perfection in *England*, while *reading* is thought to be *preaching*. If the *Greek* and *Roman* orators had *read* their *sermons*, the effect would have been, I suppose pretty much the same as that which *sermons* produce among us. The hearers might have many of them *dropped asleep*. In some foreign countries, preachers are so much aware of the disadvantage of *reading*, that such as have *weak memories*, have a *prompter* behind, in the *pulpit*, out of sight. However, it must be owned, that, if preachers would bestow a little pains in committing to the *memory* the substance of their discourses, so as not to be *slaves* to written *notes*, and en-

* See the writings of many of the clergy themselves to this purpose, as *Dr. Clark*, *Hare*, *Hoadley*, *Whiston*, *Clayton*, &c. the *Candid Disquisitions*, and the *Confessional*.

deavor to gain a tolerable *readin^g* at extemporary *amplification* (which at the bar is *indispensible*) their discourses might have effect, though the eye should now and then be cast upon the notes, if not in a *clumsy* manner, and with *hesitation*. *Quintilian* himself will not object to so much use of notes, as I have here allowed; though he absolutely requires his orator to be possessed of a *memory*. §

To hear a *judicious* and *elegant* discourse from the pulpit, which would, in *print* make a noble figure, murdered by him, who had learning and taste to compose it, but having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a *tone* between *singing* and *saying*, or with a *nod* of his head, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unanimated *monotony*, in which he was used to repeat *Que genus*, at Westminster school; what can be imagined more *lamentable*! Yet what more *common*! Were the educators of youth, intended for the ministry, of the opinion of the *prince of orators*, viz. that delivery is the *first*, *second*, and *third* part of *oratory*, they would spare some time from the many *less necessary* parts of school learning, to apply it to one so very *essential*; without which the weight of the most *sacred subject*, the greatest depth of *critical disquisition*, the most unexceptionable *r. a.*

§ Dean Swift, in his Letter to a young Clergyman, writes on this subject as follows:

“ I cannot but think, that what is *read*, differs as much from what is repeated *without book*, as a copy does from an original. At the same time I am fully sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this; and that if you did, your sermons would be much less valuable than otherwise, for want of time to improve and correct them: I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter.”

He then goes on to advise, that he should write his sermons in a large fair hand, and read them over several times before delivering them, so as to be able with the help of an eye cast down now and then upon the paper;

fining, the most accurate *arrangement* of *matter*, and the most striking *energy* of *style*, are all *lost* upon an audience, who sit *unaffected*, and depart *unimproved*. From hence it is, that while places of public *worship* are almost *empty*, *theatres* are *crowded*. Yet in the *former* the most *interesting* subjects are treated. In the *latter* all is *fiction*. To the *former* all are invited without any *expense*. The *charge* and *trouble* of attending the *latter* are *considerable*. But it will not be otherwise, so long as the speakers in the *former* take no more pains to enforce their public *instructions*, than if they delivered *fiction*s, and those in the *latter* bestow so much to make *fiction*s seem *true*. It may be said, this observation has *often* been made *before*. The more is the *pity*. And it ought to be *often* made *again*, and to be *dwelt upon*, till the fault is amended.

Did preachers labour to acquire a masterly *delivery*, places of public *instruction* would be *crowded*, as places of public *diversion* are now. *Rakes* and *infidels*, merely to shew their *taste*, would frequent them. Could all frequent them and *none* profit?

It is common to hear complaints, from the clergy of the *inattention* of their hearers, even to *dozing*, and sometimes to profound *sleep*. But *where* does this complaint fall at last? Even upon the *preachers* themselves, who address their hearers with such *coldness* and *indifference*, as to leave them *nothing* to do, but to go to *sleep*. Let the preacher but *exert* himself properly, and he may *defy* his hearers to go to *sleep*, or withdraw their *attention* for a moment.

The clergy are likewise very full of their complaints of the little *effect* their labors produce. *Infidelity* and *vice*, they cry, prevail more than ever. Churches are *poorly filled*. And those, who attend for fashion's sake, are not much *better* than their *neighbors*.

But what is the *plain English* of this lamentable outcry? Why, truly, that they find people *loth* to go to the places of public instruction to be *disgusted* or *lulled* to *sleep*. And

to pronounce them with ease and force.

that when they *have them there*, they cannot persuade them to quit their vices and follies by *tolling* twenty minutes upon a velvet cushion, and *reading* to them a *learned discourse*. That they cannot warm them to the love of virtue by a *cold, ill read, pulpit harrangue*. That they cannot win their *affections* whilst they *neglect* all the *natural* means for *working* upon the *human passions*. That they cannot *kindle* in them that *burning* zeal which suits the most important of all interests, by talking to them with the *coolness* of a set of *Stoic philosophers*, of the *errors* of the Lord, of the *worm* that *never dies*, and the *fire* that is *not quenched* and of *future glory, honor and immortality, of everlasting kingdoms, and heavenly thrones*.

I know it is common for preachers to plead in *excuse* of the *frigidity* of their manner, in addressing their audiences, their *modesty*, and fear of being accused of *affectation*. But are *these* any *hinderance* to the elocution of the *actors*, or even the *actresses*; who by study, and practice, come to get the better of *timidity*, and to attain an elegant and correct utterance (and are indeed, the only *speakers* we have in England) without any appearance of *affectation*; which would render them *unsufferable*. But do our *preachers*, in general bestow *any thought*, or use *any means*, of any kind, for improving themselves in speaking? The younger part of the *players* rehearse, and practise over, and over, *many a time*, and are long under the *tuition* of the principal actors, before they appear in public. But there are, I believe, *no other* public speakers among us, who take such pains; though they bestow *great pains* in improving themselves in *learning*; which shews, that the *neglect* of this accomplishment is more owing to the want of a *due sense* of its *usefulness*, than to any other cause. And yet, of the two, *learning* is much *less necessary* to a *preacher*, than skill in *persuading*. Quintilian* makes this latter the *supreme excellence* in his orator.

Let the reader only consider, that a *shoemaker*, or a *tay-*

* Quint. Inst. Orat. L. vi. C. ii.

lor, is under a *master seven years*, at least, before he sets up for himself. But the *preacher* goes into the pulpit at once, without ever having had *one lesson*, or article of instruction in that part of his art, which is the *chief* and most weighty, and without which all his *other accomplishments* are worth *nothing* towards gaining the *end of preaching*.

It may be alledged, that the *clergy* cannot be expected to be great *orators* for *fifty* or an *hundred pounds* a year which poor pittance is as much as many hundreds, I may say thousands, of them, have to maintain themselves and their families. The more is the pity.

But there are many *players*, who do not get *more* than the lower clergy. And yet *they study hard* for no greater encouragement, and actually acquire such skill in *working upon the passions* of mankind, that for my part, if I wanted to have a composition of mine *well spoken*, I would put it into the hands of a second-rate player, rather than of *any preacher* I ever heard.

What could be imagined more *elegant*, if *entertainment alone* were sought; what more *useful*, if the *good of mankind* were the object, than the sacred function of preaching *properly performed*? Were the most *interesting* of subjects treated with proper perspicuity and adequate judgment, and well wrought discourses delivered to listening crowds with that *dignity* which becomes a teacher of divine truth and with that *energy*, which should shew, that the *preacher* spoke from his *own heart*, and meant to speak to the *hearts* of his *hearers*, what *effects* might not follow? Mankind are not *wood* or *stone*. They are undoubtedly capable of being *roused* and *startled*. They may be *drawn*, and *allured*. The voice of an able preacher, thundering out the divine *threatenings* against *vice*, would be in the ear of the *offender*, as if he heard the sound of the last *trumpet* summoning the dead to judgment. And the *gentle call* of *mercy* encouraging the *terrified*, and almost *despairing penitent* to look up to his offended heavenly Father, would seem as the *song* of *angels*. A whole multitude might be *lifted* to the

flies. The world of spirits might be opened to the eyes of their minds. The terrors of that punishment, which awaits vice; the glories of that state, to which virtue will through divine favor, raise the pious, might be, by a powerful preacher, rendered *present* to their understandings, with such conviction, as would make indelible *impressions* upon their *hearts*, and work a substantial *reformation* in their lives.*

The convincing and irrefragable *proof*, that real and important *effects* might be produced by preachers by a proper application of *oratory* to the purposes of instructing and amending mankind, is, That *oratory* has been in all times known *actually* to produce great alterations in men's ways of thinking and acting. And there is no denying *facts*. To bring instances of this in a copious manner, as the subject might deserve, would be to quote more history than could be comprehended in such a volume as this. Nor can any reader imagine, an art could have been, in all free governments, so laboriously cultivated by *statesmen*, had they not found it *useful* in the *state*. Do we not, in our own times, see the *effects* produced by it in the British *parliament*? But if any one should alledge, that there is *nothing* in the power of *preachers* by means of *oratory*; does it not follow, that then the *whole function* of *preaching* may as well be laid *aside*? For, if *good speaking* will have no *effect* upon mankind, surely *bad* will have *none*.

Reasoning *a priori*, one would conclude, that we should see both the study, and the effects of *oratory*, carried to a pitch *beyond* what they reached in the *ancient* times of Heathenism. Have we not the advantage of those *noble models*, which the ancients struck out by the mere force of natural unassisted genius? Ought we not to *exceed* those *models*? But do we *come up* to them? Have we not in-

*Quintilian (INST. ORAT. L. vi. C. ii.) makes the knowledge and command of the *pathetic*, the main instrument of *persuasion*, which, according to him, is the *great business* of the orator.

comparably *clearer* views of *nature*, and of all *knowledge*, than the ancients had ? Have we not whole *sciences* of which they knew *nothing* ? The *Newtonian* philosophy alone ! to what *sentiments* does it lift the mind ! How do the ideas, it gives us, of *immensity* filled with *innumerable* *worlds* revolving round *innumerable* *sun*s ; those *worlds* themselves the centres of *others* secondary to them ; all *attracting* ; all *attracted* ; *enlightening* or *receiving* light ; at *distances* unmeasurable, but all under *one* *law* !—how do these ideas tend to *raise* our *conceptions* of the *Author* of such a work ? Ought not our *productions* to *exceed* theirs who had no such helps to *enrich* and *enliven* their *imagination*s ? But above all, as much as the heavens are higher than the earth, so much ought the views which *revelation* presents us with to *ennoble* all our *productions* above those of the *ancients*, on whom that glorious light never shone. What had a *Demosthenes* or a *Cicero*, to inspire so divine an ardor into their addresses to the people, compared with those *sublime doctrines*, which *angels* desire earnestly to pry into ? If the poetical *description* of Jupiter shaking heaven with his nod, *warmed* the *imagination* of a Phidias to such a pitch as enabled him to produce the most majestic piece of statuary, that ever was beheld ; and if the *imagination* of the *author*† of that poetical description was exalted by the scenes he saw, and the learning he acquired by traveling into Egypt, and other parts ; how ought the genius of the *christian orator* to be elevated, how ought both his *compositions*, and his manner of delivering them, to shine *superior* to all that *antiquity* ever saw ; as he enjoys superior advantages for *ennobling* all his *sentiments* and giving dignity and spirit to all he *composes*, and utters ! If we find a Plato, or a Cicero, whenever they touch upon the sublime doctrine of a *future state*, rise above themselves warmed with——shall I say the *prospect* ? no—with the *possibility*, or at most, with the *hope* of immortality ; how animated ought our *descriptions* to be, how forcibly our

† Hom. vid. II. 1.

manner of treating of what we pretend firmly to *believe* ; of what we know the author of our religion confirmed by actually *rising* from the grave, triumphing gloriously over death, and *ascending* visibly to heaven.

Poor were the motives and cold the encouragements which *they* could offer, to excite their hearers to bravery, and to virtue, compared with those which we have to propose. For, if they put them in mind of their country, their wives, their children, their aged and helpless parents ; if they called upon them to shew themselves worthy *descendants* of their illustrious *ancestors* ; if they roused their *shame*, or their sense of *honor* ; if they held forth the price of deathless *fame* ; all these are as cogent arguments *now*, as they were *then*. What advantage our *christian* orators have over them, toward gaining their end of alarming, persuading, and reforming mankind, appears from considering how little chance *we* should have of producing any good effect upon a people strongly *attached* to pleasures, riches, and honors by telling them, that if they continued to pursue these their beloved objects by unlawful means, they might expect, after their death, to be carried before Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, who would condemn their souls to Tartarus, where the soul of Ixion was tied upon a wheel, and whirled about without rest ; where Prometheus had his liver gnawed by a vulture, which grew again as fast as it was devoured ; and where Danaus's fifty daughters had a set of barrel with holes in their bottoms to keep continually full to the top ; and where all wicked souls would be condemned to some such punishment ; but if, on the contrary, they would act the part of honest and worthy men and exert themselves to the hazard, and, perhaps, loss of their lives, in defence of the liberties of their country, their souls would be ordered, by the judges of the dead, to be placed in the Elysian fields, where were pleasant greens, and lucid streams, and fragrant groves ; and where they should amuse themselves with the innocent pleasures, which delighted them while here. Had our

christian orators no better motives to urge, than such as could be drawn from the consideration of certain *imaginary* rewards and *punishments* to be distributed in a certain possible, but *doubtful* future state, in some *unknown* subterranean region ; it might be expected, that their zeal in urging them would be but *cold*, and the effects of their addresses to the people, *inconsiderable*. But the ancient orators had no better motives, from *futurity*, than *these* which I have mentioned, and those they could draw from other considerations were the same, which we may use *now*, What accounts should we have had of the power with which they spoke, and of the *effects* of their speeches, if they had had the awful *subjects* to treat of, and the *advantages* for treating of them with effect, which our preachers have ! O shame to modern times ! A Pericles, or a Demosthenes, could *shake* all *Greece*, when they warned their countrymen against an *invasion*, or alarmed them about the danger of their *liberties* ! Whilst we can hardly keep our hearers *awake*, when we stand forth to warn them, in the name of God, against the consequences of vice, ruinous to *individuals*, ruinous to *nations* ; the cause not only of the subversion of states & kingdoms, when luxury, and corruption spread their fatal contagion, and leave a people the unthinking prey of tyranny and oppression ; but of utter, irretrievable *destruction* of the *souls* and *bodies* of half a species* from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power, at that tremendous day, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, from whose face heaven and earth shall fly away ; † whose voice shall pronounce on the wicked the dreadful sentence, “ Depart, ye cursed ;” and whose breath shall blow up the unquenchable flame, in which rebellious angels and men shall be irrecoverably swallowed up and destroyed.

* “ Strait is the gate and narrow the way, that leadeth to life, and few there are who find it.” Matt. vii. 13.

† Rev. xx. 11.

It may, perhaps, be objected here, that sacred *truth* needs no ornament to set it off, no art to enforce it. That the *apostles* were *artless* and illiterate men; and yet they gained the great *end* of their *mission*, the *conviction* of multitudes and the *establishment* of their *religion*. That therefore there is no necessity for this attention to delivery, in order to qualify the preacher for his sacred office, or to render his labours successful.

To all this the answer is ready, viz. First, the apostles were not *all* artless and illiterate. St. Paul, the *greatest* and *most general* propagator of christianity, is an *eminent* exception. He could be no *mean orator*, who confounded the *Jews* at Damascus,* made a *prince* before whom he stood to be judged, confess, that he had *almost* persuaded him to become a convert to a religion every where *spoken against*;† threw another into a fit of *trembling*; as he sat upon his *judgment-seat*;‡ made a defence before the learned court of Arcopagus, which gained him a *convert* a member of the *court itself*;|| struck a whole *people* with such *admiration*, that they took him for the *god of eloquence*;§ and gained him a place in Longinus's ¶ list of *famous orators*. Would the cold served-up *monotony* of our English *sermon readers* have produced such effects as these? But, farther, the apostles might very well spare *human accomplishments*; having what was worth them all, viz. the Divine gift of working *miracles*; which if our preachers had, I should not have much to say about their qualifying themselves in *elocution*. But, as it is, *public instruction* is the preacher's *weapon*, with which he is to

* Acts ix. 22. † Acts xxvi. 28. xxviii. 22. ‡ Acts xxiv. 25. || Acts xvii. 34. § Acts xiv. 12. ¶ "It was
"with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of
"Longinus, which is preserved, as a testimony of that
"critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the
"New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author
"has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the
"Grecians, he say, "Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the
"patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." Sp. No 633.

combat infidelity and vice. And what avails a *weapon* without *skill* to *weild* it ?

Medicines the most salutary to the body are taken with *reluctance*, if nauseous to the taste. However, they are *taken*. But the more necessary physic for the *soul*, if it be not rendered somewhat *palatable*, will be absolutely *rejected*. For we are much less prudent in our care for the *most* valuable part of ourselves than for the *least*. Therefore the preacher ought, above *all other* public speakers, to labor to *enrich* and *adorn*, in the most masterly manner, his addresses to mankind, his views being the most *important*. What grand point has the *player* to *gain* ? Why, to draw an audience to the theatre.* The *pleader* at the bar, if he lays before the judges and jury, the *true state* of the *case*, so as they may be most likely to see where the *right* of it lies, and a just decision may be given, has done his duty ; and the affair in agitation is an *estate*, or at most, a *life*, which will soon, by course of nature, be extinct. And of the *speaker* in either *house* of parliament, the very utmost, that can be said, is, that the *good* of his *country* may, in great measure, depend upon his *tongue*. But the infinitely important object of preaching is, the *reformation* of *mankind*, upon which depends their happiness in *this world*, and throughout the *whole* of their *being*. Of what *consequence* is it, then, that the art of preaching be carried to such *perfection*, that *all* may be drawn to places of public instruction, and that those, who attend them, may receive *benefit* ! And if almost the *whole* of preaching be *delivery*, how necessary is the study of *delivery* ! That *delivery* is incomparably the most *important* part in public instruction, is manifest from this, that very *indifferent*

* I deny not, that the theatre is capable of being made a school of virtue. But it must be put under regulations, other than we have ever yet seen it ; and those too various to be specified here, so numerous are the particulars, which want reformation, much more being wrong than right.

matter well delivered will make a considerable impression.† But *bad utterance* will defeat the whole effect of the *noblest composition* ever produced.

While *exorbitant appetite*, and *unruly passion* within, while *evil example*, with *alluring solicitation* without (to say nothing of the *craft* and *assaults* of the grand enemy of mankind) while these invite and ensnare the frail and thoughtless into guilt; shall *virtue* and *religion* hold forth *no charms* to engage votaries? *Pleasure* decks herself out with *rich attire*. Soft are her looks, and melting is the sweetness of her voice. And must religion present herself with every disadvantage? Must she appear quite *undorned*? What chance can she then have in competition with an enemy so much better furnished with every necessary invitation and allurements? Alas! our preachers do not address *innocents* in paradise; but thoughtless and often *habituated sinners*. Mere cold explaining will have but little effect on such. Weak is the hold, which *reason* has on most men. Few of mankind have able heads. All have hearts; and all hearts may be touched, if the speaker is master of his art. The business is not so much, to open the understanding, as to warm the heart. There are few, who do not know their duty. To allure them to the doing of it, is the difficulty. Nor is this to be effected by cold reasoning. Accordingly, the *scripture-creators* are none of them cold. Their addresses are such as hardly any man can utter without warmth. "Hear, O heavens! Give ear, O earth! To thee, O man, I call; my voice is to the sons of men. As I live, saith the

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† "A proof of the importance of delivery," (says Quintilian) "may be drawn from the additional force, which the actors give to what is written by the best poets, so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more pleasure, than when we only read it." And again, "I think, I may affirm, that a very indifferent speech, well set off by the speaker, shall have a greater effect, than the best, if destitute of that advantage." Quint. Inst. Orat. p. 441. "Documenta sunt vel scenici," &c.

" Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked ;
 " but rather that he turn from his wickedness, and live.
 " Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die ? O Jerusalem, Je-
 " rusalem ! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them
 " who are sent unto thee ! How often would I have ga-
 " thered thy children, as a hen gathereth her brood un-
 " der her wings, and ye would not. Hadst thou, in this
 " thy day, known the things, which belong to thy peace !
 " ——— But now they are hid from thine eyes.

It is true, the preacher is carefully to avoid *ostentation*;
 he is not to preach himself ; but Christ. But at the same
 time he is to " stir up every *gift* that is in him ; to cry a-
 " loud, and not to spare, to lift up his voice like a trumpet ;
 " to *reprove, correct and instruct* ; to be *instant* in season
 " and out of season ; to become (innocently) *all things* to
 " all men," consequently to become an *orator*, if men are not
 to be affected by simple *unadorned* truth, however *weighty*.

What can the people think of the *sincerity* of the preach-
 er, who is *cold and languid* in his public *instructions*, while
 he is as *warm and zealous*, as other men, in the defence of
 an inconsiderable part of his *property* ? Would he plead as
calmly for his *life*, as he does with his people in the cause
virtue and religion. *Coolness* in a matter of the last *import-*
ance, and about which one is really in *earnest*, is so unnat-
 ural, as to be hardly *practicable*. Therefore Cicero* takes
 it for *grantnd*, that Calidius could not have addressed the
 senate in so *indifferent*, and *unanimated* a manner, if what
 he wanted to persuade them to believe had not been mere
fiction. And, Demosthenes, when one came to him,
 begging, that he would plead his cause, against a person
 who had used him cruelly, of which usage he gave De-
 mosthenes a very *cold* and *unanimated* account, could not
believe, that he had been so *injured* ; till, upon his signify-
 ing his suspicion, the man was roused to some *warmth* ;
 and then the orator was *convinced*, that his complaint was

* *Tuistuc, M. Calidi, nisi fingeres, sic ageres ?*

Cic. Brut. p. 181. Tom. I.

well founded, and immediately undertook his defence. †

If it should be said by preachers, "The people will be as much *offended* with us, if we *overact* our part, as they are now *indifferent* about attending our ministry; so that it will *avail nothing* to study a more *lively delivery*;" to this I must beg leave to answer, that there is no reason to *fear any thing* from it. Because a manner of preaching may be used, which shall have *ten times more life and vivacity* in it, than the *present*, and yet (if it be not *unnatural or incorrect*) be very *safe* from all danger of *exceeding* due bounds as to *vivacity* and *force*. And, farther, we do in fact observe, that no preacher is *admired* (I do not mean by the mob, but by people of education) whose delivery is *dull and unanimated*; let his matter be *what it will*.

Lest any reader should think, I have been too *severe* upon the deficiencies of men of sacred characters, as to *delivery*, either in *leading the devotions* of the people, or in *instructing* them in their *duty*; I will add, by way of *apology* for what I have said, some passages, to the same purpose, from the SPECTATOR.

"SIR,

The well reading of the common prayer is of so great importance, and *so much neglected*, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation, than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed *wonderful*, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty *more expert in it*. This *inability* as I conceive, proceeds from the *little care*, that is taken of their reading while *at school*, where, when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or, at least, read to very little purpose, without any due observation made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading. By this means they have acquired such *ill habits*, as will not easily be removed."

† Plut. in vit. Demosth.

The writer of the letter then goes on to mention the advantage he himself found from being led in his devotions by an elegant performer of the service at St. James's Garlick-hill church.

“My eyes and my thoughts (says he) could not wander as *usual*; but were confined to my prayers.—The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner *I never did before*. To remedy, therefore, the *grievance* above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the text, and every annual assembly of the clergy at Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those, that are *afraid of stretching their mouths*, and *spoiling their soft voices*, will learn to read with clearness loudness and *strength*. Others, who affect a *rakish negligent air*, by *folding their arms*, and *solling upon their book*, will be taught a *decent behavior*. Those who read so *fast as if impatient of their work*, may learn to speak *deliberately*. There is another sort whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no *set measure*. These pronounce five or six words with great *deliberation*, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great *celerity*; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter very low. Sometimes with one sort of tone, and immediately after with a different one. Those gentlemen will *learn* of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an *indifferency*, as if they did not *understand the language*, may be *informed* of the art of reading *movingly and fervently*; how to place the *emphasis*, and give the proper *accent* to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a difference between reading a prayer and a gazette. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable *sinto* read Virgil or Martial, with *as little taste*, as they do Divine service.”

Spect. No. 147.

And the same standard author, in his 407th paper, complains as follows.

“ Our *preachers stand stock still* in the pulpit ; and will “ not so much as move a *finger* to set off the best sermons “ in the world. We meet with the same speaking *statues* “ at our *bars*, and in all public places of debate. Our “ words flow from us in a *smooth continued* stream, without “ those strainings of the *voice*, motions of the *body*, and “ majesty of the *hand*, which are so much celebrated in “ the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and “ death in *cold blood*, and keep our *temper* in a discourse, “ which turns upon every thing that is *dear* to us.

“ It is certain, that proper *gestures*, and vehement “ exertions of the *voice*, cannot be *too much studied* by a “ public orator. They are a kind of *comment*, upon what “ he utters, and *enforce* every thing he says, with weak “ hearers” [and surely the *bulk* of hearers are *weak*] “ bet- “ ter than the strongest *argument* he can make use of. “ They keep the audience *awake*, and fix their *attention* “ to what is delivered to them ; at the same time, that “ they shew, the speaker is in *earnest*, and *affected himself* “ with what he so passionately *recommends* to others—

“ How *cold* and *dead* a figure in comparison of these “ two great men” [Demosthenes and Cicero] “ does an “ orator often make at the British bar, holding up his “ head with the most *insipid serenity*, and stroking the “ sides of a long wig.” &c.

Dean Swift (who was no friend to *over doing* on the *serious side*) advises his young clergyman as follows :

“ I take it for granted, that you are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit. But, I hope, you think it prudent to pass quarantine among the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to *read* and *speak*, before you venture to expose your parts in a city congregation. Not that these are better judges ; but because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe

and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighborhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail with some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer and to beg of him to give you notice, with the utmost freedom, of whatever he finds amiss either in your voice or gesture. For want of such early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or unhappy tone of voice, which they have never been able to shake off." LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

Are the faults complained of by these authors, who wrote almost fifty years ago, *amended*, or *likely* to be amended? Let the answer to this question be collected from the following verses, by Dr. Byram, prefixed to *Fordyce's ART OF PREACHING*, published a few years ago.

For, what's a sermon, good or bad,
If a man *reads* it like a lad?
To hear some people when they preach,
How they run o'er all parts of speech,
And neither *raise* a word, nor *sink*;
Our learned bishops, one would think,
Had taken *school-boys* from the rod,
To make *ambassadors* of God.

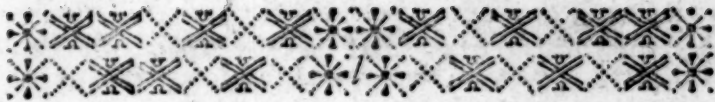
And afterwards,

In point of sermons 'tis confess,
Our English clergy make the best:
But this appears we must confess,
Not from the *pulpit*, but the *press*.
They manage with disjointed skill,
The *matter* well, the *manner* ill;
And what seems paradox at first,
They *make* the best, and *preach* the worst.

If there is, as we have seen, so much room to lament the deficiencies of those who are to *lead the devotions* of congregations, and to *instruct* them in their *duty*, and whose business it is to *win* them, by every *engaging* and *powerful art*, to the faithful performance of it ; if there is so much reason to wish that those failures might be made up, and those errors amended, which are undoubtedly a great cause of the *reluctance* we observe, in many to attend, and their *coldness* and *indifferency* in, places of public worship and instruction ; if the *clergy* are so deficient in their public performances, what is left for me to say of those devotion-confounding, ear-splitting pests of our churches, I mean the *parish-clerks* and *parish-children* ? I would only ask, whether, if we had declared a final and irreconcilable hostility against common *decency*, not to say *propriety*, and had set ourselves to find out the most effectual means possible for turning *worship* into *burlesque* ; I would ask, I say, whether, if this was our design, there could be a more certain way to gain it, than to place a set of people in every church, who should come in between every two sentences spoken by the minister, with a *squawl* as loud as the sound of ten trumpets, and totally *discordant* from one another, and from the *key* in which the *minister* speaks. If the *minister* speaks *properly*, why do not the *clerk* and the *charity-children* speak in *concord* with him ? If the *clerk* speaks *properly*, why do not the *minister* and the *children* speak in the *same key* with him ? Or if the *children* are *right*, why do not the *minister* and *clerk* scream as *high*, or, at least, take a *concordant key* with theirs ? They cannot be *all right*, and *all different*, from one another. How much more rational would it be to spend the time, which is now so ridiculously thrown away in teaching the poor children to set the ears of the whole parish on edge, in making them *understand* thoroughly what they so often repeat by rote, *without understanding*, I mean the answers to those useful questions in their catechism, “What is your duty to God ?” and, “What is your duty to your neighbor ?”

This would be of *service* to them *all* their *lives* ; whereas the other answers *no end*, that has the least connection with common-sense.

It is by keeping clear of every thing *disagreeable* or *grating*, and by consulting all that may *please*, *entertain* and *strike*, that the sagacious Roman Catholics keep up in their people, a *delight* in the public services of their foolish religion. If we were wise, and as much in earnest, as we ought, we should imitate them in this. But what avails it to attempt to oppose that which has power to make *wrong right*, and *absurdity proper*, I mean, the irresistible tyrant, CUSTOM, whose dominion is in no nation, more *absolute* (where there are so many so capable of judging) than in *this* our dear country.



LESSONS.

I.

HISTORICAL NARRATION. (1)

THE *Trojans* (2) if we may believe tradition) were the *first founders* of the *Roman Commonwealth*; who under the conduct of *Aeneas*, having made their *escape* from their own ruined country, got to *Italy*, and there for some time lived a *rambling* and *unsettled life*, without any *fixed place* of abode, among the *natives*, and *uncultivated* people, who had neither *law* nor *regular government*, but were wholly *free* from all *rule* or *restraint*. This *mixed multitude*, however, crowding together into *one city*, though originally *different* in *extraction*, *language*, and *customs*, united into one body, in a *surprising* (3) *short space* of time. And

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(1) Narration requires very little of what is properly called expression, in pronouncing it; I have, however, ordered the emphatical words in this, and all the lessons, to be printed in Italics, for the reader's help. See in the Essay, Narration, and the other passions put upon the margin of the lessons.

(2) Of the manner of pronouncing matter contained in a parenthesis, see the Essay, p. 14.

(3) A small elevation of the voice will be proper here, to express moderate wonder. see Wonder.

as their little state came to be *improved* by additional *numbers*, by *policy*, and by extent of *territory* and seemed likely to make a *figure* among the *nations*; according to the *common course of things*, the appearance of *prosperity* drew upon them the *envy* of the *neighboring states*; so that the *princes* and *people* who *bordered* upon them, began to seek occasions of *quarrelling* with them. The *alliances* they could form, were but *few*; for most of the *neighboring states* *avoided* *embroiling* themselves on their account. The Romans seeing, that they had *nothing to trust to*, but their own *conduct*, found it necessary (1) to *bestir themselves* with great *deligence*, to make *vigorous preparations*, to *excite one another*, to face their *enemies* in the *field*, to hazard their *lives* in defence of their *liberty*, their *country*, and their *families*. And when, by their *valour*, they *repulsed the enemy*, they gave assistance to their *allies*, and gained friendships by *often giving*, (2) and *seldom demanding favours* of that sort. They had, by this time, established a *regular form of government*, to wit, the *monarchical*. And a *senate*, consisting of men *advanced in years*, and grown *wise by experience*, though *infirm of body*, *consulted* with their *kings* upon all *important matters*, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when *kingly power*, which was originally established for the *preservation of liberty*, and the *advantage of the state*, came to degenerate into *lawless tyranny* they found it necessary to

(1) This sentence is to be spoken somewhat quicker than the rest, to express earnestness.

(2) The words, *often giving & seldom demanding*, being antithesis to one another, must be expressed with such an emphasis, as may point out the antithesis, or opposition

alter the form of government, and to put the supreme power into the hands of two chief magistrates to be held for one year only ; hoping, by this contrivance, to prevent the bad effects naturally arising from the exorbitant licentiousness of princes ; and the indefeasible tenure by which they generally imagine they hold their sovereignty &c. [Sal. (1) Bell. Catilinar.]

II.

NARRATION.

DAMON and Pythias, of the *Pythagorean* Narration *sect* in philosophy, lived in the time of *Dionysius* the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his

(1) The reader is, once for all, desired to take notice, that I have not scrupled to alter both the sense and the words, in many, if not most, of the following passages, taken both from the ancients and the moderns. For my design was to put together a set of lessons useful for practice, which did not restrict me to the very words of any author. I have endeavoured to make each lesson a complete piece ; which obliged me to insert matter of my own. I have excluded improper sentiments, and have substituted modern expressions, for some antiquated ones, which I thought young people would be puzzled to understand, and have inserted some fancies, which occurred to me in copying out some of the passages, to render them more diverting to youth, whose taste long experience has given me some knowledge of.

stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what should be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he, who was gone, did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind, of his friend's fidelity. The event shewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered to that fate, which he had no reason to think, he should escape, and which he did not desire to escape by leaving his friend to suffer in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged that they would take himself in for a third.

[Val. Max. Cic.]

III.

NARRATION.

Narration. **D**IONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater, or happier, than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, to taste this happiness, and know, by experience what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the

Question.

offer. Upon which the king ordered that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded coach placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and side boards, loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Darius fancied himself amongst the Gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof exactly over his neck, (1) as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair. [2] The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hands to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness. [Cic. Tusc. Quest.]

Fear.

Trepidation,
or Hurry.

IV.

NARRATION.

Narration

THE prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime to be executed in the prison.

F 2

(1) The ancients, every one knows lay on coaches at table.
[2] This to be spoken with as much of the action proper to fear [See Fear in the ESSAY, p. 23] as can be conveniently applied.

He, who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her *birth*, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that, in a few days, the mother must, of course, perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder, that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found to his great astonishment, [1] that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter, the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground, upon which the prison stood, was consecrated, and a temple to *Filial Piety* built upon it.

Wonder.

Declama-
tion.

Pity.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run; if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner. For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might

[1] See *Admiration*, in the *Essay*, page 29.

even seem so *unnatural*, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some sort, *wrong*, if it were not, that *duty to parents* is the *first law of nature*. [Val. Max. Plin.]

V.

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION.

LUCIUS CATALINE, by birth a Patrician, was, by nature, endowed with superior advantages both *bodily* and *mental*: but his dispositions were corrupt and wicked. From his youth, his *supreme delight* was in *violence*, (1) *slaughter, rapines, and intestine confusions*; and such works were the employment of his *earliest years*. His constitution qualified him for bearing hunger, cold and want of sleep, to a degree exceeding belief. His mind was *daring, subtle, unsteady*. There was no character which he could not assume and put off at pleasure. *Rapacious* of what belonged to others; *prodigal* of his own; violently bent on whatever became the object of his pursuit. He possessed a considerable share of *eloquence*; but little *solid knowledge*. His *insatiable temper* was ever pushing him to grasp at what was *immoderate, romantic*, and out of his reach. Aversion. Wonders.

About the time of the disturbances raised by *Narra*. *Sylla*, Cataline was seized with a violent lust of power; nor did he at all hesitate about the means, so he could but attain his purpose of raising himself to *supreme dominion*. His restless spirit was in a continual ferment, occasioned by the confusion of his own private affairs, and by the horrors of his guilty conscience; both which Horror.

(1) Enumeration requires a short pause between the particulars.

Aversion. he had brought upon *himself* by living the life *above described*. He was encouraged in his ambitious projects by the general corruption of *manners*, which then prevailed amongst a people infected with two vices, not less opposite to one another, in their *natures*, than *mischievous* in their *tendencies*, I mean *luxury*, and *avarice*. [Sal. BELL. CATILINAR.]

VI.

ARGUING. (1)

NO one, who has made the *smallest progress* in *mathematics*, can avoid observing, that *mathematical demonstrations* are accompanied with *such a kind of evidence*, as overcomes obliquity, *insuperable* by many other kinds of reasoning. Hence it is, that so many learned men have labored to illustrate other sciences with *this* sort of evidence; and it is certain, that the study of mathematics has given light to sciences *very little connected* with them. But *what* will not wrong-headed men abuse! This advantage, which *mathematical reasoning* has, for discovering *truth*, has given occasion to *some* to reject *truth itself*, though supported by the most *unexceptionable arguments*. Contending, that nothing is to be taken for *truth*, but what is proved by *mathematical demonstration*, they, in many cases, take away *all criterion* of truth, while they boast, that they defend the only *infallible one*.

But how easy is it to shew the *absurdity* of such a way of philosophizing? Ask these gen-

(1) See, in the ESSAY, the articles Arguing, Teaching, &c. page 26.

tllemen, whether they have any more *doubt*, that there were, in former times, such men, as *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, than whether *all the angles* of a plain triangle amount to the sum of *one hundred and eighty degrees*; they cannot pretend, that they believe the latter at all more firmly than the former. Yet they have *geometrical demonstration* for the latter, and nothing more than mere *moral evidence* for the former. Does not this shew, that many things are to be received, are actually received, even by themselves, for truth, for certain truth, which are not capable of *mathematical demonstration*?

There is, therefore, an evidence, *different* from *mathematical*, to which we cannot deny our assent; and it is called by latter philosophers, *moral evidence*, as the *persuasion* arising from it is called *moral certainty*; a certainty as *real*, and as much to be depended upon, as *mathematical*, though of a *different species*. Nor is there any more *difficulty* in conceiving how this may be, than in conceiving, that two buildings may be both *sufficiently substantial*, and to all the intents and purposes of buildings, *equally* so though one be of *marble* and the other of *Portland stone*.

The object of mathematics is *quantity*. The *geometrician* measures *extension*; the *mechanic* compares *forces*. *Divinity*, *ethics*, *ontology*, and *history*, are naturally *incapable* of *mathematical disquisition*, or *demonstration*. Yet *moral subjects* are capable of being *inquired into*, and *truths* concerning them *determined* in that way, which is *proper* to them, as well as *mathematical* in theirs; in the same manner as *money* is reckoned by *tale*, *bullion* by *weight*, and *liquors* by *measure*, &c. [*Graves. Orat. conc. Evid. MATHEM. ELEM. NAT. PHIL.*]

ARGUING.

THE regularity of the motions and revolutions of the heavens, the sun, the moon, and numberless stars; (1) with the distinction, variety, beauty, and order, of celestial objects; the slightest observation of which seems sufficient to convince every beholder, that they cannot be the effect of chance; these afford a proof of a Deity, which seems irrefragable. If he, who surveys an academy, a palace, or a court of justice, and observes regularity, order, and æconomy, prevailing in them, is immediately convinced, that this regularity must be the effect of authority and discipline, supported by persons properly qualified; how much more reason has he who finds himself surrounded by so many and such stupendous bodies, performing their various motions and revolutions, without the least deviation from perfect regularity, through the innumerable ages of past duration; how much more reason has he to conclude, that such amazing revolutions are governed by superior wisdom and power!

Wonder.

Contem.

Is it not therefore astonishing, that any man should ever have dreamed of the possibility, that a beautiful and magnificent system might arise from the fortuitous concurrence of certain bodies carried towards one another by I know not what imaginary impulse! I see not, why he, who

(1) Every body knows that all the ancients from Aristotle's time, held the Ptolemaic system viz. of the earth's being unmoveable in the centre of the universe, and the whole heavens turning round her.

is capable of ascribing the production of a world to a cause *so inadequate*, may not expect, from the *fortuitous scattering about* of a set of letters of ivory, or metal, a *regular history* to appear. But I believe, he who hopes to produce, in this way, *one single line*, will find himself *forever disappointed*. If the casual concurrence of atoms has produced a *whole universe*, how comes it, that we never find a *city*, a *temple*, or so much as a *portico*, which are all *less considerable works*, produced in the same manner? One would imagine, they, who *prate so absurdly* about the origination of the world, had *no eyes*, or had never *opened them* to view the *glories of this immense theatre*.

The reasonings of *Aristotle*, on this point, are *excellent*. "Let us suppose, says he, certain persons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, *under ground*, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniences, and even magnificence of life, except the *sight of this upper world*. Let us suppose those persons to have heard by fame, of *superior beings*, and *wonderful effects* produced by them. Let the earth be imagined *suddenly to open*, and expose to the view of those subterraneans this *fair world*, which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to behold the *face of the earth*, diversified with *hills and vales*, with *rivers and woods*; the *wide extended ocean*, the *lofty sky*; and the *clouds carried along by the winds*. Let them behold the *sun*, and observe his *transcendent brightness* and *wonderful influence*, as he pours down the *flood of day* over the *whole earth*, from *east to west*. And when *night covered the world with darkness*, let them behold the heavens adorned with *innumerable stars*. Let them observe the various appearances of the *moon*, now *horned*, then *full*,

Arguing.

Wonder.

Delight.

then *decreasing*. Let them have leisure to mark the *rising and sitting* of the *h a v n l y b o d i s*, and to understand that their *stablish'd coarss* have been going on from *age to age*. When they have surveyed and considered all these things, *what could th y conclude*, but that the *accounts* they had heard in their subterranean habitation, of the existence of *sup rior b ings*, *must be true*, and that these *pro igious works* must be the effect of *their power*?"

Thus Aristotle. To which I will add that it is only our being *accustomed* to the *continual view* of these *glorious obj ts*, that *prevents* our *admiring* them and endeavoring to come to *right conclusions* concerning the *Author* of them. As if *nov lty* were a better reason for exciting our inquiries, than *beauty and magnificence*.
[Cic. NAT. DEOR. Lib. II.]

VIII.

S N E E R. (1)

Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

Teaching.

FOR the *fable*. Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, or *Don B lianis of Greec*;) those parts of the story, which afford most scope for *long d scriptions*. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures into *one tale*. Then take a hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his *name*, and put him into the *midst* of these *ad v ntures*. There

(1) The *gravity of look and manner* is to be kept up as much in reading this, as if it were Aristotle's or Horace's serious directions on the same subject.
*

let him work for *twelve books* ; at the end of which you may take him out ready to *conquer*, or to *marry* : it being necessary, that the conclusion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

For the *machines*. Take of *deities male and female* as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep *Jupiter* in the middle. Let *Juno* put him in a ferment, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of *volatile Mercury*. If you have need of *devils*, draw them from *Milton* ; and extract your *spirits* from *Tasso*. When you cannot extricate your *hero* by any human means, or yourself by your wits, seek relief from *heaven* ; and the *gods* will help you out of the scrape immediately. This is according to the direct prescription of *Horace* in his ART OF POETRY.

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.*

That is to say, A poet has no occasion to be at a loss, when the gods are always ready at a call.

For the *descriptions*, as a *tempest*, for instance. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyrus*, *Auster*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these of *rain*, *lightning*, and *thunder* (the loudest you can get) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows, till they foam ; and thicken your description here and there with a *quicksand*. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *battle*. Pick half a dozen large handfuls of images of your *lions*, *bears*, and other quarrelsome animals, from *Homer's Iliad*, with a spice or two from *Virgil*. If there remain an overplus, lay them by for a *skirmish* in an odd

episode, or so. Season it well with smiles, and it will make an excellent battle. For a burning town if you choose to have one, old Troy is ready burnt to your hands, &c. [Swift, Vol. iv. p. 132.]

IX.

REMONSTANCE and CONTEMPT of Pride.

- Question. **D**OES greatness secure persons of rank from infirmities either of body or mind? Will the head-ach, the goat, or fever, spare a prince and more than a subject? When old age comes to lie heavy (1) upon him, will his engineers relieve him of the load? (2) Can his guards and sentinels, by doubling and trebling their numbers, and their watchfulness, prevent the approach of death? Nay, if jealousy, or even ill-humour, disturb his happiness, will the cringes of his fawning attendants restore his tranquility? What comfort has he, in reflecting (if he can make the reflection) while the cholic, like Prometheus's vulture, tears his bowels, that he is under a canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold? When the pangs of the gout, or stone, extort from him screams of agony, do the titles of Highness or Majesty come sweetly into his ear? If he is agitated (3) with rage, does the sound of Serene, or Most Christian, prevent his staring, reddening, and gnashing with his teeth, like a madman? Would not a twinge of the tooth-
- Fear.
- Contempt.
- Anguish.
- Boasting.
- Contempt.

(1) The word heavy to be dragged out as expressing distress. See Complaining, page 32.

(2) This sentence [Can his guards, &c.] to be spoken with fear. See Fear, page 23.

(3) If he is agitated, &c. to be spoken full-mouthed, as boasting. See Boasting, page 24.

ach, or an affront from an inferior, make the mighty *Cæsar* forget, that he was emperor of the world? [Montaigne.]

X.

HORRORS OF WAR.

NOW had the Grecians snatch'd a *short repast*, Trepid.
And buckled on their shining arms *in haste*,
Troy rous'd as soon; for on that *dreadful day*, Perplexity
The fate of *fathers, wives and infants* lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train; Trepida.
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusty plain;
Men, steeds & chariots, shake the trembling ground;
The *tumult thickens*, and the *skies resound*.
[1] And now with *shout* the *shocking armies* clos'd,
To *lances lances*, *shields to shields* oppos'd,
Host against host their shadowy legions drew;
The *sounding darts* in *iron tempest* flew;
Victors and vanquish'd join *promiscuous cries*:
Triumphant shouts (2) and *dying groans* [3] arise; Horror.
With *streaming blood* the *slipp'ry fields* are dy'd,
And *slaughter'd heroes* swell the *dreadful tide*.
Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light,
Promiscuous death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with *equal wounds*.
But when the sun the height of heaven ascends,
[4] The *Sire of Gods* his *golden scales* suspends Awe.
With *equal hands*. In these explores the fate
Of *Greece and Troy*, and *pois'd* the *mighty weight*.
Press'd with its load the *Grecian balance* lies

[1] To be spoken quick and loud.

(2) To be spoken boldly.

[3] To be spoken faintly, and with pity.
See pity, page 22.

[4] To be spoken slowly, and with veneration.
See Veneration, page 27.

- Horror.** *Low sunk on earth ; the Trojan strikes the skies.*
 [1] Then *Jove* from *Ida's* top his *horror* spreads ;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads ;
Thick light'nings flash ; the muttering thunder
rolls ;
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
- Fear.** Before his *wrath* the [2] *trembling hosts retire,*
The gods in terror, and the skies on fire.
 [*Pope's Hom. IL. B. viii. v. 67.*]

XI.

PETITIONING with DEJECTION.

- Passages taken from sundry petitions [3] presented to the French king by a disgraced minister. [*Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod. p. 167.*]
- Dejection.** **B** *BEING* weary of the *useless life* I live at present, I take the liberty of imploring, with profound submission, your Majesty, that I may have leave to seek an *honorable death* in your Majesty's service. After the *disappointments*, and *reverses of fortune*, which I have had to struggle with, my *expectations* of rising again to prosperity, are brought low enough. But it would be a satisfaction to me, that my *real character* were known to your Majesty ; which if it were, I flatter myself, I should have your Majesty's *indulgence*, nay your *esteem*. Refuse not, most *gracious Sovereign*, the means, for gaining this end, to a man, who is ready to shed his *blood*, in proof of his *loyalty* and *affection* to your Majesty. Were my own private
- Humble Remonstr.**
- Beseeching.**

- [1] To be spoken hollow, and full mouthed.
 [2] To be spoken with a quivering voice.
 [3] Though petitions are commonly presented in writing, yet they may be imagined to be addressed to the prince *visa voce*, and sometimes are.

LESSONS.

interest alone concerned, I should be peculiarly cautious, how I intruded upon your Majesty with these solicitations. But as the only happiness I desire in this world, is, to have an opportunity of serving my king and country; I humbly hope, I may be forgiven, though I urge my suit with some warmth and importunity. I do not presume, Sire, to claim a total exemption from hardship. I pretend to no right to live a life of indulgence. All I ask, is, to change one punishment for another. And I beseech your Majesty to have some consideration for my past services; and that a year's imprisonment, five years exile, the ruin of my fortune, the submission with which I have borne these punishments, and the zeal I still am ready to shew for your Majesty's service, may plead in my favour, and disarm your Majesty of your indignation against me. It is true, that in making your Majesty the offer of my life, I offer what is of little value even to myself. But it is all I have to offer. The misfortune I have lain under, these six years, of your Majesty's displeasure, has rendered life so insipid to me, that besides the honor of losing it in your Majesty's service, the prospect of an end being, by death, put to my vexations, makes the thought of my dissolution pleasing to me. If it should seem good to your Majesty to finish my distresses the other way, I mean, by your most gracious pardon, the obligation will be still greater; and to the zeal I have for your Majesty's interest, I shall think myself obliged to add gratitude suitable to so important a favour. And with such sentiments there is nothing I shall not be willing to enterprize for your Majesty's service. May heaven touch the heart of your Majesty, that you may at last forgive your sincerely penitent subject. No one knows better

Earnest.
Solicitation.

Remorse.

Beseech.

Humble
Remonstr.
Dejection.

Profound
Submission.

Resolution.

Devotion.

Humble
Remonstr.

than your Majesty, that it is *as great* to forgive as to punish. If I alone am doomed to have no benefit from that goodness, which extends to so many, my lot must be peculiarly calamitous.

XII.

PRAISE under the appearance of blame. (1)

Voiture's whimsical commendation of the Marquis de Pisany's courage, [Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod. p. 152.]

Congratulation.

Wonder.

Congratulation.

Disapprobation.

Concern.

I AM extremely glad to hear that you are grown so hardy, that neither labour, watching, sickness, lead nor steel can hurt you. I could not have thought, that a man, who lived on water-gruel, should have so thick a skin; nor did I imagine you had a spell, by which you was powder-proof. To account, how you come to be still alive, after the desperate hazzards you have run, is more than I can pretend to. But I had rather, it were by the help of the Devil himself, than that you were as poor Atichy or Grenville; if you were embalmed with the richest drugs of the East. To tell you my opinion plainly, Sir; let a man die for his country, or for honor, or what you please, I cannot help thinking, he makes but a silly figure, (2) when he is dead. It seems to me great pity, that some people should be so careless about their

(1) This to be spoken in the same manner as if one was finding fault in earnest. For it is the character of Humor to mean the contrary of what it seems to mean. And tho' the matter was originally part of a letter, it may be imagined as spoken.

(2) The speaker will naturally utter these words, silly figure, with a shrug.

lives, as they are. For despicable as life is, a Remonstr.
man, when he has *lost it*, is not worth *half* what
he was when he *had it*. In short, a *dead king*,
a *dead hero*, or even a *dead demi-god*, is in my
mind, but a *poor character*; and *much good* may
it do *him*, who is *ambitious* of it.

XIII.

A love-sick Shepherd's COMPLAINT. (1)

A *H well-a-day! how long must I endure* Lamenta.
This pining pain? (2) Or who shall speed
my cure? Anguish.

Fond love no cure will have; seeks no repose;
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows.

(3) *Lo! now the moon begins in clouds to rise,* Complaint
The bright'ning stars bespangle all the skies.

The winds are hush'd; the dews distil; and sleep
Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary sheep.

(4) *I only with the prowling wolf constrain'd* Anguish.

(5) *All night to wake. With hunger he is pain'd,*
And I with love. His hunger he may tame;

But who can quench (6) O cruel love! thy flame?
Whilom did I, all as this popular fair, Lamenta.

Up-rise my heedless head, devoid of care;
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,

(1) See Melancholy, page 22.

(2) The words, *pinning pain*, cannot be spoken too slowly. See Complaining, page 32.

(3) These four lines are to be spoken slowly; and with a torpid uniformity of tone.

(4) The speaker is to seem roused here, as by a sudden pang.

(5) These words to express extreme anguish.

(6) A stop before and after the words, *O cruel love*; which are to be expressed with exclamations of anguish.

- To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
How softly to mine oaten reed so sweet
 Wont they upon the green to shift their feet;
 And wearied in the dance *how* would they yearn
 Some well-devised tale from me to learn!
 For many a *song*, and *tale* of mirth, had I
 To chase the loit'ring sun adown the sky.
 But *ah!* since *Lucy* coy deep wrought her spight
 Within my heart, *unmidful* of delight,
 The jolly youths I fly; and all alone
 To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless
 Deprecat. Oh! *leave thy cruelty, relentless fair*; [moan.
 E're lingering long, I *perish* through despair.
 Complaint Had *Rosalind* been mistress of my mind,
 Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more
kind.
 Advice. O *think*, unwitting maid! while yet is time,
 How flying years impair the youthful prime!
 Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
 And flow'rs tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
 The flow'rs, anew, returning seasons bring;
 But faded *beauty* has no second spring.
 Despair. (1)—My words are wind!—She deaf to all my
cries,
 Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 [A. Philips.]

XIV.

REMONSTRANCE.

Part of *Socrates's* speech to *Montaigne*, in the
 French DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

[Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod. p. 117.]

- Teaching. **A**NTIQUITY is an object of a pecu-
liar sort: Distance magnifies it. If you

(1) A long pause.

had been personally acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Phocion*, and *me*; you would have found *nothing* in us very different from what you may find in people of your own age. What commonly prejudices us in favor of antiquity, is that we are prejudiced against our own times. We raise Disappro. the ancients, that we may depress the moderns. When we ancients were alive, we esteemed our ancestors more than they deserved. And our posterity esteem us more than we deserve. But the very truth of the matter is, our ancestors, and we, and our posterity, are all very much alike.

XV.

AUTHORITY and FORBIDDING.

Jupiter forbids the gods and goddesses taking any part in the contention between the Greeks and Trojans.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn, Narration
 A Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
 When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
 Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise,
 The Sire of gods his awful silence broke;
 The heav'n's attentive tremble! as he spoke;
 "Celestial states! immortal gods! give ear; [1] Authority
 Hear our decree; and rev'rence what ye hear;
 The fix'd decree, which not all heav'n can move,

Awe.

[1] There are three pretty long pauses to be made in this line, at the words, states, gods, and ear. The words, Celestial states! may be spoken with the right arm extended, the palm upwards, and the look directed toward the right, as addressing that part of the assembly. The words immortal gods! with the left arm extended, in the same manner, (the right continuing likewise extended) and the look directed toward the left hand part of the assembly. And the words, give ear, with the look bent directly forward. See Authority, page 25.

- Thou Fate ! fulfil it ; and ye, Pow'rs approve.
- Threaten. (1) What god shall enter yon' forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield.
*Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds the scorn of heav'n*
(2) Or from our sacred hill with fury thrown
Deep, in the dark Tartarean gulph shall groan ;
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' etherial world.
- Challeng. (3) Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes
Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.
League all your forces, then, ye pow'r's above ;
Your strength unite against the might of Jove.
*Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heav'n and earth and
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth, [main.
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth.*
- *Contem. (4) Ye* strive in vain. If I but stretch this hand,
†Challeng. I heave the gods, the ocean and the land.
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,

(1) At the words, *What god shall enter*, the left arm, which should continue extended, with the right to the beginning of this fourth line of the speech, may be drawn in and placed upon the hip while the right is brandished with the clenched fist, as in threatening. See Boasting, page 24.

(2) The speaker will naturally here point downward with the fore finger of his right hand.

(3) "Let each," &c.] The speaker may here again extend both arms as before, the open palms upwards, casting a look over the whole room, suppose to be filled with the gods.

(4) The speaker will do well here, to have his arms in any other posture, rather than extended ; because after the pause in the middle of the

And the *vast* world hangs trembling in my sight,
For *such* I reign unbounded, and above ;
And *such* are men, and gods compar'd to Jove.

XVI.

SUBLIME DESCRIPTION.

An Ode, from the sixth Psalm. [*Spect.* No. 465.]

I.

THE lofty pillars of the sky,
And spacious concave rais'd on high,
Spangled with stars, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Admira,

Venera.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as, they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Admira,

III.

What, tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What tho' no real voice, nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Eor ever singing as they shine,
" The hand, that made us, is divine."

Question,

Venera.

line the right arm must be extended with great solemnity.

XVII.

DESCRIPTION, sublime, and terrible.

The fight about Patroclus's body, broke off by Achilles's appearing on the rampart unarmed, and calling aloud. [*Popes. Hom. II. xviii. v. 241.*]

Admira.

THE hero rose,
Her *Ægis* Pallas o'er his shoulder throws ;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread ;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head :
As when from some beleagu'rd town arise,
The smokes high curling to the shaded skies
(Seen from some island o'er the main afar
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war)
With long projected beams the seas are bright,
And heav'n's wide arch reflects the ruddy light ;
So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the
croud,

Terror.

High on the rampart [1] rais'd his voice aloud.
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;
Troy starts astonish'd and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from jar,
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war,
So high his dreadful voice the hero rear'd ;

Trepida.

[2] Hosts drop'd their arms and tremble as they
heard :

Terror.

And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray.

[1] The reader will hardly need to be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with a raised voice.

[2] These three lines to be spoken quick.

*Thrice from the trench his brazen voice he
rais'd;*

And thrice they fled confounded and amaz'd.

Twelve in the tumult wedg'd untimely rush'd

On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:

While shielded from the darts the Greeks obtain

The long disputed carcase of the slain.

XVIII.

COMPLAINT.

Humorous petition of a French gentleman to the king, who had given him a title, to which his income was not equal, by reason of the weight of the taxes levied from his estate. [Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod. p. 428.]

[After acknowledging the honor done him by the king's conferring on him a title, he goes on as follows]

YOUR Majesty has only made me *more* Complain-
ing.
unhappy by giving me a title. For there
is nothing more *pitiable* than a gentleman loaded
with a *knapsack*. This *empty sound*, which I Vexation.
was such a *fool* as to be *ambitious* of, does not
keep away *hunger*. I know well enough, that
glory makes us *live* after we are dead; but in
this world, a man has but a *poor time* on't, if
he has not a bit of *bread* to put in his *mouth*. I
had but a *little* bit of land on the banks of the
Rhône, on which I made a *shift* to *live*. But
as it is now *taxed*, any *body* may have it for
me; for I suppose I shall soon, with my *title* Apprehen-
sion.
and *estate*, be glad of an *alms-house* for my seat.
I have no *resource*, if there be a *prosecution*
commenced against me, as they threaten, but
* H in

Comfort. in your Majesty's *goodness*. If indeed, my fate is to be decided by *that*, I am in no danger, but shall *laugh* at them *all*. If your Majesty were to seize my *poor patrimony whole*, what would a few acres of *marsh-land* be to the * Deprecation. mighty monarch of France and Navarre? It † Pomp. † bears nothing but *willows*, † and your Majesty values *no trees* but the *laurel*. I, therefore, beseech your Majesty to give me leave to enjoy what my *little spot* brings in, without deduction. All that a poor subject asks of your Majesty is—That your Majesty would ask nothing of him.

Intreating

XIX.

TERRIBLE DESCRIPTION.

Narration I N elder days, ere yet the Roman bands Victorious, this ours *distant* world subdu'd, A spacious city stood with *firmest* walls. Sure *mounded*, and with *num'rous* turrets crown'd, Aerial spires and citadels, the seat Of kings and heroes *resolute* in war; Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontrol'd and free, Till all-subduing *Latin* arms prevail'd Then likewise, tho' to *foreign* yoke submits, Unlevel'd she remained; and ev'n till now Perhaps had stood, of *ancient* British art A pleasing monument, not less admir'd Than what from *Attic* or *Etruscan* hands Arose; had not the *heav'nly* pow'rs averse Decreed her *final* doom. And now the fields Labor'd with *thirst*. *Aquarius* had not shed His wonted *show'rs*, and *Sirius* parch'd with *heat* Solstitial the *green* herb. Hence 'gan relax The earth's *contexture*. Hence *Tartarian* dregs, Sulphur and *nitrous* spume, enkindling fierce Bellow'd tremendous in her *darksome* caves,

More

More *dismal* than the loud *disploded* roar
Of *brazen* *enginry*, that ceaseless *storm*
The *bastion* of a well-built city deem'd
Impregnable. Th' *infernal winds*, till now
Closely *imprison'd*, by *Titanian* warmth
Dilating, and with *unfluous* vapour fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full
strength

Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Up-heav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat. Old *Vaga's* stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Wrinkling her banks. And now the low'ring sky, Awe.
The baleful light'ning, and loud thunder, voice
Of angry heav'n, fierce roaring with dismay
The boldest hearts appal'd. (1) Where should

they turn

Trepida-
tion.

Distress'd? Whence seek for aid? When from
below

Hell threatens; and when fate supreme gives
signs Despair.

Of wrath and desolation. Vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to heav'n erect!
Yet some to temples fled, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor and Woden fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin shar'd,
O'erwhelm'd and crush'd. Others in frantic mood,
Run howling thro' the streets. Their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin. Horror stalks around
Wild staring, and his sad concomitant
Despair, of abject look. At ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,

Contempt.

Trepida-
tion.

Horror.

Trepida-
tion.

Obstruct

(1) To be spoken quick from the words,
Where should to desolation.

Horror.

*Obstruct the spacious way. The rocking street
Deceives their footsteps. To and fro they reel
Astonish'd as with wine o'ercharg'd. When lo!
The parched earth her riven mouth disparts
Horrible chasm profound! With swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks; and all her tribes,
Heroes and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Mean while the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and globes of fire
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws, earth satiate, clos'd.*
[A Philips.]

XX.

RIDICULE.

*Swift on Transubstantiation. (1) [Tale of a
Tub, Sect. 4].*

Scene, Lord Peter's house; a table covered
with plates, knives, and forks, and a brown
loaf in the middle of the table.

Lord Peter, Martin, Jack.

Dictating.

Peter. **B**READ, gentlemen, bread is the
staff of life. In bread is contained,
inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal,
venison, partridge, plum-b-pudding, and custard;
and, to render all complete, there is intermin-
gled a due quantity of water, whose crudities
are.

(1). A pupil, in order to his expressing properly this lesson, must be let a little into the author's plot; that by Peter is meant the Pope, by Martin the Lutheran church, and by Jack the Calvinists. That, in this passage he exposes the doctrine of the wafer's being transubstantiated into the real body of Christ; the Papists refusing the cup to the laity; the arrogance of the Popes; and the evils arising from persecution.

are corrected by yeast, and which therefore becomes, to all intents and purposes, a wholesome fermented liquor diffused through the mass of the bread. Therefore he, who eats bread, at the same time eats the best of food and drinks the best of liquors. Come on brothers, the cause is good; fall to, and spare not. Here is a shoulder of excellent Banstead mutton [pointing to the brown loaf] as ever was cut with knife. Here you may cut and come again. But, now I think on it, I had better help you myself, now my hand is in. Young people are bashful. Come, brother Martin, let me help you to this slice.

Inviting.

Martin. My lord! [so Peter ordered his brothers to call him] I doubt, with great submission, here is some little mistake. In my humble

Surprise.
Submission.

Peter. What you are merry? Come then, let us hear this jest, your head is so big with. Peevishness.

Martin. No jest indeed my lord. But unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased, a little while ago, to drop a word about mutton; and I should be glad to see it upon the table. Submission.

Peter. How! I don't comprehend you. Peevishness.

Jack. Why, my lord, my brother Martin, I suppose, is hungry, and longs to see the shoulder of Banstead mutton, you spoke of, come to table. Submission.

Peter. Pray explain yourselves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your wits, or are disposed to be merry a little unseasonably. You had better keep your jokes till after dinner. Brother Martin, if you don't like the slice I have helped you to, I will cut you another; tho' I should think it the choice bit of the whole shoulder. Recollect.

Martin. What then, my lord, is this brown loaf a shoulder of Banstead mutton all this while? Quest. Wonder.

Reprov-
ing.

Peter. Pray, Sir, *leave off your impertinence,* and eat your *vituals*, if you please. I am not disposed to *relish* your wit at present.

Affirma-
tion.

Martin. May I then, my lord, be *soused* over head and ears in a *horse-pond*, if it seems to my eyes, my fingers, my nose, or my teeth; either *less* or *more*, than a slice of a stale six-penny brown loaf.

Jack. If I ever saw a *shoulder* of mutton in my life look so like a six-penny brown loaf, I am an old *basket-woman*.

Reprov-
ing.

Peter. Look you, gentlemen, to *convince* you; what a couple of *blind, positive, ignorant, puppies*; you are, I will use but *one* plain argument.

Execra-
tion.

The *d—l* roast both your souls on his gridiron to all eternity, if you don't believe *this* [clapping his hand upon the brown loaf] to be a *shoulder* of as good mutton as ever was sold in *Leaden-hall market*.

Recollec-
tion.

Martin. Why truly, upon more *mature consideration*

Jack. Why, ay, now I have thought *better* on the thing, your lordship seems to be in the *right*.

Reconcili-
ation.

Peter. O now you are *come to yourselves*. Boy fill me a bumper of *claret*. Come brothers, here is good *health* to you both.

Submis-
sion.

Martin and Jack. *Thank* your good lordship, and shall be glad to *pledge* you.

Giving.

Peter. *That* you shall my boys. I am not a man to refuse you *any thing* in reason. A *moderate* glass of wine is a *cordial*. There, [Giving them a crust each,] There is a *bumper* a piece for you. True *natural* juice of the grape. None of

Surprise.

your nasty *balderdash* vintners brewings—*What now!* [Observing them to stare.] Are you at

Threat-
ning.

your doubts again? Here boy. Call neighbor *Dominic*(1) the *blacksmith* here. Bid him bring his

(1) Saint Dominic was inventor of the inquisition.

His tongs with him, Red hot—d'ye hear, I'll teach you to doubt.

Martin. (1) *Come Jack. This house is like to Trepida. be too hot for you and me soon. He is quite raving mad. Let's get away (2) as fast as we can.*

Jack. *A plague on his crazy head, if ever I put my nose within his door again, may it be pinched off in good earnest. [Exeunt running.]*

XXI.

EXHORTATION.

Prologue to Cato, by Mr. Pope.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart ; Teaching.
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold, (3)
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold ; Courage.
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age. Teaching.
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
(4) Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move, Wonder.
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love, Contempt.
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause, Exciting.

(1) To be spoken quick to the end.

(2) Separation of the protestants from the Romish church.

(3) The words *mend the heart*, may be expressed with the right hand laid upon the breast.

(4) I question whether all readers of this line [*Our author shuns, &c.*] understand it as the author meant it. The sense, in plain prose would be, "Our author thinks it beneath him to endeavor to affect you by the common subject of tragic distress, as the fall of a prince or statesman, or the misfortunes occasioned by love."

- Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws.
He bids your breast with ancient ardors rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,*
- Venera. *What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was ;
No common object to your sight displays,*
- Awe. *But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,*
- Esteem. *A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,*
- Earnest. *What bosom (1) beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ?
Who hears him groan and does not wish to bleed ?*
- Contempt *Ev'n when proud Cæsar midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,*
- Dejection. *As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day overcast ;*
- Grief. *The triumph ceas'd. Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,*
- Contempt. *The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by.
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword,*
- Grief. *And shew, you have the virtue (2) to be mov'd*
- Teaching. *Britons attend ! Be worth like this approv'd,
And shew, you have the virtue (2) to be mov'd*
- Contempt *With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she
subdu'd.*
- Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.*
- Exciting. *Dare to have sense yourselves : Assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

(1) The words, *What bosom beats not*, may be spoken with the right hand pressed to the breast.

(2) So may the word, *virtue*.

XXII.

Humourous scene between Dennis the critic,
(satyrically represented by Swift, as mad)
and the Doctor.

Scene, Dennis's garret,

Dennis, Doctor, Nurse, Lintot the bookseller,
and another author.

Dennis. [Looking wise, and bringing out his
words slowly and formally.]

BEWARE, Doctor, that it fare not with Warning.
you as it did with your predecessor, the
famous Hippocrates whom the mistaken citizens
of Abdera sent for in this very manner to cure
the philosopher *Democritus*. He returned full Pride.
of admiration at the wisdom of the person, whom
he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it
was thus that *Aristotle himself* and all the great
ancients spent their days and nights wrapped up
in criticism, and beset all round with their own
writings. As for me, be assured I have no
disease, besides a swelling in my legs, of which
I say nothing, since your art may farther cer-
tify you.

Doctor. Pray Sir how did you contract Question.
this swelling?

Dennis. By criticism.

Doctor. By Criticism! That's a distemper. Wonder.
I have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death Sir! A distemper! It is no Sudden
distemper; but a noble art. I have sat fourteen Anger.
hours a day at it, and are you a doctor, and don't Contempt.
know, that there is a communication between
the brain and the legs?

- Question. Doctor. What made you sit so *many hours*, Sir?
- Earnest. Dennis. *Cato*, Sir.
 Doctor. Sir, I speak of your *distemper*. What gave you this *tumour*?
- Peevish. Dennis. *Cato, Cato, Cato*. (1)
- Intreat. Nurse. For *God's sake* Doctor, name not this *evil spirit*; it is the *whole cause* of his *madness*. Alas! *poor master* will have his *fits* again. [Almost crying.]
- Wonder. Lintot. *Fits*! with a *pox*; A man may well have *fits* and *swell'd legs* that *sits writing fourteen hours* in a day. The *Remarks*, the *Remarks*, have brought *all his complaints* upon him.
- Question. Doctor. The *Remarks*! what are they?
- Wonder. Dennis. Death! Have you never read my
- Peevish. *Remarks* & I'll be *hang'd* if this *niggardly book-seller* has *advertis'd* the book as it should have been.
- Lintot. Not *advertise* it, quotha! *pox*! I have laid out *pounds* after *pounds* in *advertising*. There has been as *much done* for the book, as could be done for *any book* in *Christendom*.
- Caution. Doctor. We had better not talk of *books* Sir; I am *afraid* they are the *fuel* that *feeds* his *delirium*. Mention *books* no more.
- I desire a word in private with this gentleman. I suppose, Sir, you are his *apothecary*?
- Question. Gent. Sir, I am his *friend*.
- Doctor. I doubt it not. What *regimen* have you *observed*, since he has been under your care? You remember I suppose the, passage in *Celsus*, which says, "If the patient, on the third day, have an *intermittent*, suspend the *medicaments* at night." Let *fumigations*
- Teaching

(1) He published remarks on *Cato*, in the year 1712

be used to corroborate the *quintessence*. I hope, you have, upon no account, *not* *sternutation* by *Hellebore* ?

Gent. Sir, you mistake the matter quite.

Pride and

Doctor. What ! An *apothecary* tell a *physician* he mistakes ! You pretend to dispute my prescription ! *Pharmacopola componat. Medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Anger.

Dennis. Death, Sir ! Do you take my friend

Anger.

for an *apothecary* ! A man of genius and learning for an *apothecary* ! Know, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two noblest sciences in the universe, Criticism, and Poetry. By the immortals, he himself is author of three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, *bad a hand* in my *Public Spirit*, and assisted me in my description of the *Furies* and *infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

Authority.

Lintot. He is an author. You mistake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these twenty years, to his book seller's knowledge, if to no one's else.

Sneer.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination ! Shall poetry fall to the ground ! Must our reputation in foreign countries be quite lost ? O Destruction ! Perdition ! Cursed Opera ! Confounded Opera ! (1) As poetry once raised cities, so, when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Vexation.

Doctor. He raves, he raves. He must be pinioned, he must be strait-waistcoated, that he may do no mischief.

Anxiety.

Dennis. O I am sick ! I am sick to death.

Vexation.

Doctor. That is a good symptom ; a good symptom. To be sick to death (says the

Comfort.

(1) He wrote a treatise to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian Opera.

- modern theory) is *symptoma præclarum*. When a patient is *sensible* of his pain, he is half cured.
- Question. Pray, Sir, of *what* are you sick?
- Reevish. Dennis. Of *every thing*. Of *every thing*. I am sick of the *sentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protasis*, of the *epitasis*, and the *catastrophe*. *Alas*, for the *lost drama*! The drama is no more.
- Obsequi. Nurse. If you want a *dram*, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of *gin* in a *minute*. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the *noggin*.
- Reevish. Dennis. O *scandalous want*! O *shameful omission*! By all the *immortals* here is not the *shadow* of a *peripetia*! No *change* of *fortune* in the *tragedy*.
- Obsequi. Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneasy about *change*. Give me the *six-pence*, and I'll get you *change* immediately at the *gin-shop* next door.
- Directing. Doctor. Hold your *peace*, good woman. His *fit* *increases*. We must call for *help*. Mr. Lintot a———hold him, pray. [Doctor gets behind Lintot.]
- Fear. Lintot. *Plague* on the *man*! I am afraid, he is *really* mad. And, if he be, who, the *devil* will buy the *Remarks*? I wish [scratching his head] he had been *besht*—t rather than I had meddled with his *Remarks*.
- Anxiety. Lintot. *Plague* on the *man*! I am afraid, he is *really* mad. And, if he be, who, the *devil* will buy the *Remarks*? I wish [scratching his head] he had been *besht*—t rather than I had meddled with his *Remarks*.
- Directing. Doctor. He must use the *cold bath*, and be *cupped* on the *head*. The *symptoms* seem *desperate*. Avicen says, "If *learning* be mixed with "a *brain*, that is not of a *texture* *fit* to receive it, the *brain* *ferments*, till it be totally "exhausted." We must endeavor to *eradicate* these *indigested ideas* out of the *pericranium*, and to restore the patient to a *competent knowledge* of *himself*.
- Anxiety. Doctor. He must use the *cold bath*, and be *cupped* on the *head*. The *symptoms* seem *desperate*. Avicen says, "If *learning* be mixed with "a *brain*, that is not of a *texture* *fit* to receive it, the *brain* *ferments*, till it be totally "exhausted." We must endeavor to *eradicate* these *indigested ideas* out of the *pericranium*, and to restore the patient to a *competent knowledge* of *himself*.
- Fury with Pride. Dennis. *Cainiffs*, stand off! Unhand me, *miscreants*! [The Doctor, the nurse, and Lintot,

run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret stairs altogether.] Is the man whose labours are calculated to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left! [Calls after the doctor, the bookseller, and the nurse, from the top of the stairs.] I am the only man among the moderns, that support the venerable ancients. And am I to be assassinated? Shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labors, take away that life, to which he owes his support? [Goes into his garret and shuts the door.]

XXIII.

A D O R A T I O N.

Milton's Morninghim. [Parad. Lost. B.V. v. 153.]

T Hese are thy glorious works, Parent of good, Venerat.	
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,	
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself (1) how wondrous then	Admirat.
Unspeakable! who sit'st above the heav'ns,	Venerat.
To us invisible, or dimly seen	
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare	Love with
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.	Venerat.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,	
Angels! For (2) ye behold him, and with songs	Sacred
	Rapture.

I

(1) "Thyself how wond'rous," &c. The sense, in prose, would be, "If thy works be so wonderfully excellent, thine own original excellence is unspeakable, and inconceivable." It is not, I believe, generally understood so, else readers would not (as I have heard many) make a pause between the word then and unspeakable.

(2) The reader need scarce be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with as much smoothness and liquidity of utterance as possible.

And *choral symphonies, day without night,*
 Circle his throne rejoicing. (1) *Ye in heav'n !*
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure *pledge of day that crown'st the smiling morn*
 With thy bright *circlet !* praise him in thy sphere,
 While morn arises, that *sweet hour of prime.*
 Admirat. (2) *Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,*
 Lowly Sub Acknowledge *Him thy greater.* Sound his praise
 mission. In thy *eternal course,* both when thou *clim'st,*
 And when *high noon* hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Rapture. *Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st*
 With the *fix'd stars,* fix'd in their sphere on *high*
 And ye five other *wand'ring orbs* that move
 In mystic dance, *not without song !* resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists, and exhalations, that now rise
From hill, or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your *flescy skirts* with gold,
 In honor to the world's great *Author rise ;*
 Whether to deck with clouds, th' *ancolour'd sky,*
 Or cheer with falling *show'rs* the *thirsty ground,*

(1) "Ye in heav'n." This is generally ill pointed. These words are a complete sentence. The meaning is, "I call on you [Angels] to praise God in your celestial habitation." And then the poet goes on to call on the terrestrials to join their humble tribute.

(2) "Thou sun of this," &c. To be spoken a little more ore rotundo, or full mouthed, than the foregoing, to image the stupendous greatness of a world of fire, equal, as supposed by astronomers, to a million of earths.

*Rising, or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's high gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep.
Witness, if I be silent, morn or ev'n,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! Be bounteous still,
To give us only good; and if the night
Hath gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now day the dark dispels.*

Profound
Submis-
sion.

XXIV.

PEEVISHNESS.

The scene between Priuli, a Venetian senator, and Jaffier, who had married his daughter without his consent, and being afterwards reduced to poverty, and soliciting his father-in-law to relieve his distress, receives the following treatment. [VENICE PRESERVED.]

Priuli and Jaffier.

Pr. **N**O more! I'll hear no more. Begone, and leave me. Peevish-
ness.

Jaff. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall. Courage.

My lord! my lord! I am not that abject wretch
You think me. Where's the difference, throws Remonstr.
me back

- So far *behind* you, that I must not *speak* to you ?
- Peevish. Pr. Have you not *wrong'd* me ?
- Courage. Jaff. Could my nature e'er
But have *endur'd* the *thought* of doing wrong,
I need not now thus *low* have bent myself
To gain a *hearing* from a *cruel* father.
- Distress. You cannot say that I have *ever wrong'd* you.
- Remonstr. Pr. I say you've *wrong'd* me in the *nicest*
Peevish-
ness. *point,*
The *honor* of my *house*. You can't *defend*
- Remonstr. Your *baseness* to me. When you first came
home,
From travel, I with *open arms* received you,
Pleas'd with your *seeming virtues* ; fought to
raise you.
- Chiding. My *house*, my *table*, *fortune*, *all* was yours.
And in *requital* of my *best endeavours*,
You *treacherously* practis'd to *undo* me ;
Seduc'd the joy of my *declining age*,
My *only child*, and stole her from my *bosom*.
- Remonstr. Jaff. Is this your *gratitude* to him who *sav'd* d
Your daughter's life ? You *know*, that, but
for me,
- Self-Def. You had been *childless*. I *restor'd* her to you,
When *sunk* before your *eyes* amidst the *waves*,
I *hazarded* my *life* for *hers* ; and *she*
Has *richly paid* me with her *gen'rous love*.
- Reproach. Pr. You stole her from me, like a *thief* you
stole her,
At *dead of night*. That *curst* hour you chose
To *rise* me of *all* my heart held *dear*.
- Execra-
tion. But may your joy in her prove *false* as *mine*.
May the *hard hand* of *pinching poverty*
Oppress and *grind* you ; till at last you find
The *curse* of *disobedience* all your *fortune*.
- Chiding. Home and be *humble*. Study to *retrrench*.
Discharge the *lazy vermin* of thy *hall*,
Those *pageants* of thy *folly*.

*Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds fit for thy narrow state.
Then to some suburb cottage both retire,
And with your starv'ling brats enjoy your misery,
Home, home, I say.* [Exit.]

XXV.

CONTEMPT of the common objects of pursuit.
From Mr. Pope's Essay on Man.

HONOR and Shame from no condition rise ; Teach.
Act well your part: There all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made ;
One flaunts in rags ; one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd ;
The friar hooded and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and Quest.
cowl ?"

[I] I'll tell you, friend ! A wise man and a fool. Inform.
You'll find, if once the wise man acts the monk : Teach.
Or cobbler like, the parson will be drunk ;
† Worth makes the man, and *want of it the † Approba.
fellow ; *Contempt.

The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings, Sneer.
That thou may'st be by kings or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race Contempt.
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only, who were good and great.
Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood,

I 2

[I] This line (I'll tell you, friend," &c.) may be expressed in a sort of important half-whisper, and with significant looks, and nods, as if a grand secret was told.

Has crept thro' *scoundrels* ever since the flood :
Go ! and pretend, your family is *young*,
 Nor own, your fathers have been *fools* so long.
 What can ennoble *sets*, or *slaves*, or *cowards* ?
 Alas ! not *all* the blood of all the *Howards*.

Q.uest. Look next on *greatness*. Say, where *greatness*
 lies ?

Sneer. Where, but among the *heroes* and the *wise*.
Heroes are all the *same*, it is agreed,
 From *Macedonia's* madman to the *Swede*.

Contempt. The whole *strange purpose* of their lives to *find*,
 (1) Or *make*—an enemy of all mankind.
 Not *one* looks *backward* : *onward* still he goes ;
 Yet ne'er looks *forward*, farther than his *nose*.
 No less alike the *politic* and *wise* ;
 (2) All *fly* *slow* things, with *circumspective* eyes :
 Men in their *loose*, *unguarded* hours they take ;
 Not that *themselves* are *wise* ; but *others* weak.

Remonst. But *grant* that *those* can *conquer* ; *these* can *cheat* ;
 'Tis phrase *absurd* to call a *villain* *great*.

Aversion. Who *wickedly* is *wise*, or *madly* *brave*,
 Is but the more a *fool*, the more a *knave*.

Approbat. Who *noble* ends by *noble* means obtains,
 Or, failing, *smiles* in *exile*, or in *chains*,
 Like good *Aurelius* let him *reign* ; or *bleed*
 Like *Socrates* ; that man is *great* indeed.

Admirat. What's *fame* ? a *fancy'd* life in *others'* *breath* ;
 Superior A thing *beyond* us, ev'n *before* our *death*.
 Neglect. Just what you *hear's* your own ; and what's

unknown,
 The same (my lord !) if *Tully's* or your own.

(1) I have put a pause after *make*, though
 contrary to general rule, to mark the antithesis
 between *find* and *make*, more distinctly.

(2) "All fly, slow things," to be pronounced
 very slowly, and with a cunning look.

*All, that we feel (1) of it, begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
To all besides as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead ;
Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.*

*A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame, but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave ;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.*

Contempt.

Approba.

Aversion.

Blaming.

*All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head ; but comes not to the
heart. (2)*

Superior

Neglect.

*One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs,
Of stupid starers, and of loud buzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.*

Contempt.

Admira.

Contempt.

*In parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?*

Question.

Respect.

'Tis but to know, how little can be known ;

Concern.

*To see all others' faults. and feel our own :
Condemn'd in bus'ness, or in arts to drudge
Without a second, and without a judge.*

*Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All fear ; none aid you ; and few understand.*

*Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.*

Suffering.

*Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions : see to what they mount.
How much of other each is sure to cost ;
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;*

Arguing.

(1) " All that we feel, &c. to be expressed
with the right hand laid upon the breast.

(2) — " comes not to the heart." to be
spoken with the right hand laid upon the breast.

- How inconsistent *greater* goods with *these*;
 How sometimes *life* is risk'd, and always *safe*;
 Think. And if *still* such things thy envy call,
 Question. Say, would'st thou be the *man* to whom they *fall*?
 Contempt To sigh for *ribbands* if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace *Lord Umbra*, or *Sir Billy*.
 Is *yellow dirt* the passion of thy life?
 Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus' wife*.
 Concern. If *parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
 The *wisest*, *brightest*—*meanest* of mankind:
 Contempt Or ravish'd with the *whistling* of a *name*,
 Aversion. See *Cromwell* damn'd to *everlasting fame*:
 Teaching. If all *united* thy *ambition* call,
 From *ancient story* learn to *scorn* them all.

XXVI.

CLOWNISH BASHFULNESS, and AWK-
WARDNESS.

The meeting between Humphry Gubbin, and
 Mr. Pounce. [Tend. Husb.]

- Foolish wonder. Humph. **H**OW prettily this park is stock'd
 with *soldiers*, and *deer*, and
ducks, and *ladies*.—*Hah!* Where are the *old fel-*
 Question. *lows* gone? Where can they be, trow?—I'll ask
 these people.———A—a—a—you pretty
young gentleman [to Fainlove] did you see *Vather*?
 Fain. Your *father*, Sir?
 Humph. Ey, my *Vather*, a *weezle-faced* cross
 old gentleman with *spindle shanks*?
 Fain. No, Sir.
 Attention Humph. A *crab stick* in his hand.
 Pounce. We have met nobody with these
 Question. *marks*. But, *sure*, I have seen you *before*—Are
 not you *Mr. Humphry Gubbin*, son and heir to
Sir Harry Gubbin?
 Humph. Ey, Ey, and *that* were all, I *se* his *son*;

but how lung I shall be his heir, I *can't* tell :
for a talk o'*disinheriting* on ma every day.

Pounce. Dear Sir, I am glad to see you. I Joy.
have had a desire to be acquainted with you ever
since I saw you *clench* your *fist* at your father,
when his back was turned toward you. I love a
young man of *spirit*.

Humph. Why, Sir, would it not *vex* a man Vexation.
to the very *heart*, *blood* and *guts* on him to have
a crabbed old fellow *snubbing* a body every min-
ute before *company* ?

Pounce. Why, Mr. Humphry, he uses you Exciting.
like a *boy*.

Humph. Like a *boy*, quotha ! he uses me like Complain.
a *dog*. A *lays me on* now and then, e'en as
if a were breaking a hound to the game.—
You can't think what a *tantrum* a was in this
morning, because I boggled a little at marrying
my own *born cousin*.

Pounce. A man can't be too *scrupulous*, Caution.
Mr. Humphry, a man can't be too *scrupulous*.

Humph. Why, Sir, I could as soon love Complain.
my own *flesh* and *blood*. We should squabble
like *brother* and *sister*, not like *man* and *wife*.
Do you think we *should not* Mr——. Pray Question.
gentlemen, may I crave your *names* ?

Pounce. Sir, I am the *very person*, that has Curiosity.
been employed to draw up the *articles* of *mar-*
riage between you and your *cousin*.

Humph. Ho, ho ! say you so ? then may- Wonder.
hap, you can *tell* one some things one wants to
know.—A—a—pray, Sir, what *estyeate* am
I heir to ?

Pounce. To *fifteen hundred pounds a year*, Informa.
intailed estate.

Humph. 'Sniggers ! I *fe glad* on't with *all* Joy.
my heart. And—a—a—can you *fatisfy* ma in
another question—Pray, how *eld* be I ? Quest.

Informa. Pounce. *Three and twenty* last March.

Vexation. Humph. *Plague on it!* As sure as you are there, they have kept ma *back*. I have been told, by goody *Clack*, or goody *Tipple*, I dan't know which, that I was born the *very* year the *stone pig sty* was built; and every body knows the *pig sty* in the back close is *three and twenty* year old. I'll be *duck'd* in a *horse pond*, if here has not been *tricks* play'd ma. But, pray, Sir mayn't I crave your *name*?

Question.

Informa. Pounce. My name sir is *Pounce*, at your service.

Humph. *Pounce* with a P——?

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel* with an S.

Earnest.

Humph. Why, then, Mr. *Samu l Pounce*, [chuckling, and wriggling, and rubbing his hands earnestly] do you know any *clever gentlewoman* of your acquaintance, that you think I could *like*? For I'll be *hang'd* like a *dog*, an I han't taken a *right down aversion* to my cousin, ever since Vather propos'd her to ma.—And since every body knows I came up to be *married*, I should not care to go down again with a *flea* in my ear and look *balk'd*, d'ye see.

Plotting.

Pounce. [After a pause.] Why, Sir, I have a *thought* just come into my *head*. And if you will walk along with this gentleman and me, where we are going, I will communicate it.

Joy.

Humph. With all my heart, good Mr. *Samuel Pounce*. [Exeunt.]

XXVII.

MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION.

From Æneas's account of the Sack of Troy:

[Dryd. Virg. Æn. II.]

ALL were attentive to the godlike man, Attention.
 When from his lofty couch he thus began :
 Great queen ! What you command me to relate Respect.
 Renews the sad remembrance (1) of our fate ; Grief.
 An empire from its old foundations rent,
 And every woe the Trojans underwent ;
 A pop'ulous city made a desert place ;
 All that I saw, and part of which I was ;
 Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
 Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.

* * * * *

'Twas now the dead of night, when sleep
 repairs

Horror.

Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When Hector's ghost (2) before my sight appears ;
 Shrouded in blood he stood, and bath'd in tears ;
 Such as when by the fierce Pelides slain, Pity.
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were
 thrust

Thro' the pierc'd limbs: his body black with dust.

Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils

Of war triumphant in Æacian spoils,

Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire, Courage

Hurling (4) amidst their fleets the Phrygian fire.

(1) The words, 'sad remembrance,' may be spoken with a sigh, and the right hand laid on the breast.

(2) The words, 'Hector's ghost,' may be spoken with a start, and the attitude of fear.

(4) 'Hurling,' to be expressed by throwing out the arm, with the action of hurling.

Pity. His hair and beard were *clotted stiff* with gore,
The *ghastly wounds*, he for his country bore,
Now *stream'd afresh*.

Grief. I *wept* to see the visionary man,
And whilst my trance continu'd, thus began.
(1) *O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,*
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! From whence
Art thou so late return'd to our defence?
Alas! what wounds are these? What new dis-
grace

Horror. *Deforms the manly honors of thy face?*
(2) *The spectre, groaning from his inmost*
breast,

Warning. This warning in these mournful words express;
Haste goddess born! Escape by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess our wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
Enough to country, and to deathless fame.
If by a mortal arm my father's throne
Could have been sav'd—this arm the feat had
done.

Directing. *Troy now commends to thee her future state,*
And gives her gods companions of thy fate.
Under their umbrage hope for happier walls,
And follow where thy various fortune calls,

(1) 'O light of Trojans,' &c. to be expressed by opening the arms with the action of welcoming.

(2) 'The spectre,' &c. These two lines, and the ghost's speech, are to be spoken in a deep and hollow voice: slowly and solemnly, with titlerising or falling, and a torpid inertia of action.

(1) He said, and brought, from forth the sacred
choir,

The gods, and relicks of th' immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar, Trepida-
Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war. tion.

The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, embosom'd close with wood;

Louder and louder still, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.

Fear broke my slumbers.

I mount the terrafs; thence the town survey,
And listen what the swelling sounds convey.

Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;

And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd.

The palace of Deiphobus ascends

In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.

Ucalégon burns next; the seas are bright

With splendors not their own, and shine with
sparkling light.

New clamours, and new clangors now arise,

The trumpet's voice, with agonizing cries.

With frenzy seiz'd I run to meet th' alarms, Courage.
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.

But first to gather friends, with whom t' oppose

If fortune favor'd and repel the foes,

By courage rouz'd, by love of country fir'd,

With sense of honor and rivenge inspir'd.

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name, Trepida-
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the tion.

flame.

With relics loaded, to my doors he fled,

And by the hand his tender grandson led.

What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run? Question.
Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?

K

(1) "He said, and, &c." Here the voice re-
sumes its usual key.

- Grief. *Scarcely had I spoke, when Pantheus, with a groan,*
 [1] *Troy is no more ! Her glories now are gone.*
The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
- Awe. *When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom*
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands :
Our city's wrapt in flames : the foe commands.
- Horror. *To sev'ral posts their parties they divide ;*
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide.
The bold they kill ; th' unwearied they surprize ;
Who fights meets death, and death finds him who
flies, &c.

XXVIII.

RUSTICITY. AFFECTATION.

The scene of Humphry Gubbin's introduction
 to his romantic cousin. [Tend. Husband.]

Humphry, Aunt, Cousin Biddy.

- Respect. Humph. **A**UNT, your *saarvant*—your
 Question. *saarvant* aunt.—Is that—ha, aunt?
- Informa. Aunt. Yes, cousin Humphry, that is your
 with *cousin Bridget.* Well I'll leave you together.
 Satisfact. [Ex. Aunt. They sit.]
- Question. Humph. Aunt does as she'd be done by, cousin
 Bridget, does not she, cousin? [A long pause,
 Wonder. looking hard at her.] What, are you a Londoner,
 and not give a gentleman a civil answer, when he
 Indiffer. asks you a civil question?—Look ye d'ye see cou-

[1] *Troy is no more,*" Such short periods, comprehending much in a few words, may often receive additional force by a pause (not exceeding the length of a semicolon) between the nominative and the verb, or between the verb and what is governed by it; which otherwise is contrary to rule.

fin, the *old volks* resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I lik'd you. For I don't love to buy a pig in a poke as we sayn I'th' country, he, he, he, [Laughs.]

Biddy. Sir, your person and address bring to my mind the whole story of *Valentine and Orson*. What, would they give me, for a lover, a *Titanian*, a son of the earth? Pray answer me a question or two

Stiff Affect.

Affected Delicacy.

Humph. Ey, ey, as many as you please, cousin Bridget, an they be not too hard.

Indiff.

Biddy. What wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?

Affectat.

Wonder.

Humph. Caught!

Quest.

Biddy. Where were your haunts?

Surprise.

Humph. My haunts!

Quest.

Wonder.

Biddy. Are not clothes very uneasy to you? Is this strange dress the first you ever wore?

Quest.

Humph. How!

Wonder.

Biddy. Are you not a great admirer of roots, and raw flesh?—Let me look upon your nails—I hope you won't wound me with them.

Quest.

Affectat.

of Fear.

Humph. Whew! [Whistles] Hoity, toity! What have we got! Is she betwattled? Or is she gone o' one-side?

Wonder.

Biddy. Can't thou deny, that thou wert suckled by a wolf, or at least by a female satyr? Thou hast not been so barbarious, I hope, since thou cam'st among men, as to hunt thy nurse.

Affectat.

Aversion.

Humph. Hunt my nurse! Ey, ey, 'tis so, Pity. she's out of her head, poor thing, as sure as a gun. [Draws away.] Poor cousin Bridget! How long have you been in this condition!

Fear.

Biddy. Condition! What dost thou mean by condition, monster?

Offence.

Humph. How came you upon the high ropes? Was you never in love with any body before me?

Quest.

with Pity.

Affected. Biddy. I never *hated* any thing so heartily
Aversion. before thee.

Indiffer. Humph. For the *matter* of that cousin, an it
were not a *folly* to talk to a *mad* woman, there's
Quest. no *hatred* lost, I *assure* you. But do you *hate*
Earnest. me in *earnest*?

Aversion. Biddy. Dost think *any human being* can look
upon thee with *other eyes*, than those of *hatred*?

Desire. Humph. There is *no knowing* what a wo-
man *loves* or *hates*, by her words. But an you
were in your *senses*, cousin, and *hated* me in
earnest, I should be *main contented*, look you.
For, may I be *well horse-whipt*, if I *love* one *bone*
in your *skin*, cousin; and there is a *fine woman*
I am told, who has a month's *mind* to ma.

Aversion. Biddy. When I think of such a *consort* as
thee, the *wild boar* shall defile the *cleanly ermine*,
or the *tyger* be wedded to the *kid*.

Humph. An I marry you, cousin, the
pole cat shall *catter-waul* with the *civet*.

Romantic Affectatio. Biddy. To imagine such a *conjunction*, was
as *unnatural* as it would have been to describe
Statira in love with a *chimney sweeper*, or
Oroondates with a *nymph* of *Billingsgate*; to
paint, in romance, the *silver streams* running
up to their *sources* in the *sides* of the *mountains*;
to describe the *birds* on the *leafy boughs* utter-
ing the *hoarse sound* of *roaring bears*, to repre-
sent *knights errant* murdering *distressed ladies*;
whom their profession obliges them to *relieve*;
or *ladies* yielding to the suit of their enamour-
ed *knights* before they have *sighed* out *half* the
due time at their feet.

Clownish. Humph. If this *poor gentlewoman* be not out
Pity. of *herself*, may I be *hang'd* like a *dog*.

[Exit.]

XXIX.

ASKING. REPROOF. APPROBATION.

From Mr. Pope's TEMPLE OF FAME. [1]

A TROOP came next, who crowns and armour wore,

And proud defiance in their looks they bore.

"For thee" (they cry'd) "amidst alarms and Cringing-
strife,

"We fail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;

"For thee whole nations fill'd with fire and blood ;

"And swam to empire through the purple flood.

"(2) Those ills, we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;

"What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."

"Abitious fools" (the Queen reply'd, and Reproof.
frown'd)

"Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown'd.

"There sleep forgot, with mighty Tyrants gone ;

"Your statues moulder'd, & your names unknown"

A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my Wonder.
sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;

Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

"Great idol of mankind ! We neither claim Indiffer.

"The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame ;

K 2

(1) The pupil, if he has not read the *Temple of Fame*, must be informed of the plot of the poem, viz. The author represents numbers of the pursuers of fame, as repairing, in crowds, to the temple of that goddess, in quest of her approbation, who are differently received by her, according to their respective merits, &c.

(2) "Those ills, &c. The meaning of this line (which is not too obvious) is, "Our being guilty of such extravagancies, shews how eager we were to obtain a name."

- " But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
 " Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 " 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 " Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
- Delight. " O let us still the secret joy [1] partake,
 " To follow virtue ev'n for virtues sake."
- Wonder. " And live there men who slight immortal
 fame ?
 " Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
- Informa. " But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 " To blaze those virtues, which the good would
 hide.
- Exciting. " Rise, Muses ! Rise ! Add all your tuneful
 breath !
 " These must not sleep in darkness, and in death."
- Pleasing. She said. [2] In air the trembling music floats,
 Descrip. And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft, tho' high ; so loud, and yet so clear ;
 Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 To farthest shores the' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
- While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear ;
- Quest with [3] " What could thus high thy rash ambition
 Reproof. raise ?
 " Art thou fond youth ! a candidate for praise ?
- Apology. 'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came ;
 For who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame ?
- Concern. But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath,
 Th' state which wits inherit—after death.

[1]—" The secret joy," to be expressed with the hand laid upon the breast.

[2] To be spoken as melodiously as possible.

[3] " What could thus high," &c. must be spoken with a lower voice than the foregoing.

*Ease, health and life, for this they must resign
(Unsure the tenure, and how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gainsendure,
Though wretched, flatter'd, and though envy'd,
poor.*

*All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.*

Indiffer.

*But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
And if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still, where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis, bear my rising name,*

Apprehen-
sion of evil

*But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heav'n, to scorn the guilty bays, Deprecat.
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of
praise.*

*Unblemish'd let me live or die unknown;
O grant me honest fame; or grant me none.*

XXX.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Indiana,
in which she endeavours to find out, whe-
ther he has any other regard for her, than
that of rational esteem, or Platonic love.—
[CONSC. LOV.]

Bev. **M**ADAM, your most obedient. How Respect.
do you do to-day? I am afraid
you wished me gone last night, before I went.
But you were partly to blame. For who could
leave you in the agreeable humour you was in?

Ind. If you was pleased, Sir, we were both

pleased. For your company, which is *always agreeable* was more *peculiarly so* last night.

Bev. My company, Madam! You rally. I said very little.

Ind. Too little you *always* say, Sir, for my *improvement*, and for my *credit*; by the *same* token, that I am afraid, you gave me an opportunity of saying *too much* last night; and unfortunately when a woman is in the talking vein, she wants *nothing so much* as to have *leave* to *expose herself*.

Bev. I hope, Madam, I shall always have the sense to give you leave to expose yourself, as you call it without *interruption*.

[Bowing respectfully.]

Ind. If I had your talents, Sir, or your power to make my *actions* speak for me, I might be *silent*, and yet pretend to somewhat *more* than being *agreeable*. But as it is ———

Humility. Bev. Really, Madam, I know of *none* of my *actions* that deserve your *attention*. If I might be vain of any thing, it is, that I have *understanding enough* to mark you out, Madam, from *all your sex*, as the most *deserving* object of my *esteem*.

Anxiety. Ind. [Aside,] A cold word! Though I can not *claim* even his *esteem*. [To him.] Did I think, Sir, that your esteem for me proceeded from any thing in *me*, and not altogether from your own *generosity*, I should be in danger of *forfeiting* it.

Respect.

Bev. How so Madam?

Ind. What do you think, Sir, would be *so likely* to puff up a weak woman's *vanity*, as the *esteem* of a man of *understanding*? *Esteem* is the result of *cool reason*; the *voluntary tribute* paid to inward worth. Who then would not be *proud* of the *esteem* of a person of *sense*, which

is always *unbiassed* ; whilst *love* is often the effect of *weakness*. [Looking hard at Bevil, who casts down his eyes respectfully.] *Esteem* arises from a *higher* source, the substantial merit of the *mind*.

Bev. True, Madam—And *great minds only* can command it, [bowing respectfully.] The utmost *pleasure* and *pride* of my life, Madam, is, that I endeavor to *esteem* you as—I ought.

Ind. [Aside.] As he ought ! Still more per- Apprehen-
plexing ! He neither *saves* nor *kills* my *hope*.
I will try him a little farther. [To him.] Now,
I think on it, I must beg your *opinion*, Sir, on Question.
a point, which created a *debate* between my
aunt and me, just before you came in. She
would *needs* have it, that no man ever does
any *extraordinary kindness* for a woman, but
from *selfish* views.

Bev. Well, Madam, I cannot say, but I Respect.
am in the *main*, of her *opinion* ; if she means,
by *selfish* views, what *some* understand by the
phrase ; that is his own *pleasure* ; the *highest*
pleasure human nature is capable of, that of be-
ing conscious, that from his *superfluity*, an *in-*
nocent and *virtuous* spirit, a person, whom he
thinks one of the *prime* ornaments of the crea-
tion, is raised above the temptations and sorrows
of life ; the pleasure of seeing *satisfaction*, *health*
and *gladness*, brighten in the countenance of one
he values above all mankind. What a man be-
stows in such a way, may, I think, be said, in
one sense, to be laid out with a *selfish* view, as
much as if he spent it in cards, dogs, bottle-
companions, or loose women ; with this difference,
that he shews a better taste in expence. Nor
should I think this any such extraordinary mat-
ter of heroism in a man of an easy fortune. Every
gentleman ought to be capable of this, and I

Sudden
recollect.

doubt not but *many are*. For I hope, there are *many*, who take more delight in *reflection*, than *sensation*; in *thinking*, than in *eating*.—But *what am I doing?* [Pulls out his watch hastily] My hour with Mr. Myrtle is *come*.—Madam, I must take my leave *abruptly*. But, if you please, will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the *afternoon*. Till when, Madam your most obedient. [Exit.]

XXXI.

SERIOUS MEDITATION.

From Dr. Young's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Alarm.

THE clock strikes one. We take no note of
time,

But by its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they?—With the years beyond the
flood.

It is the signal that demands dispatch.

How much is still to do! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what?—A fathomless abyss.

Admira.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes,

From diff'rent natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!

Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the One Supreme.
A beam ætherial—fully'd, and absorpt!

Though sully'd and dishonor'd, *still divine !*
 Dim *miniature of Greatness absolute !*
 An heir of glory ! A frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! Insect infinite !
 A worm ! A God ! I tremble at myself !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
 Legions of angels can't confine there.

XXXII.

SEEMING CIVILITY.

The meeting between the knight of the Red
 Crosse, attended by Truth, with Hypocrisy.
 [Spencer's *Fairie Queene.*](1).

AT length they chaunst to meet upon the Descrip-
 way
 An aged fire (2) in long black weeds yclad, (3)
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie grey,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had.
 Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple of shew and void of malice bad.
 And all the way he prayed as he went,
 And often knock'd his brest, as one that did
 repent.
 He faire the knight saluted louting (4) low,
 Who faire him quited, (5) as that courteous
 was,
 And after asked him if he did know
 Of strange adventures which abroad did pas.

(1) The edition, from which this is taken,
 viz. Church's, is in my opinion, incomparably
 preferable for correctness, to all the others.

(2) Hypocrisy. (3) Clothed. (4) Bowing.

(5) Returned his salutation.

- Civility, " *Ah my deare sonne,*" (quoth he) "*how*
 " *should, alas,*
 " *Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,*
 " *Bidding his Beades (1) all day for his trespas*
 " *Tidings of warre, and worldly trouble tell ?*
 " *With holy father fits not with such things to*
 " *mell. (2)*
- Alarm. " *But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell*
 " *And homebred evil ye desire to heare,*
 " *Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,*
 " *That waiteth all this countrey far and*
 " *neare."*
 " *Of such*" (said he) "*I chiefly do inquire.*
 " *And shall thee well rewarde to shew the*
 " *place,*
 " *In which that wicked Wight (3) his dayes doth*
 " *weare. (4)*
- Threat. " *For to all knighthood it is soul disgrace,*
 " *That such a cursed creature lives so long a*
 " *space."*
- Fear. " *Far hence (quoth he) in wastful wildernesse*
 " *His dwelling is, by which no living wight*
 " *May ever pass, but thorough great distresse."*
- Advising. " *Now,*" said the ladie (5) *draweth toward*
 " *night,*
 " *And well I wote, (6) that of your later fight*
 " *Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,*
 " *But, wanting rest, will also want of might ?*
 " *The sunne that measures heavens all day*
 " *long,*
 " *At night doth baite his steeds the ocean waves*
 " *among.*

(1) Saying his prayers. (2) Meddle. (3) Creature. [4] Pass. [5] Truth. [6] Know.

" Then with the *sunne*, take, Sir, your *timely*
" rest,
 " And with new *day new worke* at once begin,
 " *Untroubled night*, they say, gives counsel *best*."
 " *Right well*, Sir knight, ye have advised bin." *Inviting.*
 Quoth then that aged man; " The way to *win* (1)
 " *Is wisely to advise*; now *day is spent*;
 " Therefore with me you may take up your *In*
 " For this *same knight*." The knight was
 well content:
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIII.

TREPIDATION. VEXATION.

The humorous scene of cramming Sir John Falstaff into the basket of foul linen, to prevent his being caught by jealous Ford, (2)

[Shakespear's Merry Wives of Windsor.]

Falstaff, Mrs. Ford.

Serv. [Without.] **M** A D A M, *Madam*, *Haste.*
Madam! Here is Mrs. Page, sweating and blowing, and looking wild, and says she must speak with you immediately.

L

(1) Conquer.

(2) In teaching the right utterance of this scene, the pupil must be let into the plot of it, if he has not read or seen the play, he must be made to understand, that Falstaff, a fat, old, humorous, worthless needy knight, has, in the former part of the play, made love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, with a view, merely, of getting money of them, and that they concert this interview, and its conse-

Fear. Fal. She *shan't* see me. I will *enconce* me behind the *arras*.

Directing. Mrs. Ford. Pray do, She is a very *tattling* woman.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Question. Mrs. Ford. What's the *matter* ? How now ?

Alarm. Mrs. Page. O Mrs. Ford ! What have you done ! You're *sham'd* ; you're *overthrown* ; you're *undone* for ever.

Fear. Mrs. Ford. What's the *matter*, good Mrs. Page ?

Reproof. Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mrs. Ford ! Having an *honest* man to your *husband*, to give him such cause of *suspicion*.

Quest. Mrs. Ford. What cause of *suspicion* ?

Reproof. Mrs. Page. What cause of *suspicion* ! Out upon you ! How I'm *mistaken* in you ! I could not have thought you *capable* of such a *thing*.

Anxiety. Mrs. Ford. Why, *alas* ! What is the *matter* ?

Alarm. Mrs. Page. *Matter* ! Why, woman, your *husband* is coming *hither*, with all the *officers* in *Windsor*, to *search* for a *gentleman*, that is *here* now in the *house*, by your *consent*, to take an *ill* *advantage* of his *absence*. You are *undone*.

Fear. Mrs. Ford. It is not so, I hope.

Warning. Mrs. Page. Pray *heaven* it be not so, that you have a *man* here. But it is most *certain*, that Mr. Ford is coming with *half Windsor* at

quences, on purpose to be revenged on him for his attempt to corrupt them ; while Ford is jealous in earnest ; and Falstaff from time to time, communicates to him, under the name of Brook, not knowing him to be Mrs. Ford's husband, an account of his intrigues and their bad success.

his heels, to search the house. I came before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, I am glad of it. But if you have any body here, convey him out as fast as you can. Be not amazed. Call your senses to you. Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your happiness for ever.

Mrs. Ford. *What shall I do?* There is a gentleman here, my dear friend. And I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pounds he were safe out of the house. Trepidation.

Mrs. Page. Never stand crying: You had rather; You had rather. Your husband's at hand. Bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot hide him. Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and you may throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking. It is whitening time; send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. Exciting. Advising.

Mrs. Ford. He is too big to go in there. *What shall I do?* Confusion.

Enter Falstaff from behind the arras.

Falst. Let me see it. Let me see it. I'll in. Hurry.
I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs. Page. *What, Sir John Falstaff?* Is this the love you professed to me in your letters? Surprise & Reproach.

Falst. I do love you for all this. Help me out of this scrape. I'll convince you how much I love you. [He goes into the basket. They cover him with foul linen.] Apology.

Mrs. Page. [To Falstaff's boy.] Help to cover your Master, sirrah. [To Falstaff.] Ah you are a sad dissembler, Sir John. [To] Reproach.

- Haste. Mrs. Ford.] Call your *men*, Mrs. Ford.
Quick, quick.
- Ordering. Mrs. Ford. What, *John, Robert, John*. —
 Why *John*, I say. Make *hast*, and take up
 these *clothes* here. *Where's the cowl-staff?*
 How you *gape*! Carry them away *directly* to
 Mrs. Plash, the laundress, at *Datchet mead*.
 [They carry away the basket. Ford meets
 them. Is prevented searching the basket.
 Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page retire, and enjoy
 the punishment, they had inflicted on Falstaff.]

Scene changes to the Inn.

Enter Falstaff just out of the Thames.

- Falstaff. *Bardolph*, I say.
- Confusion. Bard. *Here*, Sir.
- Vexation. Falst. *Go*, fetch me a *quart* of *sack*. Put a
toast in it. (Exit Bard.) Have I *lived* to be
 carried in a *basket*, like a *barrow* of *butchers'*
effal, and to be *thrown* into the *Thames*? *Well*,
 if ever I let myself be served such another *trick*,
 I'll have my *brains*, if there be *any* in my *skull*,
 taken out, and *battered*, to be given my dog
Fowler for his breakfast on *new year's day*.
- Vexation. The rogues *chucked* me into the *river* with as
 little *remorse*, as they would have drown'd a
 bitch's blind *puppies* *fifteen* i' the *litter*. And
 then a man of *my weight* must have a *com-*
fortable alacrity in *sinking*. If the bottom had
 been on a level with the bed of the river *Styx*,
down I should have *gone*. For that matter,
 I had been fairly *drown'd*, if the shore had not
 been so kind as to *shelve* it a little in my favor.
 And then to *think*, only to *think* of my being
drown'd! — A man of *my size*! — For your fresh
 water swells you an *ordinary* man to the size of

your middling porpuss. As for me, an I were to be drown'd, I suppose there is ne'er a whale of them all, that would not be out of countenance at the sight of me.——Bardolph——Is the sack brew'd?

To him enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Falst. Now, Master Brook. You come to Civility. know what has passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That is indeed my business, Sir John.

Falst. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house at the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir.

Falst. Very ill-favor'dly, Mr. Brook. Vexation.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her mind? Surprise.

Falst. No, Master Brook. But the mischance. Vexation. your old cuckold, her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual alarm of jealousy, comes provoked and instigated by his distemper, and at his heels a whole rabble of people, to search the house for his wife's love.

Ford. What! While you were there? Surprise.

Falst. While I was there, Master Brook.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could Question. not find you?

Falst. Master Brook, you shall hear. As Informa. good luck would have it, comes in one Mrs. Page, with Vexation. gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's direction, I was conveyed into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck basket!

Falst. Yea; a buck-basket; rammed in with Wonder. foul shirts and smocks, sweaty socks, dirty handkerchiefs, greasy night caps, and infants clouts Vexation. Remem- brance. fresh from their stinking tails; that, Master

Brook, there was as great a *variety of villainous smells*, as there was of *living things* in Noah's ark. There I suffered the pangs of *three unnatural deaths*. First, the intolerable fear of being *detest'd* by a *jealous old bell-weather*; next, to be *coil'd up*, like an *overgrown snake* in a *dunghill*; *roll'd round* within the *circumference* of a *peck*, *hilt to point*, *heel to head*; thirdly, and lastly, Master Brook, to be *stopt in*, like a *strong distillation*, with *sinking clothes*, that *fermented* in their own *grease*. Think of that, Master Brook, a man of *my body*; that am as *liable to melt* as a lump of *Epping butter* exposed to the *sun beams* on the *twentieth of June* at *noon day*. Think of that Master Brook, and that, while I was in the *midst* of this high *fallivation*, from which that I escaped without *suffocation*, is neither more or less than a *miracle*; while I was in the height of this *hot-bath*, I say, with my very *bones melted* almost to the consistency of *calves-foot jelly*, to be *flung* into the *Thames*, *cool'd glowing hot* as I was, *case hardened at once*; think of that, Master Brook,; *hissing hot*; think of that, Master Brook.

XXXIV.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

From Mr. Pope's MORAL ESSAYS. [Epist. I.]

Sneer or
Mock-
Praise.

TIS from *high life high characters* are drawn:
A saint in *crape* is twice a saint in *lawn*,
A judge is just; a *chanc'lor*—juster still;
A *gownman* learnt; a *bishop*—what you will;
Wise if a *minister*; but if a *king*,

More wise, more just, more learn'd, more every thing.—

'Tis *e*ducation forms the common mind ; Teaching
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

(1) *Boastful* and rough, your first son's a 'squire ; Boasting.

The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ; Smooth.

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave ; Strut.

Will sneaks a scriv'ner an exceeding knave. Sneaking.

Is he a churchman ? Then he's fond of pow'r ; Pride.

A Quaker ? *Sly. A Presbyterian ? † Sour ; *Form.

A smart free-thinker ? All things in an hour.— †Peevish.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes Teaching
Tenets with books and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion. There alone

The wild are constant and the cunning known.

This clue once found unravels all the rest ;

The prospect clears and Wharton stands confest ;

Wharton ! the scorn,* and wonder,† of our *Contem.
days, †Admira.

Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.

Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,

Women and fools, must like him or he dies.

Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke, Eagerness

The club must hail him master of the joke. Admira.

Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ? Contempt

He'll shine a Tully, and a Wilmot too.

(1) Tho' these lines contain descriptions, or characters, they may be expressed with action, almost as if they were speeches. This first line, "Boastful and rough," &c. may be spoken with the action of boasting. See *Boasting* in the *Essay*, page 24. The next with that of tempting. See *Tempting*, page 30. The soldier's character may be represented by the arms a-kimbo, the lips pouting out, and a blustering manner of reading the line. The scrivener's with the eyes turn'd a squint : a low voice, and the action of shame. See *Shame*, page 23. The quaker's with the words spoken through the nose, and the appearance of affectation of piety. See *Affectation*, page 30.

- Then turns *repentant*, and his *God adores*,
 With the *same spirit* as he *drinks and whores*.
Enough, if all around him but *admire*,
 And now the *punk* applaud, and now the *friar*.—
 A *salmon's belly*, *Helluo*, (1) was thy *fate*. (2)
 The *doctor* call'd, declares all help *too late*.
 Trepida. "Mercy" (cries *Helluo*) "*mercy on my soul!*"
 Depreca. "Is there *no hope*—*Alas*—then bring
 Grief with "the *jowl*"—(3)
 Sickness. "Odious! In *woolen!* 'Twould a *saint*
 Averfion. "*provoke.*"
 (Were the *last words* that poor *Narciffa* spoke)
 Weakness. "No—let a *charming chintz*, and *Brussels lace*,
 "Wrap these *cold limbs*, and *shade this lifeless*
 "face.
 "One need not, sure be *ugly*, though one's
 "dead;
 Expiring. "And—*Betty*—give this *cheek*—a *little—red.*"
 The *courtier smooth*, who *forty years* had *shin'd*
 An *humble servant* to all *human kind*.
 Just brought out *this* when scarce his *tongue*
 could *stir*;
 "If—where I'm going—I could—*serve*
 Civility "you Sir."
 Weakness. "I give, and I *devise*" (old *Euclio* said,
 Grief. And sigh'd) "*my lands and tenements* to *Ned.*"
 "Your *money*, Sir,"—My *money*, Sir!—
 "What—all?
 "Why—If I *must*—(then wept)—"I give it
 Weeping. "*Paul.*"

(1) English readers may not, perhaps, know that *Helluo* signifies *Glutton*.

(2) That is, a surfeit of fresh salmon was thy death.

(3) The glutton will indulge appetite (so indeed will every habitual offender in every kind) in spite of all consequences.

"The *manor*, Sir?"—"The *manor*——

"Hold——" (he cry'd)

"I cannot—*must not part with that*"—and dy'd. Weakness

And you brave Cobham! at your *latest breath* Dignity.

Shall feel your *ruling passion strong* in death.

Such in *that moment*, as in *all the past*,

"O *save my country, Heav'n!*"—shall be your Praying.
last.

XXXV.

RECONCILIATION.

The Scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr.
Myrtle. [Conf. Lov.]

Bev. SIR, I am *extremely obliged* to you for Complais.
this honour.

Myrt. The *time*, the *place*, our long ac- Anger.
quaintance, and *many other circumstances*, which
affect me on this occasion, oblige me without
ceremony or conference, to desire that you will
comply with the request in my letter of which
you have already acknowledged the receipt.

Bev. Sir, I *have received a letter from you* Complais.
in a very unusual style. But, as I am *conscious* (I)
of the integrity of my behavior with respect to
you, and intend that *every thing in this matter*,
shall be your own seeking, I shall *understand ne-*
thing but what you are pleased to confirm face
to face. You are therefore to take it for
granted, that I have *forgot the contents of your*
epistle.

Myrt. Your *cool behaviour*, Mr. Bevil, is Anger.
agreeable to the unworthy use you have made
of my simplicity and frankness to you. And I

(I)—"conscious of the integrity," &c. may
be expressed with the right hand laid on the breast.

see, your *moderation* tends to your *own* advantage, not mine ; to your *own safety* ; not to *justice* for the *wrongs* you have done your friend.

Offence.

Bev. My *own safety* ! Mr. Myrtle.

Reproach.

Myrt. Your *own safety* Mr. Bevil.

Displea.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is *no disguising* any longer, that I *understand* what you would *force* me. You know my *principle* upon that *point* ; and you have often heard me express my *disapprobation* of the *savage* manner of deciding quarrels, which *tyrannical custom* has introduced, to the breach of *all laws*, both *divine* and *human*.

Firmness.

Reproach. Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil ! It would be a *good first principle* in those who have so *tender a conscience* that way, to have as much *abhorrence* at doing *injuries*, as—— [Turns away abruptly.]

Bev. As what ?

Irritating.

Myrt. As *fear* of answering them.

Self-vindication.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have *no fear* of answering *any injury* I have done you ; because I have *meant* you none ; for the *truth* of which I am ready to appeal to *any indifferent person*, even of your *own choosing*. But I own, I am afraid of doing a *wicked action*, I mean of *shedding your blood*, or giving you an opportunity of *shedding mine cold*. I am not afraid of you Mr.

Serious.

Pious
venera.

Courage.

Myrtle. But I own, I am afraid of *Him*, who gave me this life in trust, on *other conditions*, and with *other designs*, than that I should hazard, or throw it away, because a *rash, inconsiderate man* is pleased to be *offended*, without knowing whether he is *injured*, or not. No—I will not, for your, or *any man's* humour, commit a *known crime* ; a crime, which I *cannot repair*, or which may, in the *very act*, cut me off from all *possibility* of *repentance*.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this Rage. coolness, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of Irritating my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that, from which I expected any joy in life. But I shall first try one means toward recovering her, I mean, by shewing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

Bev. Shew me but the least glimpse of ar- Firmness. gument that I am authoriz'd to contend with you at the peril of the life of one of us, and I am ready upon your own terms. If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those, who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how, or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wrong'd you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You who know not, I Irritating suppose, what it is to love, and from your large fortune and your specious outward carriage, have it in you power to come, without much trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honor; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, Jealousy. distracted with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy. Your marriage goes Sarcasm. on like common business, and, in the interim, you have for your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the pa- Anger tience of a man: and the defence of spotless in- roused. nocence, will, I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge, or at least my obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions. I will not, if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine.

Authority But *Indiana's* purity I will defend. Who waits?
 Submis- Serv. Did you call, Sir?
 Command Bev. Yes, go call a coach.
 Trepwith Serv. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—Gentlemen—You
 Submis- are friends—I am but a Servant—But—
 *Anger. Bev. * Call a coach.

[Exit Serv.]

[A long pause. They walk sullenly about the room.]

Recollec. [Aside.] Shall I (though provoked beyond sufferance) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too; and shall I not have a due respect for the dictates of my own conscience; (1) for what I owe to the best of fathers, and to the defenceless innocence of my lovely *Indiana*, whose very life depends on mine?

[To Mr. Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which are yet preferable to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing, than of rivalling you in the affections of *Lucinda*. Read this letter; and consider, what effect it would have had upon you to have found it about the man you had murdered.

Sullenness [Myrtle reads.] "I hope it is consistent with
 "the laws a woman ought to impose upon
 "herself to acknowledge, that your manner
 Surprise. "of declining what has been proposed of a treaty
 Rising "of marriage in our family, and desiring, that
 hope "the refusal might come from me, is more
 "engaging, than the *Smithfield* courtship of him,
 Joy. "whose arms I am in danger of being thrown
 "into, unless your friend exerts himself for our

(1) To be spoken with the right hand on the breast.

LESSONS.

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"common safety and happiness." (1)—O, I want no more, to clear your innocence, my injured worthy friend.—I see her dear name at the bottom.—I see that you have been far enough from designing any obstacle to my happiness, while I have been treating my benefactor as thy betrayer—O Bevil, with what words shall I—

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince is more than to conquer. If you are but satisfied, that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Myrt. But can you—forgive—such madness.

Bev. Have not I myself offended? I had almost been as guilty as you, though I had the advantage of you, by knowing what you did not know.

Myrt. That I should be such a precipitate wretch?

Bev. Prithee no more.

Myrt. How many friends have died by the hand of friends, merely for want of temper! What do I not owe to your superiority of understanding! What a precipice have I escaped! O my friend!—Can you ever—forgive—Can you ever again look upon me—with a eye of favour?

Bev. Why should I not? Any man may mistake. Any man may be violent, where his love is concerned. I was myself.

Myrt. O Bevil! You are capable of all that is great, all that is heroic.

[Enters a servant to Bevil, and gives a letter.]

M

(1) In reading the letter, the countenance of Myrtle ought to quit, by degrees, the look of anger, and pass to those marked on the margin.

CHARACTERS.

From Mr. Pope's MORAL ESSAYS.

[Epist. III.]

Narration **W**HERE London's column, pointing to the
skies,

Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was
worth.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords;
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's,
Constant at church and change. His gains were
sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

Vexation. The Dev'l was *piq'd* such *saintship* to behold,
Earnest. And long'd to tempt him, like good *Jed* of old;

Narration But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich; not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds
sweep

The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his *Cornish* lands they roar;
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Pride. Sir Balaam now! He lives like other folks;
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Craft. Asleep, and naked, as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away;

And pleg'd it to our knight. Our knight had
wit,

He kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.

Some scruple rose. But thus he eas'd his thought, Anxiety.

" I'll now give six pence where I gave a groat,

" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice, Affected

" And am so clear, too, of all other vice." Piety.

The tempter saw his time ; the work he ply'd ; Craft.

Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side ;

Till all the demon makes his full descent, Earnest.

In one abundant show'r of cent per cent ;

Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole ;

Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold ! Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, Pride.

Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit.

What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,

And God's good providence, a lucky bit.

'Things change their titles, as our manners turn ; Narration

His compting-house employs the Sunday-morn.

Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life)

But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas tide

My Good old lady caught a cold and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our knight.

He marries ; bows at court ; and grows polite ;

Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the fair)

The well-bread cuckolds in St. James's air.

First, for his son a gay commission buys,

Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies,

His daughter struts a viscount's tawdry wife ;

And bears a coronet, and p—x for life.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains ;

And one more pensioner St. Stephen's gains.

My lady takes to play ; so bad her chance,

He must regair it. Takes a bribe from France.

Confusion *The house impeach him. Coningsby harangues,
The court forsake him; and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown.
The Devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.*

XXXVII.

ANXIETY. RESOLUTION.

Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand
Plato's book on the immortality of the soul.
A drawn sword on the table by him. After a
long pause, he lays down the book, and speaks.

DeepContemplati. *I must be so—Plato thou reasonest well——
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond de-
sire; [1]*

Comfort. *This longing after immortality?*

Desire. *Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror*

Fear. *Of falling into nought?—Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?*

Awe. *'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an Hereafter,
And intimate eternity to man.*

*Satisfact. *[2] Eternity!—thou pleasing*——dreadful†*

†Appreh. *thought!——*

Curiosity. *Through what variety of untry'd beings,
Through what new scenes and changes must we
pass?*

Anxiety. *The wide th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.*

[1]—"this fond desire," may be spoken with
the right hand laid on the breast.

[2] "Eternity!—thou pleasing," &c. requires
an eye fixed, with profound thoughtfulness, on
one point, throughout this line.

* Here will I hold. † If there's a Power above us; * Courage.
And that there is, all nature cries aloud † Venra.
Through all her works——He must delight in
virtue,

And that, which He delights in, must be happy. Satisfact.
But when!—or where!—This world was made Anxiety.
for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures.—† This must end them. † Courage.
[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd. (1) My death, my life; Firmness.
My bane and antidote: are both before me;
This—in a moment, brings me to an end. Apprehen.
Whilst this informs me I shall never die. Comfort.
The soul, (2) secur'd in her existence, smiles Noble.
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point. Pride.
The stars (3) shall fade away, the Sun himself Triumph.
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou (4) shalt flourish in immortal youth,
(5) Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush (6) of worlds.

* M 2

(1) —“My death, my life,” &c. Long pauses between, and pointing, or looking at the sword, in pronouncing “my death,” and at the book, in pronouncing “my life,” and so in “my bane, and antidote,” and in the two following lines.

(2) “The soul,” &c. may be pronounced with the right hand laid upon the breast.

(3) “The stars,” &c. may be spoken with the eyes raised toward Heaven, and the arms moderately spread.

(4) —“thou shalt flourish,” &c. The right hand upon the breast.

(5) “Unhurt,” &c. The arms spread again, as before.

(6) —“the crush,” &c. The hands brought together with force.

XXXVIII.

ANGER. THREATENING.

Satan's speech to death stopping his passage
through the gates of hell ; with the answer.
[Milt. Parad. Lost. B. II. v. 601.]

Que. with
Anger.

WHENCE, and *what art thou, execrable
shape !*

Resolutio.
Contempt
Threat-
ning.

That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire, [1] or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven.

Anger.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,
" Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
" Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith,
" till then
" Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
" Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,
" Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both
" thou

Contempt
with Aug.

" And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
" To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
" And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of
" Heaven,
" Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and
" scorn,

Pride.

Threaten-
ing.

" Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
" Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,
" False fugitive, [2] and to thy speed add wings,

[1] "Retire;" is to be spoken as a whole
sentence, and with the greatest force of threat-
ening. See Anger, page 31.

[2]—"and to thy speed," to be spoken quick.

"Left with a *whip of scorpions* I pursue
 "Thy *ling'ring*, or with *one stroke* of this dart
 "Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt
 "before."

XXXIX.

DEPRECATION. RECOLLECTION.

The speech of Sin to Satan, to prevent an hostile encounter between the latter and Death ; with the effect of her speech. [*Milt. PARA. LOST. B. II. v. 726.*]

"(1) **O** Father, *what intends thy hand,*" (the Exclam. cry'd)

"Against thy *only son* ? What *fury*, O son, Reproof

"Possesses thee to *bend that mortal dart*

"Against thy *father's head* ? And know'st for

"whom ;

"For *Him* who sits above, and *laughs the while* Vexation.

"At thee ordain'd his *drudge*, to execute

"Whate'er his *wrath*, which he calls *justice*,

"bids ;

"His *wrath* ; which *one day* will *destroy ye both*." Alarm.

She *spoke* and at her words the *hellish pest* Narration
Forbore. Then *these* to her *Satan return'd* ;

"So *strange* thy *outcry*, and thy words so *strange* Surprise.

"Thou *interposest*, that my *sudden hand*

"*Prevented*, *spares* to tell thee yet by *deeds* Recollec.

"What it *intends* ; till first I *know* of thee,

"What *thing* thou *art*, thus *double form'd*, and Question.

"why

"In this *infernal vale* first *met*, thou call'st

"Me *father*, and that *phantom* call'st my *son*,

"I *know* thee *not* ; nor ever *saw*, till now,

"*Sight* more *detestable* than *him* and *thee*." Aversion.

(1) "O Father, &c. must be spoken quick as people do, when they mean to prevent imminent mischief.

XL.

VEXATION. PERTNESS. CRINGING.

Part of Mr. Pope's complaint, of the impertinence of scribblers. [From the PROLOGUE to his IMITATIONS of HORACE'S SATIRES.]

Gratitude **F**RRIEND (1) to my life ! (which did not
you prolong,

Vexation. (2) The world had wanted—many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum, can this plague remove ?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love ?
A dire dilemma ! Either way I'm sped ;
If foes, they write, if friends they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge how wretched I !
Who can't be silent, and who will not lye.
To laugh were want of goodness, and of grace ;
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility. I read

(3) With serious anguish, and an aking head ;
Then drop, at last, but in unwilling ears,

Advising. This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine
years." (4)

Off. with "Nine years !" cries he, who high in
Surprise. Drury-lane,

Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before termends,
Oblig'd by hunger—and request of friends ;

(1) Dr. Arbuthnot.

(2) "The world had wanted."—Thus far ought to be spoken with great emphasis, as if somewhat very important were coming ; and the remaining part of the line, "many an idle song," in a ludicrous manner.

(3) "With serious anguish," &c. may be spoken as if sick. See *Sickness*, p. 35.

(4) Alluding to Horace's "Nonumque prematur in annum."

"The piece, you think, is *incorrect*. Why Pertness:
take it,

"I'm all *submission*; what you'd have it, Cringing:
"make it."

Three things; another's *modest* wishes bound; Vexation.
My *friendship* and a *prologue* and *ten pound*. Cringing.
Pitholeon (1) sends to me; "You know his
Grace."

"I want a *patron*—Ask him for a *place*." Offence.

"Pitholeon *libell'd* me—" *But here's a *letter* *Cringing

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no
"better."

"Dare you *refuse* him? (2) Curl invites to *dine*; Threat.

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *divine*."

Bless me! A *Packet!* "'Tis a *stranger* *sues*; Surprise.

"A *virgin* *tragedy*; an *orphan* *muse*."

If I *dislike* it, "*Furies*, *death*, and *rage!*" Anger.

If I *approve*, "*Commend* it to the *stage*." Cringing.

There, thank my *stars*, my *whole* *commission* *ends!* Comfort.

The *play'rs* and I are, *luckily*, no *friends*,

Fir'd, that the *house* *rejects* him, "'*Sdeath!* I'll Anger
"print it,

"And *shame* the *fools*—Your *int'rest*, Sir, with Cringing.

"*Lintot*."

"*Lintot* (dull *rogue!*) will think your *price* Excuse.

"too much."

"Not if you, Sir, *revise* it and *retouch*."

Cringing.

All my *demurs* but *double* his *attacks*,

Vexation.

At last he *whispers*, "*Do*; and we go *snacks*."

Wheed.

Glad of a *quarrel* straight I *clap* the *door*,

Offence.

"Sir, let me see you and your *works* no *more*."

Dismission

with

Anger.

(1) Pitholeon the name of a foolish ancient poet.

(2) "Curl invites," &c. Mr. Pope was, it
seems, ill used by Curl, a bookseller, by the
writer of a *Journal* or *Newspaper*, and by a
"parson much bemus'd in beer."

XLI.

REFLECTION on lost happiness. SELF-CON-
DEMNATION. HORROR. DESPERATION.

Satan's Soliloquy. [Milt. PARAD. LOST.
B. IV. v. 32.]

- Admira. **O** Thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
Hatred. But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee, how I hate thy beams,
Painful That bring to my remembrance from what state
Reflect. I fell; how glorious once above thy sphere;
Self-Con demnati. Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless
king:
Vindica. Ah wherefore! He deserv'd no such return
of an En- From me, whom he created what I was
emy. In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence and pay him thanks,
Self-Con- How justly due! yet all his good in me
demnati. Produc'd rank malice; lifted up so high,
Pride. Subjection I disdain'd; thought one step higher
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe.
Self-Con- Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
demnati. And understood not, that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays; at once
Indebted, and discharged; what burden then?
Anguish. O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd

Me some inferior Angel! I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not! some other pow'r
As great, might have aspir'd, and me, though
mean,

Reflect. on
lost happi.

Drawn to his part. But other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free-will, and pow'r to
stand?

Self-Con-
demnati.

Thou had'st: whom hast thou then, or what
t'accuse,

But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd! since love or hate
To me alike it deals eternal woe.

Blasphe.
Rage.

Nay curs'd be thou; since against his, thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Self-cond.

O wretched spirit! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair;
Which way I fly is Hell, myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep

Despera.

Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell, I suffer, seems a Heav'n—

O then, at last, relent. Is there no place
Left for repentance? None for pardon left?
None left, but by submission; * and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame

Essay to-
ward Re-
pentance,
*Pride.

Among the sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises, and other vaunts
Than to submit; boasting I could subdue

Th' Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.

Anguish.

- Pride. But say I *could repent*, and *could obtain*,
By act of grace, my *former state* ; how soon
Would height recall *hight thoughts*, how soon unsay
What feign'd *submission* swore ? *Ease* would
recant
Vows made in *pain*, as *violent* and *void*.
- Malice. For *never* can *true reconciliation* grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a *worse relapse*,
And *heavier fall* : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with *double smart*.
- Hopeless. This *knows* my *punisher*, therefore as far
Anguish. From *granting* He, as I from *begging* peace ;
- Malice. *All hope* excluded thus, behold instead
Of us *outcast* *exil'd* his *new* delight,
Mankind created, and for *them* this world.
- Fixed. So *farewel hope* ; and with *hope* *farewel* *fear*,
Despera. *Farewel* *remorse* all good to me is *lost* ;
Resolved. *Evil* be thou my *good* ; by thee at least
Obdur. *Divided* Empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
Mal. bent. By thee, and *more than half*, perhaps shall reign ;
on Mis. As *man* ere long, and *this new world* shall know.

XLII.

WALKING IN SLEEP, and a DISTURBED CONSCIENCE. [MACBETH.]

Enter Lady Macbeth, (1) with a taper.

Listening. Gent. LOOK you ! here she comes. This is
her guise. Observe her. Stand
close.

(1) The pupil if he has not seen Macbeth, must be informed, that Duncan, one of the ancient kings of Scotland, was, according to Buchanan and other historians, murdered by Macbeth one of the nobles of that kingdom, at the

Doct. Her eyes are open.

Wonder.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands. Attention

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue this a quarter of an hour.

La. Macb. Yet here's a spot. (1)

Guilt.

Doct. Hark, she speaks.

Attention

La. Macb. Out cursed spot. Out, I say—

Guilt.

(2) One, two. Now is the time to do it—Hell is murky—Fie, my lord! A soldier afraid! What need we fear? Who knows it? Who has power to call us to account?—But, who could have thought, the old man had so much blood in him? Encoura.

Gent. Do you mark that?

Atte. with

La. Macb. The Thane of Fife is a married man. Where is his wife now? Murdered, did you say? Who could be so bloody to mangle such sweetness?—What, will these hands never be clean? No more of that, my lord; no more of that. You mar all with your starting.——Here is the smell of blood still——All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Suspicion.

Guilt.

Encoura.

Guilt.

Anguish.

Doct. What a sigh was there! That heart is sorely charged. This disease is beyond my practice.

Suspicion.

N

instigation of his lady, in their own house, in order to Macbeth's ascending the throne; and that Shakespeare, in this scene, intends to represent her troubled in her sleep with guilt and fear.

(1) There must be but little emphasis used in expressing what Lady Macbeth says, because it is but dreaming.

(2) "One, two," must be spoken as counting a great clock.

*

- Encoura. La. Macb. *Wash your hands, put on your night-gown. Take courage—I tell you, Banquo is buried, all but the blood that was shed at his dispatching; And that has no likeness*
- Fear. *to be known by. Are you afraid he'll come out of his grave again? To bed, to bed, to bed. There is a knocking at the gate. Come, come, come. What is done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.*

XLIII.

INTREATING. COMPLAINT of injury.
REFUSING.

The Embassy from Agamemnon to Achilles, (after the latter had, in disgust, retired from the army) to endeavor to prevail with him to return, and join the allies against the Trojans. Ulysses at table, in Achilles's tent, speaks.

- Submissio. **H**EALTH to Achilles! Happy are thy guests:
*Not those more honor'd whom Atrides feasts:
 Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards;
 That Agamemnon's regal tent affords.*
- Anxiety. *But greater cares sit heavy on our souls;
 Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.*
- Sympathy *What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear,
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear.*
- Apprehe. *Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help, but from thy saving hands.
 Troy, and her sons, for ready vengeance call;
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall.
 Hear how with shouts their conquests they
 proclaim,
 And point at ev'ry ship the vengeful flame.*

For *them* the Father of the gods declares ;
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder *theirs*.
 See, full of Jove, evenging Hector rise !
 All human force the raging chief defies ;
 What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his
 eyes !

Awe with
 Apprehen.
 Terror.

He waits but for the *morn*, to sink in flame
The *ships*, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name.
Return, Achilles! Oh return, tho' late, Beseechin.
To *save thy Greeks*, and *stop the course of fate* ;
If in that *heart or grief*, or *courage lies*,
Rise to redeem : Ah yet to *conquer rise*.
The *day may come*, when, all our *warriors* Warning-
slain,
That *heart shall melt*, that *courage rise in vain*.

He afterwards enumerates the advantageous conditions offered by Agamemnon, to engage him to return. To all which Achilles gives the following answer.

Ulysses ! (1) — hear Stern
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear, Firminess.
What in my secret soul is understood
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know my purpose I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore : Displeas'd.
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight, or not fight, a like reward we claim ; Exprobr.
The wretch and hero, find their prize the same ;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours ! lo, what fruit remains !

(1) "Ulysses!" is to be spoken as a whole sentence.

As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want
defends;

In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with untasted food supplies her care;
For thankless Greece such hardships have I
brav'd,

Her matrons, and her tender infants sav'd.
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms have stood,
And spent laborious days in dust and blood.

I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain.
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.

Sneer with
Reproof. Your mighty monarch these in peace possess;
Some few my soldiers had; himself the rest,
Wrong'd in my love, all proff'rs I disdain;

Resolutio. Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.

Refusing. Ye have my answer—* What remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.

*Sneer
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls, no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench
profound?

And will not these, the wonders he has done,
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?

Self-Com. There was a time ('twas when for Greece I
fought)

When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought.
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' vengeance at the Scæan gate.

Resolutio. But now those deadly contests are no more,
To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore;
Then shall ye see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound,

Then tell your king, that all the Greeks may Insult.
hear,

And learn to scorn the man they basely fear.
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Tho' shameless as he is, to meet these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies.)

Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor share his counsels, nor his battles join:
For, once deceiv'd was his; but twice were
mine.

Fixed
Hatred.

My fates, long since by *Thetis* were disclos'd; Resolution.
And each alternate, life, or fame, propos'd;
Here if I stay before the Trojan town,
Short is my date; but deathless my renown.

If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make; Advising
To quit these shores; their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold; Serious
Not all *Apollo's* Pythian treasures hold, Reflection
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day.

Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain.

But, from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.

He concludes with declaring his determined
resolution not to return. And the Am-
bassadors take their leave, to go back to the
army.

XLIV.

Humourous scene from Shakespear's MID SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt and Starveling.

- Inquiring. Quince. **I**S all our company here ?
 Directing. Bot. You had best call them *conjunctly* and *severally*, *generally* and *specialy*, that is, whereof to call them *man* by *man*, according to the *scrip*.
- Informin. Quin. Here is the scroll of *every* man's name, in *this* town, that is fit to be seen upon the *stage* before the *duke* and *dutchess*.
- Directing. Bot. [1] Good *Peter Quince* go to work in a *method*. Begin at the *top*, and go on to the *bottom*; that is, wherefore as a man may say, first tell us what the *play* treats of, then read the names of the *actors*, and so your business will stand by itself as *regular*, as a *building* set upon the very *pinnacle* of its *foundation*.
- Informing Quin. Why then the play is the most *delectable* and *lamentable* comedy entituled and called, The *cruel* tragedy of the death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.
- Pity. Bot. A very *moving* play, I warrant it. A very *deep* tragedy, I know by the *sound* of the title of it. *Pyramus* and *Thisby*! I suppose they are to have their *throats* cut from *ear* to *ear*, or their *bellies* ripped up from the waist bands of their *breeches* to their *chins*. Well, now, good *Peter*, call forth your *actors* by the *scrawl*.
- Directing.

(1) "Good Peter Quince," &c. To be spoken with a great affectation of wisdom; but in a clumsy and rustic manner.

Masters, spread yourselves out into a clump, every man conjunctly by himself.

Quin. *Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, Author. weaver.*

Bot. *Ready. Name my part, and proceed. Affecta.*

Quin. *You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Smartness Pyramus.*

Bot. *I am to play Pyramus? Well, and who is Pyramus? A gentleman or a simple man? Author. Inquiring.*

Quin. *Pyramus is a lover, and Thisby is his sweetheart. Teaching* Pyramus kills himself for grief, because a lion had got hold of Thisby's cloak, and tore it which makes Pyramus conclude, as how he had tore her too, and eaten her up, all but the cloak; whereof he had not touched her. So that poor Pyramus loses his life d'ye see, for nothing at all; whereof you know, that is enough to make a man hang himself.

Bot. *What then, am I to hang myself for vexation because I had killed myself for nothing? Enquiring*

Quin. *No; that is not in the play. Denying.*

Bot. *Here will be salt tears wept, or I am mistaken. Apprehen* An I be the man, that acts this same Pyramus, let the ladies look to their eyes. I will condole and congratulate to some tune. I will break every heart, that is not double hooped with flint. I have a main notion of acting your lover, that is crossed in love. There is but one thing that is more to my humour than your tribulation lover. That is your tyrant; your thundering tyrant; I could play you, for example Bombast. I could play you such a tyrant as Herculioles, (1) when he gets on the brimstone shirt, and is all on fire, as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive with spirits. And then, when he takes up little—what's his name.—(2) to squir him off

(1) Hercules.

(2) Lichas.

- of the cliff into the sea. *O then 'tis fine, (1)* "I'll
 Ranting. "split the raging rocks; and shiv'ring shocks,
 "with thund'ring knocks, shall break the locks
 "of prison gates. And *Febal's (2)* ear shall
 "shine from far, and kindle war, with many a
 "scar, and make and mar the stubborn fates."
 There is your right tragedy stuff. This is *Her-
 riccote's* vein to a hair. This is your only true
 Applause tyrant's vein. Your lovers vein is more upon
 Directing the condoling and congratulating. Now *Peter*
Quince, name the rest of the players.
 Authority *Quin.* *Francis Flute*, bellows-mender.
 Affecta. *Flute.* Here, *Peter Quince*.
 Smartness *Quin.* **Francis*, you must take *Thisby* on
 *Authori. you.
 †Enqui. *Flute.* †*What*, that is to be *Nick Bottom's*
 Doubt. sweetheart, and to have my cloak worried alive
 by the great beast? Why, *Peter*, I have a
 beard a coming. I shan't make a clever woman,
 as you may say, unless it were *Mrs. What d'ye*
 Enquir. call her, *Mrs. Tibby's* mother or aunt. Has
 not the gentlewoman of the play a mother or
 an aunt that appears?
 Encourag. *Quin.* Yes; but you must do *Thisby*. You
 will do *Thisby* well enough, man. You shall
 Authority do it in a mask. *Robin Starveling*, taylor.
 Affecta. *Starv.* Here, *Peter Quince*.
 Smartness *Quin.* § You must play *Pyramus's* Father; I
 §Authori. will play *Thisby's* father; *Flute* must play *Thisby*,
 and *Snowt*, *Thisby's* mother. *Simon Snug*, joiner.
 Affecta. *Snug.* Here, *Peter Quince*.
 Smartness *Quin.* *Simon*,* you must act the part of the
 *Authori. lion.

(1) This bombastic passage (probably intended to ridicule some play in Shakespeare's time) cannot be too much mouthed and ranted.

(2) Phœbus's.

Snug. *Heb!* the part of the *lion*, do you say Enquir.
Peter Quince? Why I never made a *beast* of
myself in my *life*, but *now* and *then* when I
have drunk a *cup too much*.

Quin. *Pshaw, pshaw*, a better man, than you Encoura.
or I either, has been made a *beast* before now;
ay, and a *horn'd beast* too. But the *lion* is a
royal beast, the *king of beasts*. So, Simon, you
must play the part of the *lion*.

Snug. Well, but an it be a *long part*, I Doubt.
can't remember it; for I have but a *poor brain*.
Let me see how many *pages*.

Quin. Why, Simon, it is not written. And
for the matter of that, you may do it *off hand*.
It is nothing but *roaring*.

Bot. I'll tell you *what Peter Quince*; you Advising,
were better to let me act the part of the *lion*.
Simon Snug is but a *hen-hearted* sort of a fellow.
He won't roar you so loud as a *mouse* in the
hole in the *wall*. But, if you will let me play Boasting,
the part, I will make such a *noise*, as shall do
any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar
that the duke shall cry, *Encore, encore*, let him
roar, let him roar, once more, once more.

Quin. But if you were too terrible, you Caution.
might frighten the *dutchess* and the *ladies*, that
they would *shriek*, and that were enough to
hang us all.

Bot. Ay, if the *dutchess* and the *ladies* were Self-Vin-
frighted out of their wits, to be sure, perhaps dication.
they might have *no more wit*, than to get us all
hang'd: but do you think, Peter Quince, that
I have no more *inhumanity* in my nature, than
to frighten people? I would *restrain* and ag-
gravate my voice, that I would roar you as
gentle as any *sucking dove*; I would roar you as
it were any *nightingale*.

Authority. Quin. I tell you, Nick Bottom, hold your tongue, with your roaring, and set your heart at rest. You shall play *nothing* but *Pyramus*.

Submis. Bot. Well, if I *must* I *must*. What cannot be *endur'd*, you *know*, must be *cur'd*. But what *beard* were I best to play it in?

Enquir. Quin. You must not have on a *grey* beard, you *know*; because it will not look *natural* for a man with a *grey* beard to be acting the part of a *lover*.

Self-Vindication. Bot. Why, *look you*, Master Peter Quince, I don't think it so very *unnatural* to see people, with *grey* beards, acting the part of *lovers*; at least, I am sure, it had not *need* be *unnatural*; for it is *common* enough. But, howsomdever it will look a little *unnatural*, as you say, to see the *young* woman, Mrs. Tibby, *fondling* and looking *sweet* upon a man with a *grey* beard. Wherefore, upon *minture* liberation, I will play it in a beard *black* as *jet*.

Exhort. Quin. *Here, then, Masters*, take your parts, and *con* them over with as much *retention* as you can; that you may be ready to *rehearse* by to-morrow *night*.

Enquir. Bot. But *where* must we *rehearse*, Peter Quince?

Apprehen. Quin. Why, you *know*, if we should go to *rehearse* in a *garret*, or a *malt* loft, we should but draw a *mob*, and perhaps get ourselves taken up for *cromancers*. Therefore we must go to the *palace* wood, and do it by *moonlight*. Then you *know*, we shall do it with *dacity* and *impudence* of mind, when there is no body to *deplaud*, or to *hiss*.

Bot. *Right*, Peter Quince. We will be ready for you. [Exeunt.]

XLV.

CHIDING.

The speech of Hector to Paris, on his avoiding, on the field of battle, Menelaus, the husband of Helen, whom he had decoyed from Sparta to Troy, which occasioned the Trojan war. [Pope's Hom. ll. III. v. 53.]

AS godlike Hector sees the prince retreat, Narration
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous
beat.

"Unhappy Paris! But to women—brave! Reproof.

"So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

"Oh hadst thou dy'd, when first thou saw'st the Vexation.
"light,

"Or dy'd at least before the nuptial rite!

"A better fate, than vainly thus to boast Contempt

"And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host.

"Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see Vexation.

"Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!

"Thy figure promis'd with a martial air; Contempt

"But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.

"In former days, in all thy gallant pride,

"When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the
"tide,

"When Greece beheld thy painted canvass flow,

"And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing
"show;

"Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien, Enq. with

"You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen? Contempt

"Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous
"prize,

"And both her warlike lords (1) outshone in He-
"len's eyes?

(1) Theseus, her first, and Menelaus, her second husband.

- "This deed, thy foe's delight, thy own disgrace,
 "Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race.
 "This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
 Challenge "Or hast thou injur'd whom thou durst not
 "right?
 "Soon to thy cost his sword would make thee
 "know
 "Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
 Warning. "Thy graceful form, instilling soft desire,
 "Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
 "Beauty and youth—in vain to these you trust,
 "When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust.
 Threat. "Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
 "Crush the dire author of his country's woe."

XLVI.

REMORSE. CONFESSION. VIRTUOUS
 RESOLUTION. AFFECTION. JOY.
 RAPTURE.

Scene between Sir Charles Easy and his lady
 (to whom he had been false) after his coming
 to understand, that his falsehood was known
 to her, though borne without the least com-
 plaint, or outward appearance of dissatis-
 faction, on her part.

- Serious. Sir Ch. **S**IT still, my dear—I want to talk
 Conversa. with you—and, which you well
 may wonder at, what I have to say is of im-
 portance too. But it is in order to our friend-
 ship's being upon a better foot hereafter, than it
 has been hitherto.
 Aff. with Lady Easy. Your behavior to me, Sir
 Submissi. Charles, has always been friendly and loving;
 nor can I charge you with a look that ever had
 the appearance of unkindness.

Sir Ch. The *perpetual Spring* of your good Complim.
humour, Madam, lets me draw no merit from
what I have appeared to be. For you seem to
be of a *temper to love*, or at least to behave
kindly to, your husband, let his character be
what it will. Yet I cannot, even now, recon-
cile, with your good sense, your venturing upon
marriage with a man of my indolent character.

Lad. Easy. I never thought it such a hazard. Submissive
And your having never shewn, even in the time Affection.
of courtship, the least affectation to be any thing,
but what you was by nature; and your shewing,
through that carelessness of temper, an unde-
signing honesty of mind, which I suspected a
want of in smoother behaviour, won me by
taking no pains to win me, and pleased and
courted me by taking no pains to please or court
me. I concluded, that such a temper could
never be deliberately unkind. Or, at the worst,
I hoped, that any errors which might arise
from want of thinking, might be borne; and that
one moment's thought would end them. Thus,
Sir Charles, you see my worst of fears. And
these, weighed against the hopes I had of win-
ning your heart (as you know, our sex are not
too diffident of the power of our own charms)
were as nothing.

S. Ch. My dear, your understanding, when Wonder.
I consider my own conduct, startles me; and
makes my own look despicable. I blush to Shame.
think, I have worn so valuable a jewel in my
bosom, and, till this hour, have scarce had the
curiosity, or rather the common sense, to think
of looking upon its luster.

Lad. Easy. You set too high a value, Sir Self denial
Charles, on the common qualities of harmlessness
and good nature in a wife.

- Praise. Sir Ch. *Virtues, like benefits, are doubled by being modestly concealed. And I confess, I*
- Shame. *suspect you, Madam, of virtues, which, as much as they exalt your character disgrace mine.*
- Appreh. Lad. Easy. *I don't understand you, Sir Charles.*
- Trepida. Sir Ch. *I must speak plainer then—Be free, and tell me, where did you leave this handkerchief? (1)*
- Starting. Lad. Easy. *Ha!*
- Tendern. Sir Ch. *What do you start at—You have*
- Shame. *nothing to be troubled about.——Would to Heaven I had as little. [Aside.]*
- Anxiety. Lad. Easy. *I cannot speak—and I could wish you would not oblige me—It is the only thing I ever refused you—And, though I cannot give*
- Intreating you a reason, why I would not speak, yet I hope you will excuse me, without a reason.
- Stinging Remorse. Sir Ch. *What then? Does this delicate creature scruple to accuse me of what I have so little scrupled to be guilty of! Monster! To*
- Tendern. *injure such goodness! [Aside] Well then,*
- with Admirat. *Madam, your will shall be a reason. I will urge the point no farther. And, indeed, it would ill become me. Since you are so generously tender of reproaching me, I will declare to you, that what your delicacy avoids charging me with, that my own reflection bears home upon me with*
- Remorse. *tenfold force. Your heroic behaviour has wak'd me to a sense of your disquiet past—disquiet so unworthily caused by me—and—and—[hesitating through fullness of heart] so nobly borne by—her—who least deserved to be forced to bear*
- Virtuous Resolutio. *it.——But, Madam—[sighing] if I have used you ill—I hope I have sentiment enough still left*

(1) It was by the handkerchief, that he knew his baseness was discovered by his lady.

to secure you from *all fear* of my offending hereafter. As an earnest of which, let me beg of you to discharge your woman. Intreating

Lad. Easy. *My dearest ! I think not of her.* Overpow. Your tenderness overcomes me. [Weeping.]

Sir Ch. *Nay, Surely, you have no room to* Joy. praise my tenderness. Such tenderness, as I have shewn to worth like yours, might—but I see you are in pain to give me this confusion. I will not, therefore, increase your uneasiness by reflections on what I have been ; but rather, reserving them for my private recollections, try to sooth your anguish by the prospect of happiness to come—happiness from my recovery to a sense of your inimitable excellence, which hereafter, I intend shall be the business and the joy of my life to study and admire. Expect then, thou best of womankind, from my future affection, all that can be conceived of tender and of kind. Nothing, you can expect, shall come up to what you shall experience ; for no tenderness can equal your deservings at the hands of such a husband as I have hitherto been. Receive me, then, entire at last, and take what no woman ever truly had—not even your incomparable self—my conquered heart. [Embracing.]

Lad. Easy. O my recovered my almost lost, my inestimable jewel !—My husband !—My love !—O extasy of joy !—Too much for human nature !—Thus to have all I love on earth, come voluntarily and unsolicited, to load me with kindness and crown me with happiness ! What is the rapture of the lover sighing at our feet, to the solid joy of receiving the relenting, returning husband ! O dearest love ! Be not so profusely kind. O Heaven ! Teach me to shew gratitude suitable to such a blessing. Pious Gra.

Protest. of Affection.

Inexpressible Transport of Love and Joy.

XLVII.

DISCONTENT. EXCITING. REPROACH-
ING. PLOTTING.

The scene, in which Cassius excites Brutus to oppose Cæsar's power. [Shakespeare's JUL. CÆS.]

- Disconten. Cas.—**H**ONOR is the *subject* of my story ;
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this *life*, but for my *single self*,
I'd rather *sleep i' th' dust*, than live to be
Contempt In awe of such a thing as I myself.
Pride. I was born free as Cæsar. So were you.
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
Narr. with Contemp. For once, upon a raw and gully day,
The troubled Tiber chasing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Question. "Leap in with me into this angry flood,
"And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Acounted as I was, (1) I plunged in,
Courage. And bad him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Fear. Cæsar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
Distr. and Intreatin. *Then, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
*Courage. Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders,
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Tiber,

(1) This passage cannot be expressed with life without something of the action of swimming.

Did I the *tired Caesar* ; † and *this man* † Wonder.
Is now become a *god*, and *Cassius* is
A *wretched creature*, and must bend his *body*, Contempt
If *Caesar* carelessly but nod to him.

He had an *ague*, when he was in *Spain*, Nar. with
And when the *fit* was on him, I did mark Contempt
How he did *shake* : 'tis *truth*, this *god* did *shake* ;
His *coward lips* did from their colour fly,
And that same *eye*, whose bend doth awe the Ranting.
world,

Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan : Contempt
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his *speeches* in their books,
Alas, it cry'd, "Give me some drink, Sickness.
Titinius"—

As a *sick girl*. Ye *god's*, it doth amaze me, Wonder.
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Brut. Another general shout ! Listening.
I do believe, that their *applauses* are Wonder.
For some new honors which are heapt on *Caesar*. Discont.

Cas. Why, man, he does besride the nar. Ranting.
row world,

Like a *Collossus*, and we sorry dwarfs
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men sometimes have been masters of their fates ; Regret.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and *Caesar* ! What should be in that Exciting.
Caesar !

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours ?

Write them together ; yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them ; it does become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them ; it is as heavy ; conjure with them ;

- Brutus will start a ghost as soon as Cæsar.*
- Wonder. Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
- *Contemp. That he is grown so great? * Age thou art
sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the sun shone,
But it was fam'd with more than one man?
When could they say, 'till now, who talk'd of
Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
- Exciting. Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, who would have
brook'd
A whipt-gall'd slave to lord it over Rome
As soon as this dread Cæsar.
- Approba. Bru. (1) That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;
- Serious. What you would work me to, I have some aim;
Cofidera. How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
- Plotting. Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
- Discont. Brutus—had rather be a Lybian,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us. [Exeunt.]

(1) The character of Brutus being cool courage, his speech is to be expressed accordingly.

XLVIII.

JOY. TROUBLE. FLATTERY. DARING. FEAR. ROMANTIC IMAGINATION.

Eve's Account of her troublesome Dream.

[PAR. LOST. B. V. v. 28.]

O Sole, in whom my thoughts find *all repose*. Joy and
My glory, My perfection! Glad I see Love.
Thy face, and morn return'd. For I this night Disagreea.
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd—Remem.

(1) If dream'd—not as I oft am wont, of thee;
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;
But of offence and trouble which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk,
With gentle voice. I thought it thine. It said,
“Why sleep'st thou Eve? Now is the pleasant Wheed.
“time,

“The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
“To the night warbling bird, that now awake, Pleasing
“Tunes sweetest his love labor'd song; now reigns Descrip.
“Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing
“light

“Shadowy sets off the face of things. (2) In vain,
“If none regards. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes Flattery.
“Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire?
“In whose sight all things joy with ravishment,
“Attracted by thy beauty—still to gaze.”

I rose, as at thy call; but found thee not, Narration
To find thee I directed then my walk;

(1) “If dream'd.” The impression being so strong, that she was in doubt, whether it was a dream or reality.

(2) “In vain,” &c. The pupil must be told, that this means, ‘No matter whether any earthly creature is awake to admire your beauty.’

- And on, methought, *alone* I pass'd thro' ways,
 Apprehen That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seem'd,
 Wonder. Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
 And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from
Heav'n
 By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia. On that tree he also gaz'd ;
 Pleas. and And, "O fair plant," said he, "with fruit
 Desire. "surcharg'd,
 "Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy
 "sweet,
 Enquir. "Nor god nor man ? Is knowledge so despis'd ?
 "Or envy or what reserve forbids to taste ?
 Resoluti. "Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 "Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here ?"
 This said, he *paus'd* not, but with vent'rous arm
 Fear. He pluck'd, he tasted. Me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.
 Joy. But he thus overjoy'd, "O fruit divine,
 "Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus
 "cropt ;
 "Forbidden here, it seems as only fit
 "For gods ; yet able to make gods of men :
 "And why not gods of men, since good the more
 "Communicated, more abundant grows,
 "The author not impair'd, but honor'd more ?
 Inviting. "Here, happy creature ! fair angelic Eve !
 "Partake thou also, happy though thou art,
 Flattery. "Happier thou may'st be ; worthier canst not be ;
 Tempting "Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,
 "Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
 "But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes
 "Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
 "What life the gods live there, and such live
 "thou"
- Tempting So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Ev'n to my *mouth* of that *same fruit* held part,
Which he had *pluck'd*. The *pleasant sav'ry* Rising
Desire.
smell

So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I *flew*, and underneath *beheld* Roman.
The *earth* outstretch'd *immense*, a prospect wide Imagina.
And *various*. Wond'ring at my *flight* and *change*
To this *high exaltation* ; suddenly
My *guide* was gone, and I, methought, *sunk down*,
And *fell asleep*. But *O how glad* I wak'd Joy.
To find this but a *dream* !

XLIX.

ANGUISH followed by TRANSPORT.

The scene of Indiana's being found to be Mr.
Sealand's daughter. [Conf. Lov.]

Ind. I AM told, Sir, you come about *business*, Civility.
which requires your speaking with
me.

Seal. Yes, Madam. There came to my
hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is pay-
able *to-morrow* ; and as I have *cash* of his, I
have made bold to bring you the money *my-*
self——A—a—a—and, to be *free*, Mad- Confusion
am, the *fame* of your *beauty*, and the *regard*
which Mr. Bevil is but *too well known* to have
for you, excited my *curiosity*.

Ind. *Too well known* to have for me ! Your Offence.
sober *appearance*, Sir, made me expect no *rude-*
ness or *absurdity* from you—*Who waits* ?——
Sir, if you pay the money to a *servant*, it will
be as well——[Going.]

Seal. Pray Madam, be not *offended*. I Apology.
came hither with an *innocent nay*, a *virtuous*

design. And, if you will have patience to hear me, it may be of service to you, as well as to my only daughter, on whose account I come, and whom I was *this day* to dispose of.

Apprehe. Ind. [*Aside.*] In marriage with Mr. Bevil, I fear. What I dreaded is come. But I must compose myself if possible. [To him.] Sir, you may suppose I shall desire to know any thing which may be interesting to Mr. Bevil, or to myself. As appearances are against me with regard to his behavior, I ought to forgive your suspicion, Sir. Be free then, I am composed again.

Apology. Go on, Sir.

Won. with Seal. I feared indeed, an unwarranted passion Disappro. here. But I could not have thought any man capable of abusing so much loveliness and worth as your appearance and behaviour bespeak. But the youth of our age care not what excellence they destroy, so they can but gratify——

Vindica. Ind. [*Interrupting.*] Sir you are going into Enq. with very great errors. But please to keep your Apprehen- cious, and acquaint me, why the care of your daughter obliges a person of your seeming rank to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[Weeps] I beg your pardon, good Distress. Sir—I am an orphan who can call nothing in Apology. this world my own but my virtue—Pray, good Sir, go on.

Pity with Seal. How could Mr. Bevil think of injuring Disapp. such sweetness!

Vindica. Ind. You wrong him, Sir, He never thought Praise. of injuring me. His bounty he bestows for my support merely for the pleasure of doing good. Enq. with You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose Apprehen happy daughter he is designed by his worthy father, and he has consented, perhaps to the proposal.

Caution. Seal. I own, such a match was proposed; but Resoluti. it shall not proceed, unless I am satisfied, that

your connection with him may be consistent with it.

Ind. It is only, Sir, from his actions and his looks, that I have had any reason to flatter myself into the notion of his having any particular affection for me. From them I own, I was led into the hope of what I earnestly wished. that he had thoughts of making me the partner of his heart. but now I find my fatal mistake. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanour, with the richness of his benevolence, made me misinterpret all—— I was my own hope, my own passion that deluded me—He never made one amorous advance to me—His generous heart and liberal hand meant only to help the miserable. And I——O fool that I was!—I fondly suffered myself to be drawn into imaginations too high, and too ambitious for my lowly wretchedness—O—oh—oh!

Distress,

Self-Con.

[Weeping.]

Seal. Make yourself easy, Madam, upon the score of my daughter, at least. The connection between Mr. Bevil and her is not gone so far as to render it necessary that your peace should be destroyed by such a marriage. Depend upon it, Madam, my daughter shall never be the cause of your disappointment.

Comfort.

Ind. Sir, your speaking so, makes me still more wretched. Shall I be the cause of injury to my noble benefactor? Shall I, who have no pretensions to him, be the hindrance of his happiness? Heaven forbid! No, Sir; give your daughter to the worthiest of men. Give her to my generous Bevil—They may be happy, though I should run distracted. And whilst I preserve my senses, I will weary Heaven with my prayers for their felicity. As for my own fate, it is likely to hold on as it begun, a series of wretchedness. 'Twas Heaven's high will that I should be wretched—Taken captive in my cradle—tossed

Distress
heighten.

Persua.

Dist. with

Gratitude

Distress.

Lamenta.

on the *sear*——there *deprived* of my mother——that I should only *hear* of my father ; but never *see* him——that I should then be *adopted* by a *stranger*——then *lose* my *adopter*——that I should then be delivered from the very *jaws* of *poverty* by the most *amiable* of *mankind*——that I should give my *fond unthinking heart* to this most *charming* of his *sex*——and that he should *disappoint* all my *romantic hopes*, without leaving me the *right*, or the *pretence* of *blaming* any one but *myself*. For, oh, I *cannot reproach* him, though his *friendly hand*, that *raised* me to this *height*, now *throws* me down the *precipice*.
Oh! [Weeping.]

Comfort. Seal. *Dear Lady ! Compose yourself to patience, if possible. My heart bleeds for your distress.*

Pity. ——And there is something in your very
Enquir. *strange story, that resembles——Does Mr. Bevil know your history particularly ?*

Lamenta. Ind. *All is known to him perfectly. And it is my knowledge of what I was by birth, and what I should be now, that embitters all my misery. I'll tear away all traces of my former self ; all that can put me in mind of what I was born to, and am miserably fallen from. [In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Mr. Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it]*

Amaz. Seal. *Ha ! What means this ? Where am I ? It is the same ! The very bracelet, which my wife wore at our last mournful parting.*

Recollec. Ind. *What said you, Sir, Your wife ! What may this mean ? That bracelet was my mother's. But your name is Sealand. My lost father's*

Trepida. *name was——*

Seal. [Interrupting.] *Danvers was it not ?*

Amaz. Ind. *What new amazement ! That was his name.*

Joy. Seal. *I am the true Mr. Danvers, though I*

have changed my name to Sealand——O my child,
my child! [Catching Indiana in his arms.]

Ind. All gracious Heaven! Is it possible? Do
I embrace my father?

Seal. O my child, my child! My sweet girl! Rapture.
My lost Indiana! Restor'd to me as from the
dead! I now see every feature of thy lamented
mother in thy lovely countenance! O Heaven!
how are our sorrows past o'er paid by such a
meeting! To find thee thus, to have it in my
power to bestow thee on thy noble lover, with a
fortune not beneath his acceptance.

Ind. O it is more like a dream, than reality!
Have I then a father's sanction to my love! His
bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a
present worthy of my generous Bevil?

Seal. Let us send immediately to him, and
inform him of this wond'rous turn; which
shews, that

Whate'er the gen'rous mind itself denies,
The secret care of Providence supplies.

L.
R E P R O O F.

Calisthenes's honest speech in reproof of Cleon's
flattery to Alexander on whom Cleon, wanted
divinity to be conferred by vote. [Q. Cart. viii.]

IF the king were present, Cleon, there would
be no need of my answering to what you have Displeas.
just proposed. He would himself reprove you
for endeavoring to draw him into an imita Reproof.
tion of foreign absurdities, and for bringing
envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he
is absent I take upon me to tell you in his name,
that no praise is lasting, but what is rational;

and that you do what you can to *lessen* his glory instead of *adding* to it. *Heroes* have never, among us, been *deified*, till after their death. And, whatever may be *your* way of thinking, Cleon, for *my* part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honor.

Remonstr. You have mentioned, as *precedents* of what you propose, *Hercules* and *Bacchus*. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were *deified* over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our *sovereign* to receive his

Challenge *divinity* from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is surely, *easier* to make a king, than a god; to give an *earthly* dominion than a throne in heaven. † I only wish, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made, of *adding one* to their number: and that they may still be so *propitious* to us, as to grant the *continuance* of that success to our affairs, with which they have hitherto favoured us.

† Apprehension. * For my part I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws, or rules of conduct, from them, what is it, but to confess ourselves inferior to them?

* Honest
Pride.

LI.

INCULCATING. COMMANDING. INTREATING. WARNING.

The dying charge of Micipsa, king of Numidia, to Jugurtha, whom he had adopted, and made joint heir to his kingdom, with his two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal.

YOU know, Jugurtha, that I received you Exciting
under my protection in your early youth, to Gratia
when left a helpless and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honors in my kingdom; in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For to omit all former instances of your Commen-
extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the dation.
Numantian war, has reflected upon me and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valor, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honor of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having, by your merit silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore Intreating
beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha, by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honor of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connexion with any stranger to the prejudice of

- Warning.** *your relations.* It is not by *arms*, nor by *treasures*, that a *kingdom* is *secured*, but by *well affected subjects* and *allies*. And it is by *faithful* and *important services*, that *friendship* (which neither *gold* will *purchase*, nor *arms* extort) is *secured*. But *what friendship* is more perfect than that which ought to obtain between *brothers*? *What fidelity* can be expected among
- Warning.** *strangers*, if it is wanting among *relations*? The *kingdom* I leave you, is in *good condition*, if you *govern* it *properly*; if otherwise, it is *weak*. For by *agreement* a *small state* increases: by *division* a *great one* goes to ruin. It will lie upon you *Jugurtha*, who are come to *riper years*, than your *brothers*, to provide, that no *misconduct* produce any *bad effect*. And if any *difference* should arise between you and your *brothers*
- Inculcat.** (which may the *gods* avert!) the *public* will *charge* you, however *innocent* you may be, as the *aggressor*, because your *years* and *abilities* give you the *superiority*. But I firmly persuade myself, that you will treat them with *kindness*, and that they will honor and esteem you, as your *distinguished virtue* deserves.
- Devotion.**
- Hope.**

LII.

D R U N K E N N E S S. (1)

[Shakespeare's OTHELLO.]

Cassio. I'L L be ha—[hiccoughs] I'll be
I ha—hang'd, if these fellows han't

(1) It may, perhaps, seem strange to some, that such a lesson as this should have a place. But besides the diversion of seeing drunkenness well imitated, the moral is good. For this very frolick cost Cassio his place. It is needless to mark emphatical words in this passage. For drunkenness destroys all emphasis & propriety.

given me a fil—a fil—a filup on the brain pan
——a little one.

Montano. Why, good master lieutenant,
we are not beyond pints a-piece as I'm a so—
as I'm a so—as I'm a soldier. And that is a
shallow brain pan, which will not hold a poor
pint of good liquor.

Iago. Some wine, ho ! [Sings.]

And let me the cannakin clink, clink,

And let me the cannakin clink.

A soldier's a man, and man's life but a span,

Why then let a soldier have drink, drink,

Why then let a soldier have drink.

Some wine, boy !

Cassio. I'll be shot for a cow—for a cow—
for a coward, if that ben't an excellent song.

Iago. I learnt it in England, where indeed
they are most potant at the pot. Your Dane,
your German, and your swag belly'd Hollander,
are nothing to your freeborn Englishman. Did
you ever hear an Englishman reckon up the
privileges he has by birth-right ?

Cassio. No, good Iago. What are they,
pray ?

Iago. Why, to say what he pleases of the
government ; to eat more roast beef, and drink
more port, than any three subjects of any other
country ; and to do whatever he pleases, wher-
ever he is. Therefore he raves at the best king,
while your Frenchman worships the worst ; he
breaks this week, the law he voted for last
week ; and in all countries, he is winked at,
when he does what would send a native to a
mad-house ; he eats you up the whole ox in less
time than your Frenchman swills the sup he
makes of the shins ; and as to drinking, he lays
you France, Austria, and Russia, among the

table's feet, with no more conscience at the tavern, than in the field of battle.

Cassio. Here is our noble ge—our noble ge—our noble general's health forever.

Montano. Ay, ay, good master lieutenant, and as much longer as you please.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was an unworthy peer,
His breeches cost him a whole crown :
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd his taylor lown,
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride, that pulls the country down,
So take thy old cloke about thee.

LIII.

VEXATION. SPITEFUL JOY.

The scene between Schylock and Tubal.

[Shakesp. MERCH. OF VEN.] (1)

Quest with Schyl. **H**O W now, Tubal, what news from
Anxiety. Genoa? Have you heard any
thing of my *backsliding* daughter?

Disap- Tubal I often came where I heard of her ;
pointment but *could not find* her.

Vexation. Schyl. Why, *there, there, there!* A diamond

(1) The pupil must, if he does not know it, be told a little of the plot, viz. That Schylock had sent Tubal in search of his daughter, whom his ill usage, and the opportunity of her lover, had occasioned to elope from his house. And that Antonia was a merchant, mortally hated by Schylock, who had borrowed a sum of money of Schylock on the terms of his forfeiting a pound of his flesh, wherever Schylock pleased to cut it, in case of his failing to discharge the debt on the day it was due.

gone that cost me two thousand ducats at Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now. I never felt it before. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I wish she lay dead at my foot, with the jewels in her ear. I would she were hears'd with the ducats in her coffin. No news of them! And I know not what spent in the search. Loss upon loss. The thief gone with so much; and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, no ill luck stirring, but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Schyl. What! Has he had ill luck?

Spiteful

[Earnestly.] Joy.

Tub. Has had a ship cast away coming from Tripoli.

Schyl. Thank God; thank God! † Is it true? Is it true?

Spiteful

Joy.

† Question

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors, that 'scaped from the wreck.

Narration

Schyl. I thank thee, good Tubal, good news, good news. * What, in Genoa, you spoke with them?

Spiteful

Joy.

* Question

Tub. Your daughter spent, in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, twenty ducats.

Narration

Schyl. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Twenty ducats at a sitting; Twenty ducats!——O father Abraham!

Anguish.

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that say, he cannot but break.

Narration

Schyl. I'm glad of it. I'll plague him. I'll torture him. I'm glad of it.

Spiteful

Joy.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Narration

- Anguish. Schyl. *Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my ruby. I had it of Leah. I would not have given it for as many monkeys as could stand together upon the Kialto.*
- Narration Tub. Antonio is *certainly undone.*
- Spiteful Schyl. *Ay, ay, there is some comfort in that,*
- Joy. *Go, Tubal, see me an officer; b. speak him to*
- §Direct *be ready. * I will be revenged on Antonio.*
- *Cruel. *I will wash my hands, to the elbows, in his*
- Resoluti. *heart's blood.* [Exit.]

LIV.

SELF-VINDICATION. REPROOF.

The speech of C. Marius to the Romans, shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of general in the expedition against Jugurtha, merely on account of his extraction. [Salust. BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

- Explain. (1) **I**T is but *too common*, my countrymen, to observe a *material difference*, between the behaviour of those who stand *candidates* for places of power and trust, *before*, and *after* their obtaining them. They *solicit* them in *one* manner, and *execute* them in *another*.
- *Sneer. * They set out with a great appearance of
- †Reproof *activity, humanity, and moderation; † and they*
- Humility *quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I pro-*
- Anxiety.

(1) This speech begins calm and cool. See Tranquility, page 20. Teaching, page 26, &c.

pose to take upon me, for the service of my country (1) To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult, than is generally thought. And, besides the disadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment: my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care, that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the patricians want nothing so much, as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have from my youth been familiar with toils, and

Contempt

Self-Defe.

Anxiety.

Promising

Self-Defe.

(1) 'To carry on,' &c. The antithesis in this sentence, must be carefully marked.

with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no Gratitude reward but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha.

Contempt The patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body, a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but — of no experience. What service would his long line of dead ancestors or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus your patrician-general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a plebeian. So true is this my countrymen, that I have myself known those, who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your Respect. judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between

Contempt patrician haughtiness and plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me: Want of personal worth against them. But are not all

men of the *same* species? What can make a Question.
difference between one man and another, but
 the *endowments* of the *mind*? For my part, I Contempt
 shall always look upon the *bravest* man as the
noblest man. Suppose it were required of the
 fathers of such patricians as *Albinus*, and *Bellia*,
 whether, if they had their choice, they would
 desire *sons* of *their* character, or of *mine*; what
 would they answer; but that they should wish
 the *worthiest* to be their sons? If the patrici- Arg. with
 ans have *reason* to despise *m*, let them likewise Reproof.
 despise their *ancestors*; whose *nobility* was the Antith.
 fruit of their *virtue*. Do they *envy* the *honours*
 bestowed upon *me*? Let them *envy* likewise
 my *labours*, my *abstinence*, and the *dangers* I
 have undergone for my country; by *which* I
 have *acquired* them. But those *worthless* men Contempt
 lead such a life of *inactivity*, as if they *despised*
 any *honours* you can bestow; whilst they *aspire*
 to *honours*, as if they had *deserved* them by the
 most *industrious* *virtue*. They arrogate the re-
 wards of *activity* for their having enjoyed the
pleasures of *luxury*. Yet none can be more
lavish, than they are, in *praise* of their *ancestors*.
 And they imagine they honour *themselves* by
celebrating their *forefathers*. Whereas they do
 the *very* *contrary*. For, by how much their
ancestors were *distinguished* for their *virtue*, by
 so much are they *disgraced* by their *vices*. The
 glory of *ancestors* casts a *light*, indeed, upon
 their *posterity*; but it only serves to shew *what*
 the *descendants* are. It alike exhibits to public
view their *degeneracy* and their *worth*. I own,
 I cannot boast of the deeds of my *forefathers*.
 But I hope I may answer the cavils of the pa-
 tricians by standing up in defence of what I
 have *myself* done. Observe now my country

Laudable
 Pride.(1)

(1) Laud. Pride. See Courage, page 24.

- men, the *injustice* of the patricians. They
 Arg. with Contempt arrogate to *themselves* honours on account of
 he exploits done by their *forefathers*, whilst
 they will not allow *me* the due praise for per-
 forming the very same sort of actions in my
 Affectatio. *own person*. "He has no *statues*," they cry,
 "of his *family*. He can trace no venerable
 Courage. "*line of ancestors*."—What then! Is it matter
 Contempt of more praise to *disgrace* one's illustrious an-
 cestors, then to *become illustrious* by his own
 Self-Vin. good behavior? What if I can shew no *statues*
 of my *family*? I can shew the *standards*, the
armour, and the *trappings*, which I have *myself*
 taken from the *vanquished*: I can shew the scars
 of those wounds which I received by *facing* the
 enemies of my *country*. *These are my statues*.
These are the honours I boast of; not left me by
inheritance as theirs; but earned by *toil*, by
abstinence, by *valour*; amidst *clouds of dust*, and
seas of blood; scenes of action, where those
 Contempt *effeminate patricians*, who endeavour by in-
 direct means, to *depreciate me* in your *esteem*,
 have never dared to *shew their faces*.

LV.

PLOTTING. CRUELTY. HORROR.

Macbeth full of his bloody design against good
 king Duncan, fancies he sees a dagger in the
 air.

- Starting I 'Tis this a *dagger*, which I see before me,
 Courage The *humble* tow'rd my *hand*? (1) Come let
 me *clutch* thee—

(1) Reaching out his hand, as to snatch it.
 The first eight lines to be spoken with the eyes
 staring, and fixed on one point in the air,
 where he is supposed to see the dagger. See
 Despair, page 22. Malice 32.

*I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal weapon, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable,
(1) As this which now I draw—
'Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon, drops of blood,
Which was not so before—(2) There's no
Doubt.
such thing.—
It is the bloody business, which informs
This to mine eyes—(3) Now o'er one half the
world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and midnight murder. Horror.
(Alarmed by his sentinel, the wof,
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy
pace,
Like Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his
design
Moves like a ghost—Thou sound & firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones should prate of royal blood
Soon to be spilt, [Shakesp. MACBETH.]*

Wonder.
Horror.

Starting.

Horror.

Starting.

Horror.

Doubt.

Horror.

Plotting.

Horror.

Guilt.

(1) Drawing his dagger, and looking on it,
and then on that in the air as comparing them.

(2) A long pause. He recollects & composes
himself a little, and gives over fixing his eyes
upon the air drawn dagger.

(3) Plotting is always to be express'd with a low
voice. Especially such a passage as this, to the end.

LVI.

AFFECTION. JOY. FEAR of OFFENDING. GRATITUDE.

A Speech of Adam to Eve. [Milt. PARADISE LOST. B. IV. l. 411.]

Tendern.
Awe.
Piety.

SU**E** partner, and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all. Needs must the pow'r,
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free, as infinite ;

Gratitude.

That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need ; he who requires
From us no other service, than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In paradise, that bear delicious fruit

Seriousn.

So various, not to taste that only tree

Apprehe.

Of knowledge planted by the tree of life :
So near grows death to life ; what e'er death is ;
Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou
know'st

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,

Gratitude

Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Confer'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures, which possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited, of manifold delights.

But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task
 'To prune these growing plants, and 'tend these Piety.
Joy.
flow'rs,
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee— were Tendern.
sweet.

LVII.

INTERCESSION. OBSTINACY. CRUELTY. FORCED SUBMISSION.

Duke. **M**AKE room, and let him stand Authority
 before our face—
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, Pleading.
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
 Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
 And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, (1) Pity.
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Pleading.
 Forgive a moiety of the principal,
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, Pity.
 That have of late brought down such ruin on
 him,
 Enough to make a royal merchant bankrupt.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I Obstinacy.
purpose,
 (2) And by our holy sabbath I have sworn Hypocrisy
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond. Cruelty.
 If you deny it, let the danger light Threaten.
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom—

(1) See the note, page 174.

(2) See hypocritical Affectation, page 30.

- Malice. You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of *carrion flesh*, than to receive
- Obstinacy. *Three thousand ducats* ? I'll not answer that ;
- Malice. But, say it is my *humour* ; Is it answered ?
- Obstinacy. What if my *house* be troubled with a *rat*,
And I be pleas'd to give *ten thousand ducats*,
To have it *ban'd* ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
- Reproof. Bassanio. This is *no answer*, thou *unfeeling man*,
T'excuse the current of thy *cruelty*.
- Malice. Shyl. I am not bound to *please thee* with my
answer.
- Deject. Antonio. I pray you, think, you *question*
with a *few*.
You may as well go stand upon the *beach*,
And bid the *main flood* 'bate his usual height ;
You may as well plead *pity* with the *wolf*,
When you behold the *ewe* bleat for the *lamb*,
As try to melt his *Jewish heart* to *kinde*ness.
- Intreat. Bass. For thy *three thousand ducats*, here are
six.
- Obstinacy. Shyl. If *ev'ry ducat* in *six thousand ducats*
Were in *six parts*, and *ev'ry part* a *ducat*,
I would not draw them ; I would have my *bond*.
- Grave. Duke. How shalt thou hope for *mercy*, *ren-*
dering none ?
- Rebuke.
- Obstinacy. Shyl. What *judgment* shall I *dread*, doing no
wrong ?
- Cruelty. The *pound of flesh*, which I *demand* of him,
Is *dearly bought* : 'tis *mine*, and I will have it.
[Enters Portia disguised like a Doctor of Laws.]
- Welcome. Duke. Give me your *hand*. You come from
learnt Bellario ?
- Portia. I do, my Lord.
- Duke. You're *welcome* : take your *place*.
- Question. Are you *acquainted* with the cause in *question* ?
- Answer. Port. I am *informed* thoroughly of the *case*.
- Question. Which is the *merchant* here ? and which the *jew* ?

You take my life, taking whereon I live.

Port. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Grat. A halter's price, and leave to hang Triumph himself.

Anton. So please my Lord the Duke, and Granting all the court,

To quit *their* right in one half of his goods,
I shall be well contented, if I have
The other half in use until his death,
Then to restore it to the gentleman,
Who lately stole his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant Threats.
The pardon I had promis'd to bestow.

Port. Art thou contented, Jew ? What dost thou say ?

Shyl. I pray you give me leave to go from Despair, hence.

I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone. But do it.

Threats.

[Exeunt omnes.]

[Shakesp. Merchant. of Venice.]

LVIII.

Conjugal AFFECTION with DISTRESS.

The scene between Hector and his wife Andromache. [Pope's *Hom. II. VI. v. 488.*]

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without Narration
delay ;

Swift through the town he took his former way, Haste.

Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state ;

And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair

His blameless wife, Action's wealthy heir.

- Tender Descrip. The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His *only hope* hung *smiling* at her breast ;
Whom each *soft charm* and *early grace* adorn,
Fair as the new-born *star* that *gilds* the *morn*.
Silent the warrior *smil'd*, and *pleas'd*, resign'd
- *Soft. To *tender passions* all his *mighty mind*.
- †Courage. His beauteous princess cast a *mournful look* ;
Descrip. Hung on his *hand* and then, *dejected* spoke.
of Beauty Her bosom *labour'd* with a *boding sigh*,
in Distress And the big *tear* stood *trembling* in her *eye*.
- Com. with Affection. "Too *daring* prince! *Ah* *whither* dost thou
"run ?
"Ah too *forgetful* of thy *wife* and *son* !
"And *think'st* thou not how *wretched* we shall
"be,
- Fear. "A *widow* I, an *helpless* orphan he !
"For sure such *courage* length of *life* denies,
"And thou *must fall*, thy *virtue's* sacrifice.
"Greece in her *single* heroes, *strove* in *vain* :
"Now *hosts* oppose thee and thou *must be slain*.
Deprecat. "O *grant* me, *gods* ! ere *Hector* meets his
"doom,
"All I can ask of *heav'n*, an *early tomb* !
"So shall my *days* in *one* *sad* *tenor* run,
"And *end* with *sorrows*, as they *first* *begun*.
Lamenta. "No *parent* now *remains*, my *griefs* to *share*,
"No *father's* *aid*, no *mother's* *tender* *care*.
"The *fierce* *Achilles* *wrapt* our *walls* in *fire*.
"Laid *Thebe* *waste*, and *slew* my *warlike* *fire*,
"His *fate* *compassion* in the *victor* *bred* ;
"Stern as he was, he yet *rever'd* the *dead* ;
"His *radiant* *arms* *preserv'd* from *hostile* *spoils*,
"And laid him *decent* on the *fun'ral* *pile*.
"By the *same* *arm* my *sev'n* *brave* *brothers* *fell*,
"In *one* *sad* *day* they *view'd* the *gate* of *hell*.
"While the *fat* *herds* and *snowy* *flocks* they
"fed,
"Amid their *fields* the *hapless* *heroes* *bled*.

- " My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 " The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands,
 " Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 " Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,
 " When *Ah!* oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 " She fell, a victim to Diana's bow.
 " Yet while my Hector still survives, I see Comfort.
 " My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
 " Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred all, Apprehen.
 " Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
 " Thy wife, thy infant, in the danger share;
 " O prove a husband's and a parent's care. Intreating
 " That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, Apprehen.
 " Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of
 " Troy.
 " Thou from this tow'r defend th' important
 " post,
 " There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 " That pass Tydides, Ajax, strives to gain,
 " And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
 " Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have
 " giv'n,
 " Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n,
 " Let others in the field their arms employ; Intreating
 " But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
 The chief reply'd, " That post shall be my Courage.
 " care;
 " Nor that alone; but all the works of war,
 " How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 " And Troy's proud dames, whose garments
 " sweep the ground,
 " Attaint the lustre of my former name,
 " Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? Aversion.
 " My early youth was bred to warlike pains; Courage.
 " My soul impels me to the martial plains.
 " Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne,
 " To save my father's honors, and my own,

Apprehen. "Yet come it will! the day decreed by fates!
 " (How my heart trembles, while my tongue
 " relates!)

"The day, when thou, imperial Troy! must
 " bend;

Patriot.

Grief. "Must see thy warriors fall; thy glories end.

Grief with "And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,

Affection. "My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 "Not Priam's hoary hairs desu'd with gore,
 "Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 "As thine, Andromache! Thy griefs I dread!
 "I see thee trembling, weeping, captiv'd led,
 "In Argive ooms our batties to design,
 "And woes of which so large a part was thine.
 "There while you groan beneath the load of
 " life,

Insulting. "They cry"—"Behold the mighty Hector's
 " wife!"

"Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 " Embitters all thy woes by naming me.

Pity.

"The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 "A thousand griefs shall waken at the name;
 "May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
 "Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
 "Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 "Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee
 " weep."

Narration Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of
 Troy,

Tender.

Stretch'd his fond arms, to clasp the lovely boy,
 The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast
 Scar'd with the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector haste to relieve his child;
 The tiring terrors from his brows unbound.
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.

Then *kist the child, and lifting high in air,*
Thus to the gods *preferr'd a parent's pray'r.*

"O Thou, whose glory fills th' *ætherial throne,* Interces.

"And all ye *deathless pow'rs!* — Protect my son!

"Grant him, like me, to *purchase just renown,*

"To guard the *Trojans,* to defend the crown,

"Against his country's *foes* the war to wage,

"And rise the *Hector* of the future age!

"So, when *triumphant* from successful toils,

"Of heroes *slain,* he bears the reeking spoils,

"Whole *hosts* may hail him with *deserv'd ac-*

claim,

"And say—" This chief transcends his *father's*

fame."

"While *pleas'd* amidst the gen'ral shouts of

Troy,

"His *mother's* conscious heart *o'erflows* with

joy."

He spoke, and fondly *gazing* on her *charms,* Tendern.

Restor'd the *pleasing* burden to her arms;

Soft on her *fragrant breast* the *babe* she laid,

Hush'd to repose, and with a *smile* survey'd.

The *troubled* pleasure soon *chastis'd* with fear, Apprehe.

She mingled with the *smile* a *falling* tear.

LIX.

REMORSE. Attempt towards REPENT-
ANCE. OBDURACY. DESPAIR.

The wicked king's soliloquy, expressing his re-
morse for the murder of his brother Hamlet,
king of Denmark. [Shakesp. HAMLET.]

King. O H my offence is rank! It smells to Compunct
heaven!

It hath the eldest curse of heaven upon it.—

R

*

- Hardness of Heart. A brother's murder!—Pray, alas! I cannot :
Though sore my need of what the guilty pray for ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double bus'ness bound,
I stand in pause, where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.—*What, if this curs'd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
'To be forestall'd, ere yet we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down?—Then I'll look up.
†Guilt. My fault is past.—†But oh! what form of pray'r
‡Doom. Can serve my turn?—‡“Forgive me my foul
“murder!”
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects, for which I did the murder ;
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's guilded hand may shove by justice ;
Nay, oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
¶Terror. Buys out the law. ||But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling : there the action lies
In his true nature ; we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
§Anxiety. To give in evidence——§What then?——What
rests?——
Hope. Try what repentance can.—What can it not ?
Obduracy. Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Despair. Oh wretched state! Oh bosom, black as death!
Oh limed soul! that struggling to be free,
¶Anguish. Art more engag'd! ¶Help, Angels! Make essay,
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !

All may be well.

Hope.

[The king kneels, and by his looks and gestures, expresses great agony and horror ; but no penitential melting of heart ; after continuing a short time in that posture, he rises in despair, and speaks the following.]

My words fly up—My thoughts remain below—

Despair.

Words without thoughts never to Heav'n go.

LX.

REPROACHING. EXCITING to Self-defence.

The speech of T. Q. Capitolinus to the Roman people, when the Æqui and Volsci taking the advantage of the animosities then prevailing between the patricians and plebeians, joined their forces, and, after plundering the Roman territories, advanced, in a hostile manner, to the very walls of the city.

T. Liv. Hist. Rom.]

THOUGH I am not conscious to myself, Vexation:
Romans, of any offence I have committed against my country ; it is with confusion that I address you thus publicly on such an occasion. For what can be imagined more shameful, than that it should be known to the world—that it should be known to ourselves !—and must be handed down to posterity—that in the fourth consulship of Titus Quintius Capitolinus, the Æqui and Volsci, so lately found scarce a match for the Hernici, advanced in arms—uninterrupted, and unpunished—to the very walls of Rome ! Had I imagined, that such a disgrace as this would have come upon my country in the year of my fourth consulship (though our affairs have of late

- gone in such a way, that *every thing* was to be feared) I would have *avoided* the consular honor—*the *shame* rather—by *banishment*, or even by *death*. How much more *desirable* to have died in my third consulship, than to live to see the *dishonors*, which the times are like to bring upon us. But *whom* does the insolence of so contemptible an enemy *disgrace*? Is it *us* the consuls? Or is it *you Romans*? If the fault be in *us*; take from us that authority, we are so *unworthy* to enjoy. And if that be not enough, inflict on us the *punishment* we have *deserved*. †If it is owing to *you*, my countrymen, that the enemy have thus dared to insult us, ‡*all* I beg ||Kindness. of the gods is, that they will *forgive* you; ||and I wish *no other* punishment to come upon you, §Courage. than *repentance* for your misconduct. §Our enemies have not presumed upon any want of *bravery* in *you*, Romans; nor upon any imagined *superiority* in *themselves*. They know both *you* Contempt and *themselves* too well. They have not forgot how often they have been *routed* in *battle*, how often put to *shameful flight*, deprived of their *lands*, and even made to pass under the *yoke*, Vexation. by the *Romans*. It is the fatal *diffension* between the *patricians* and *plebeians*, that gives *courage* to the enemies of the Roman name. Our *quarrels* amongst *ourselves* are the *poison* of our *state*. While you are *dissatisfied* with the *powers* enjoyed by the *patricians*, and we are *jealous* of the *plebeians*, the enemy, seeing their *time*, have *surprised* us.
- Remonf. But what (in the name of *all the gods*!) will satisfy you? You demanded *plebeian* tribunes. For the sake of peace, we, *patricians*, *consented*. You then called for *decemviri*. We agreed, that the *decemviral* power should be *established*. You were quickly *tired* of *this* form of govern-

ment. We obliged the *decemviri* to abdicate. Your resentment pursued them even to their retirement ; we gave our consent to the exile and death of some of the first men of Rome for birth and merit. Then you insisted, that the tribunitial authority should be re-established. You did accordingly re-establish it. We bore with the innovation of conferring the consular power upon men of plebeian rank, tho' we saw how injurious it was to our own. We bore patiently, and do still bear with the tribunitial power ; with the right of appeal to the people ; with the obligation upon the patricians to submit to the popular decrees ; and with the alienation of our peculiar rights and privileges, under pretence of equaling the different ranks, and reducing things to order in the commonwealth. But, my countrymen, when will you put an end to these wranglings ? When shall this unhappy state be united ? When shall we look upon Rome as our common country ? We, of the patrician rank, though losers, are more disposed to peace, than you, who have gained all your ends. Is it not enough, that you have made yourselves formidable to your superiors ? Now you assemble, in a seditious manner, on the Mount Aventine ; then on the Mons sacer ; and against us your vengeance is always directed. You were in no haste to prevent the enemy from seizing on the *Esquiline*, or from mounting our works. It is only against the patricians, that you dare to show your valour. Go on, then, if you are so determined ; and when you have surrounded the senate house, made the forum dangerous for any of patrician rank to be seen in, and got the prisons filled with persons of the first eminence ; keep up the same heroic spirit, you shew against your own countrymen ; fall out at the *Esquiline*.

Grief.

Remons.

Rousing
Shame.

Reproach.

Sheer.

gate, and repulse the enemy. Or if your *valour* is not sufficient to enable you to do *this*, at least shew, that you have the *heroism* to view, from the *walls*, your *lands* wasted by fire and sword, and plundered by the irresistible army of the *Æqui* and *Volsci*.

- Remonf. Will any one pretend to answer to this, that it is only the *public* that suffers by the inroads of the enemy, and that the main of the *loss* will be only that of a little national *honor* ? Were that the case, what *Roman* could think of it with *patience* ? But, besides the loss of our *honor*, what effect, do you think, these ravages will have upon private *property* ? Do you expect any thing else, than that every individual of you should quickly have accounts of what he himself has *lost* ? And how are those *losses* to be made up ? Will your darling *tribunes* make good the *damages* ? They will be active enough in *inflaming* you with their speeches ; they will commence suits against the *principal* men in the *state* ; they will gather *sedition* assemblies, and multiply *laws* on *laws*, and *decrees* on *decrees*.
- Remonf. But which of you, my countrymen, has *gained* any thing by such proceedings ? Has any *Roman* carried home to his family, from those tumultuous meetings, any thing, but *hatred*, *quarrels*, and *mischiefs*, *public* and *private* ? The case was, in former happier times, very different, when you submitted to the rightful authority of the *consuls*, and were not, as now, the *dupes* of your *tribunes* ; when you exerted yourselves in the *field* of battle, not in the *forum* ; when your shouts of *courage* struck terror into your *enemies* ; not your *sedition* clamours into your countrymen. Then you used to return home, enriched with *spoils*, and adorned with *trophies* ;
- Reproach. instead of which you *now* ingloriously suffer the

enemy—and that enemy a *contemptible* one—to go off *unmolested*, and loaded with your *substance*. But go on with your *seditions assemblies*, as long Remons. as you can. The time is approaching, when Alarm. you will find yourselves *obliged* to quit them, though so agreeable to you, and to *betake* yourselves to what you have the greatest *reluctance* Reproach to, I mean your *arms*. You thought it a mighty *hardship* to be obliged to march against the Iqui and Volsci. They have *spared* you Alarm. that *trouble*. They are now at your gates. And if you don't *drive* them from *thence*, they will soon be in the *city*, in the *capitol*, and in your *houses*. Two years ago, an order was given Regret. by authority of the *senate*, that *levies* should be made, and that the *army* should *march*. In Reproof. stead of executing this salutary order, we have been *loitering* at home, *unemployed* except in *wrangling*; *forgetful*, while our *peace* was *undisturbed* from abroad, that this long *indolence* would probably be the *very cause* of *troubles* coming upon us from *various quarters* at *once*.

I know full well, my countrymen, that Profess. here are many subjects more agreeable to you Sinc. than those I have now spoken to you upon. But Alarm. the necessity of the times obliges me (if I were less inclined of myself) to lay truth before you, rather than tickle your ears. I wish I could Profess. humour your inclinations: but I had rather Sinc. secure your safety, than gain your good-will. Alarm. It is commonly observed, that those who address the public from selfish views are more acceptable, than those whose sole disinterested aim is the general advantage. And I think you Remons. can hardly imagine that those flatterers of Reproof. the plebeians, who neither suffer you to rest in peace, nor in war, mean your good by continually exciting you to tumult and sedition.

When they work you up to *discontent* and *rage*, they are *sure* to gain their avaricious or their ambitious ends. And as in times of *peace* they find themselves to be of *no consequence*, rather than be *undistinguished*, they set themselves to promote *mischiefs*.

Exciting If you are at last (as I am sure you have
Self-Def. *reason* to be) *sick* of such *absurd* and *ruinous* *pro-*
ceedings, and have a mind to resume your *own*
characters, and to act agreeably to that of your

Courage. *ancestors* ; I am myself *ready* now to *head* you,
and am willing to undergo any *penalty*, if I do
not in a few days *force* these *plunderers* of our
lands to *abandon* their *camp*, and if I do not
carry the *terror* of war, which now *alarms* you
from *our* gates to those of the *enemy*.

LXI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. SERIOUS
REFLECTION.

Hamlet's soliloquy upon his finding that the
king his father was murdered by his uncle ;
in which he considers of the consequence of
putting an end to a burthen some life. [*Shakes.*
HAMLET.]

Anxiety. Ham. **T**O *be*—or *not to be* (1)—that is
the *question*—
Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind to *suffer*
The *stings* and *arrows* of *outrageous* *fortune* ;

(1) 'To be—or not to be.'—The thought,
at length would run thus, 'Is death the total
destruction of consciousness? Or do the dead
still continue to think and act, though in a dif-
ferent manner from that of the present state?'
The thought in the second line is different, viz.
"Whether it is truly heroic to put an end to
life, when it becomes irksome?"

Or to take *arms* against a *host* of troubles,
 And by *opposing end them*—*But to die—
 To sleep—No more—(1) And by a *sleep* to end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That *flesh* is heir to—'Tis a *consummation*
 (2) *Devoutly* to be wish'd—To || die—To sleep—
 To sleep—†Perchance to dream—A startling †Apprehe.
 thought—

Courage.
 *Deep
 Thoughtf
 Vexation:
 †Thought.
 †Apprehe.

For in that *sleep* of death what *dreams* may come
 When we have *shuffled* off this mortal coil,
 Must give us *pause*. There's the *respect*
 That makes *calamity* of so long life.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of *time*
 Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of love despis'd, the laws delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns,
 That patient†merit of the unworthy *takes;
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would †bend to
 earth,

Vexation.
 Anguish.
 †Meek.
 *Aversion
 †Courage.
 Complain.
 Fear.

And groan and sweat under a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscover'd country from whose bourne (3)
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others which we know not yet?
 Thus conscience makes cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought,
 And enterprizes of great strength and moment;

(1)—'But to die—To sleep—No more.' The
 pauses must be equal. The sense at length being,
 'Is dying only falling asleep and nothing else?'

(2) 'Devoutly to be wish'd.' To be spoken
 with the eyes raised earnestly to heaven. See
 Veneration page 20.

(3)—'whose bourne.' That is, border, or coast.

With *this regard* their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

LXII.

EAGERNESS. CHIDING. INTREATING.

Ghosts of various characters press to be admitted into Charon's boat. Are repulsed by him and Mercury, on account of their coming loaded with their vices, follies, and wrong attachments. [*Lucian. DIAL. MORT. CHAR. MERC. &c.*]

- Chiding. Charon. **L**OOK you, gentlemen and ladies, *this will never do.* My boat is but *small*, and *old*, and *leaky* into the bargain; so that, if it be either in the *least* overloaded, or not *exactly* trimmed, you will be among the Stygian frogs presently, *every single* ghost of you. You come *pushing* and *crowding* in such *shoals*, and I know not how much *luggage* along with you, that you are like to *repent* of your being in such a *hurry*, at least those of you who *cannot swim*.
- Threaten
- Intreating 1st Ghost. But you don't consider, Mr. Ferryman, how much we are *tired* of *dodging* about here, where we have neither *house* nor *home*, where there is nothing but *mud*, in which we sink over *shoes*, over *boots*, nor so much as a *tree* to hang a dog upon. Pray, good Charon *push* us over as *fast* as you can.
- Complain.
- Intreating
- Chiding. Char. What a *plague* ails the *brainless* ghost? Would you have me do *impossibilities*? Do Mercury, bear a hand a little. *Push* them back.
- Exciting.
- Refusing. Don't let above *one* come into the boat at a *time*; that you may examine them *ghost* by *ghost*, and make them *strip*, and leave their *luggage*, before they set a *foot* in the boat.

Merc. *Ay, ay, I'll take care of that, Cha-* Promising
ron.—*Hold. Who are you?* Refusing.

2d Ghost. My name is *Menippus*, by trade Submissio.
a *cynic philosopher*. and to shew you how wil-
ling I am to be *conformable*, look you there,
away go my *wallet* and my *staff* into the *Styx*.
And as for my *cloak*, I did not bring it with me.

Merc. *That's my honest cynic.* Come into Approba.
the *boat*, *Mennipus*. Here is a ghost of *sense*
for you. Go, go forward by the *helm*, where
you may have good *sitting*, and may see all the
passengers.—Your *servant*, Madam. *Who* may
you be, if a man, I mean if a god may be so
bold?

3d Ghost. Sir, I am the celebrated *beauty*, Affected
who rated my favours so *high*, as to receive a Beauty.
talent for a *kiss*. It is true, a certain *philoso-*
pher did *grudge* my *price*, saying he had no no- Refusing.
tion of paying an *exorbitant sum* for so *unpleasant*
a *bargain* as *repentance*. But my *comfort* is, Contempt
that it was a *poor, old fellow*, and a *philosopher*,
that made this *clownish speech*, so different from
what I was *used* to.

Merc. Look you, Madam, *this country* is Refusing.
not famous for *gallantry*. And, as you will
make *nothing* of your *beauty*, where you are *go-*
ing, I must desire you to leave it *all behind*, or
you don't set a *foot* in the *Stygian ferry-boat*.

3d Ghost. Pray, Sir, *excuse* me. Why must Intreating
one be *ugly*, because one is *dead*!

Merc. Come, come, Madam, off with your Insist.with
whole apparatus of *temptation*, if you mean to Blame and
cross the *Stygian pool*. You must not only Sneer.
lay aside the *paint* on your cheeks, but the
cheeks themselves. You must throw off not only
the *gorgeous attire* of your *head*, but the *hair*,
and the very *skin*, to the *bare skull*. So far
from granting you a *passage* with all your *finery*

about you, we shall expect you to strip of both *skin and flesh* to the very *bones*. So, Mrs. Beauty, if you please to step aside, and *dispose* of your *tackle*, and present yourself by and by, in the *plain dress* of a *skeleton*, we shall perhaps carry you over the water.

- Vexation. 3d Ghost. It is *deadly hard*; and——
- Insisting. Merc. *This is our way*, Madam—**Stop*—
- *Refusing Who are you? You seem to brush forward, as who should say, “I am no *small fool*.”
- Pride. 4th Ghost. Why, Sir, I am *no less person* than *Lampichus* the tyrant.
- Sneer. Merc. *Pray good Mr. Lampichus* the tyrant, where do you intend to stow *all that luggage*?
- Refusing. 4th Ghost. Consider, Mercury, it is not proper that a *king* should travel without his *conveniences* about him.
- Refusing. Merc. Whatever may be proper for you in quality of a *king*, you must allow *me* to determine of the necessities of life requisite for you in quality of a *ghost*. I shall therefore desire, that your *tyrantship* will be pleased to leave your *bags of gold*, your *pride*, and your *cruelty*, behind. For, if you were to go into our *poor crazy wherry*, with them, you would sink it, if there were *no passenger but yourself*.
- Insisting. Blaine. 4th Ghost. Pray, good Mercury, let me carry my *diadem*. (1) It is not much *heavier* than an old-fashioned *wedding-ring*. How will the *ghosts know*, that I am a *king*, without something of a *royal ensign* about me?
- Refusing. Merc. There is no *difference*, where you are going, between a *king* and a *cobler*, unless the *cobler* has been the *better man*, which happens *commonly enough*.—But *who are you*, with your *rosy gills*, and your *round paunch*?
- Question.

(1) Diadems are thought to have been only a sort of ring to go round the head, like a wreath.

5th Ghost. I am only a *harmless good-natured* Intreat.
fellow, known by the name of *Damascus*, the
parasite. You see I am *naked*, I hope, there-
fore, you will let me into the *boat*.

Merc. I like such *naked* passengers as you. Refusing.
Pray, do you think, you can cross the *Styx*
with such a load of *fish* about you? One of Apprehen.
your *legs* would *sink* the *boat*.

5th Ghost. *What* must I put off my very *flesh*? Vexation.

Merc. Yes, surely. Inflicting.

5th Ghost. If I *must*, I *must*. *Now then let *Intreat.
me *come*.

Merc. *Held*. What have you got under Refusing.
your *arm*?

5th Ghost. It is only a little *book* of com- Intreatin.
pliments and *poems*, in praise of *great folks*, which
I have written out, and keep ready by me, to put
any name at the head of them, as *occasion* offers,
you know.

Merc. You *silly fellow*! Do you think you Contemp.
will have occasion for *panegyrics* on the other Quest.
side of the *Styx*?

5th Ghost. *What*, are there no *great folks* Disappoin.
there?

Merc. Why, you *simpleton*, don't you Contemp.
know, that those, who were *great* in t'other
world, are *meanest* in that you are going to?
Besides, there are neither *places* nor *pensious* to
giv' there. — Who are you pray?

6th Ghost. A *conqueror*. I am the fa- Question.
mous — — Chiding.

Merc. You shan't conquer me, I can tell Boasting.
you, Mr. *Famous*; and, therefore, if you don't Resoluto.
throw your *sword* and your *spear*, and all these Refusing.
trophies, into the *Styx*, you shan't set a foot in
the *boat*.

6th Ghost. What must not my *immortal* Vexation.
S

honors accompany me? If I had not thought of enjoying them in the other world, I had not taken the pains I did about them.

Threaten. Merc. You will see presently what honors judge Minos will confer on you for ravaging mankind, and deluging the world with blood.—

Question. Stop. Who are you?

Aff. Lear. 7th Ghost. Sir, I am an universal genius.

†Contem. Merc. † That is to say, in plain English, a Jack of all trades and good at none.

Boasting. 7th Ghost. Why, Sir, I have written upon all manner of subjects. I have published ten volumes in folio, sixteen quartos, thirty five octavos, nineteen volumes in twelves, and twenty two pamphlets. I am a standard-author in astronomy, in natural history, in physic, in criticism, in history, in epic, tragic, and comic poetry, in metaphysics, in grammar in——

Contempt. Merc. Plague on thy everlasting tongue; is it never to lie still any more. What mountain of a folio is that, thou hast under thy arm?

Intreat. 7th Ghost. Sir, it is only my common-place-book.

Contempt. Merc. Well. if you will go and dispose of it, and of your learn'd pride, and your scurrility to all your contemporary authors, and of your arrogance in pretending to be master of so many different subjects, and of your ostentation in giving yourself so many silly airs of learning needlessly; and come back in the dress and disposition of a modest well behaved skeleton, we shall think of giving you your passage.—Now, who

Question. are you?

Boasting. 8th Ghost. Sir, I am worth a plum, as I can shew you by my ledger. Look you here.

“BALANCE Dr. Per. Con. Cr.”

Chiding. Merc. What, in the name of Plutus, (1) has the

(1) The god of riches.

illy ghost got in his *pericranium*? Dost think, Contemp.
friend, that there is *cheating*, and *usury*, and
stock-jobbing, in the *lower regions*? Stand out of Refusing.
the way.—Who are you? Question.

9th Ghost. Sir I am a gentleman rat me. Foppery.

Merc. Ay, there's little doubt of your Contemp.
rotting; now you are dead. You was half rotten
before you died.

9th Ghost. Sir, I have been the *happiest* of Foppery.
all mortals in the favour of the ladies, *split me*.
The tender creatures could refuse me nothing. Boasting.
I conquered wherever I tried, *stab my vitals*.

Merc. I cannot but admire your impudence Chiding.
to tell me a lie. Don't you know, sirrah, that
Mercury is a god? No lady, whose favours were
worth having, ever cared a farthing for you, or
any pig-tail'd puppy of your sort. Therefore let
me have none of your nonsense; but go and Command
throw your snuff-box, your monkey airs, your with Cont.
rat me's, and your *split me's*, your pretensions
to favours you never received, your foolish
brains, and your chattering tongue: throw
them all into the *Styx*, and then we shall per-
haps talk to you.

10th Ghost. I am an emperor, and could Boasting
bring three hundred thousand men into the field, with Intr.
and——

11th Ghost. I am a female conqueror, and Affec. with
have had princes at my feet. My beauty has Intr.
been always thought irresistible, nor has——

12th Ghost. I am a venerable priest of the Affec. of
temple of *Apollo*, and you know, Mercury, whe- Piety.
ther the report of the Delphic oracles's being Self-Vin-
only a contrivance among us, be not a malicious dication.
fiction; and whether the priests, in all ages, and
in all places, have not been, and will not always
be eminent for their artless und-signed simplici-
ty, their contempt of riches, their honest opposi-

tion to the *vices* of the great, and their zeal in promoting *truth* and *liberty* of conscience, and—

Fawn. 13th Ghost. I have the honor to tell you, Sir, I am the *darling* of the greatest prince on earth. I have kept in favour five and twenty years in spite of the hatred of a whole nation, and the arts of hundreds of *rials*. There is not, I will take upon me to say, Sir, a fetch in politics, nor a contrivance for worming in, and screwing out, that I am not master of. I had I assure you, Sir (a word in your ear) I had my king as much at my command as a *sh pherd* has his dog. Sir, I should be proud to serve you, Sir, if you——

Whisp. Stiff Affec. 14th Ghost. I presume, illustrious Sir, you won't hinder me, of my passage, when I inform you, I only want to carry with me a few *nostrums*, a little *physical Latin*, and a small collection of learned phrases for expressing common things more magnificently, which if they were put into a *vernacular tongue*, would be too easily understood. Besides, I have, I believe—

Learn. Affec. with Wheedl. Boast. 15th Ghost. Great god of eloquence, you will not, I am persuaded, stop a famous lawyer and orator. I am master of every trope and figure that ever was heard of. I can make any cause good. By the time I have talked half an hour, there is not a Judge on the bench, who knows which side the right is on, or whether there be any right on either side. And then, for brow-beating, and finding useful and seasonable *demonstrations*, quirk, and the like, I dare challenge—

Hypo. and Fawn. 16th Ghost. Mercury, I do intreat you to let me come into the boat. I am sure, judge Minos will pass a very favourable sentence on me. For it is well known, that no body ever was a more exact observer of the religious ceremonies appointed by authority, and established by

custom, than myself. And what was alleged against me, of my being given to *tensoriousness*, pride, and private sins, is all false—almost—and—

17th Ghost. I am sure, Mercury, I shall be Confiden. very well received by judge *Minos*, judge *Rhadamanthus*, and judge *Æacus*. For I never did harm to any body; but was always ready to do any kindness in my power. And there is Self-Vindication. nothing can be alleged against me, worth naming. For it is not true, that I believed neither god nor future state. I was no *Athist*, as has been alleged, but only a *free-thinker*.

18th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, let a brave soldier Intreatin. come into the boat. See what a stab in my Pity. back I died of.

19th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, don't keep out an industrious citizen, who died of living too frugally.

20th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, let an honest farmer pass, who was knocked on the head for not selling corn to the poor for a song.

Merc. Hoity, toity! What have we got! Impatien. Why don't you all bawl together? Now, in the name of the three *Furies*, *Alecto*, *Tysiphone*, and *Megara*, of the *Vejoves*, the *Numina læva*, and all the *Robigus's* and *Averuncus's* that stand on *Aulus Gellius's* list of mischievous deities, what must we do Charon?

Char. Push them away. Push them into Anger. the *Styx*. There is not one of them fit to be carried over. One comes loaded with pride of Chiding. beauty and lust. another with arrogance and cruelty, another with falsehood, and flattery, another with love of fame, and desire of boundless dominion, another with false learning, another with learned pride, another with spiritual pride and hypocrisy, another with avarice and churlishness, another with soppery and false pretensions to la-

- dies favours, another with political craft, bribery, and corruption, another with law quirks, another with quackish nostrums, and another with priestcraft; and they expect, that my poor little old half rotten wherry should carry them and all their nasty luggag over at one lift. Why Mercury, it would require such a vessel, as those they will build at the island of Albion two thousand years hence, which will be called first rate men of war, to carry such a cargo. Therefore we must e'en put off, with this half dozen of passengers, and, perhaps, by the time we come back, some of them will be stripped to the buff, I mean to the bones, and disencumbered of their respective appurtenances, so as to be fit for the voyage.*
- Derermi. Merc. We have *nothing else* for it, Charon. Therefore, *gentlemen and ladies*, if you
- Threatn. don't clear the way, I must be *rule* to you.
- Comman. *Fall back, fall back.* I have not room to push the boat off—[Standing a tiptoe, and looking
- Doubting. as at a distant object] O—Methinks, I see a couple of *modest-looking ghosts* whom I should
- Inviting. know, standing at a distance. Ay, ay, it is the
- Approbat. same. Hark ye, you good people, come this way. You seem to have *shaken off* all your *useless lumber*. I remember you. You lived in a little cottage on the side of a hill in the *Chersonesus Cimbrica*. You were always good, honest contented creatures.
- Kindness. Char. Tak them in, Mercury. They are worth a hundred of your *cumbrous emperors, conquerors, beauties, and literati*. Come, let us push off.

LXIII.

ACCUSATION.

From *Cicero's* ORATION against *Verres*, entitled
DIVINATIO.

HAVING formerly had the honour of being *Apology*,
quaestor in *Sicily*, and leaving that people
 with such *grateful* impressions of me on account
 of my *behavior*, while I was among them, as,
 I hope will not *soon* be effaced, it appeared,
 that, as they had great dependance upon their
former patrons for the security of their properties
 they likewise reposed *some* degree of confidence
 in me. Those *unhappy people* being *plundered* *Pity*,
 and *oppressed*, have made *frequent* and *public* ap-
 plications to me, intreating, that I would under-
 take the defence of them, and their *fortunes* ;
 which they told me, they were encouraged to
 request of me, by *promises* I had given them (of the
sincerity, of which they had had several *substantial* *Promising*
proofs) that if *ever* they should have *occasion* for
 my *friendship*, I would not be wanting in any
respect in which I could be *useful* to them. The
 time was now come, they told me, when they *Intreating*
 had but *too much occasion* to claim my *promise* ;
 for that they were now in want of *protection*,
 not for their *property* only, but even for their *Pity*,
lives, and for securing the very *being* of the
province. That for *three years* they had suffered *Accusatio*
 by the injustice of *Gaius Verres*, every *hardship*,
 with which *daring impiety*, *rapacious insolence*,
 and *wanton cruelty* could *distress* a *miserable* and
helpless people. It gave me no *small concern*, to *Vexation*,
 find myself obliged either to *falsify* my *promise*
 to those, who had reposed a *confidence* in me,

- or to undertake the *ungrateful part* of an *accuser*, instead of that which I have *always chosen*, I mean of a *defender*. I referred them to the patronage of *Quintus Caecilius*, who succeeded me in the *quaestorship* of the province. I was in hopes, I should thus get free of the *disagreeable office*. they had solicited me to engage in.
- Declin. But to my great disappointment, they told me, so far from their having any hopes from *Caecilius*, their distresses had been heightened by him; and that he had, by his conduct, during his *quaestorship*, made their application to me more necessary, than otherwise it would have been.
- Vexation. You see therefore, Fathers, that I am drawn to engage this cause by duty, fidelity and commiseration, for the distressed; and that, though I may seem to take the accusing side, it is, in fact, the defence of the oppressed, that I undertake, the defence of many thousands, of many great cities, of a whole province. And indeed, though the cause were of less consequence than it is; though the Sicilians had not requested my assistance; and though I had not been by my promise, and my connexions with that unfortunate people, obliged to undertake their defence, though I had professedly commenced this prosecution with a view to the service of my country merely; that a
- Accusati. man infamous for his avarice, impudence, and villainy, whose rapaciousness, and other crimes of various kinds, are notorious, not in Sicily only but in Achaia, Asia Minor, Cilicia, Pamphilia, and even here at home; that such a man might at my instance, be brought upon his trial, and receive the punishment he deserves; though I had had no other view in this prosecution, than that justice should be done upon a cruel oppressor, and the distressed be delivered; what Roman could have blamed my proceeding? How could
- Self-Vindication.

I do a more valuable service to the Commonwealth? What ought to be more acceptable to the Roman people, to our allies, or to foreign nations? What more desirable towards securing the properties, privileges, and lives of mankind, than exemplary justice, inflicted on notorious abusers of power? Deploable is the situation of the tributary states and provinces of the commonwealth. Oppressed, plundered, ruined, by those who are set over them, they do not now presume to hope for deliverance. All they desire, is a little alleviation of their distresses. They are willing to submit their cause to the justice of a Roman senate. But they, who ought to undertake their vindication, are their enemies. They, who ought to commence the prosecution against their oppressors, deserve themselves, to be brought upon their trial for their own mal-administration.

It is sufficiently known to you, Fathers, that the law for recovery of tributes unjustly seized, was intended expressly for the advantage of the allied and tributary states. For in cases of injustice done by one citizen to another, redress is to be had by action at common law. The present cause is, therefore, to be tried by the law of recovery. And under the umbrage of that law, and in hopes of redress by it, the province of Sicily, with one voice, accuses Verres of plundering her of her gold and silver, of the riches of her towns, her cities, and temples, and of all she enjoyed under the protection of the Roman commonwealth, to the value of many millions, &c.

From his other orations against Verres.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying

Accusati

Teach. or
Explain.

Accusati.

Teach. or
Explain.

- the envy, your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. That, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one, whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependance upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean *Gaius Verres*. I have undertaken this prosecution, Fathers, at the general desire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people; not that I might draw envy upon that illustrious order, of which the accused happens to be, but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose conduct has been such, that, in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing the credit of such trials; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favor of the Roman people; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of *Asia Minor* and *Pamphylia*, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of *Sicily*. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain
- Awe. Informing
- Accusati.
- Apology.
- Exciting
- Insisting.
- Accusati.
- Exciting.

one point, viz. To make it *apparent* to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal, nor a prosecutor; but justice, and adequate punishment. And to confess the very truth, Fathers, though various *suaves* have been laid for me, by sea and land, by Verres, which I have partly avoided by my own vigilance, partly baffled with the help of my friends; I have never been so apprehensive of danger from him as now. Nor does my anxiety about my own insufficiency for conducting such a trial, nor the awe, with which so great a concourse of people strikes me, alarm my apprehensions so much, as the wicked arts and designs which I know he has framed, against Marcus Glabrio the praetor, against the allied and tributary states, against the whole senatorial rank, and against myself. For he makes no scruple publicly to declare, "That in his opinion they alone have reason to fear being called to account, who have only amassed what is sufficient for themselves. That, for his part, he has prudently taken care to secure what will be sufficient for himself and many others besides. That he knows there is nothing so sacred, but it may be made free with, nothing so well secured, but it may be come at by a proper application of money." It is true, we are so far obliged to him, that he joins with his daring wickedness such bare-faced folly, that it must be our own egregious and inexcusable fault, if we are deceived by him. For as those acts of violence, which he has gotten his exorbitant riches, were done openly, so have his attempts to pervert judgment and escape due punishment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly said, that the only time he ever was afraid, was, when he found the prosecution commenced

Apprehen.

Accusati.

Contempt

Accusati.

against him by me; lest he should not have time enough to dispose of a sufficient number of presents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to secure himself by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be sufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him whose whole life has been a continual series of the most atrocious crimes? To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villainies; Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer; a consul stripped and betrayed; an army deserted and reduced to want; a province robbed; the civil and religious rights of a people violated.— The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries; in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. There he acted over again the scene of his quaestorship, bringing, by his bad practices Cneius Dolabella, whose substitute he was, into disgrace with the people, and then deserting him; not only deserting, but even accusing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those, who suffered by his injustice, answer. But his praetorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness; and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such that many years under the wisest and best of praetors, will not be

sufficient to restore things to the condition, in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, *pity.* during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit, by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been *Account:* able to keep possession of any thing, but what has either escaped the rapaciousness, or been neglected by the satiety of that universal plunderer. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily, for these three years. And his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes, and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temple stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such, as decency forbids to describe. Nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters

from his *impurity*. And these his *atrocious crimes*, have been committed in so *public* a manner, that there is *no one*, who has heard of his *name*, but could *reckon up his actions*.

Deprecat. Having, by his *iniquitous sentences*, filled the prisons with the most *industrious* and *deserving* of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of *Roman citizens* to be *strangled* in the *goals*; so that the exclamation, "I am a *citizen of Rome*," which has often, in the most *distant regions*, and among the most *barbarous people*, been a *protection*, was of *no service* to them; but, on the contrary, brought a *speedier*, and more *severe punishment* upon them.

Challeng. I *ask*, now, *Verres*, what you have to *advance* against this *charge*? Will you pretend to *deny* it? Will you pretend, that any thing *false*, that even any thing, *aggravated*, is alleged against you? Had any *prince*, or any *state*,

Remonst. committed the *same outrage* against the privilege of *Roman citizens*, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring *immediate war* against them? *What punishment*

Accus. ought, then, to be inflicted upon a *tyrannical* and *wicked prætor*, who *dared*, at no *greater distance*, than *Sicily*, within *sight* of the *Italian coast*, to put to the infamous death of *crucifixion*,

Pity. that *unfortunate* and *innocent citizen*, *Publius Cavius Cosanus*, only for his having *asserted* his privilege of *citizenship*, and declared his intention of *appealing* to the *justice* of his *country*

Accus. against a *cruel oppressor*, who had *unjustly confined* him in *prison* at *Syracuse*, from whence

Pity. he had just made his *escape*. The *unhappy man* arrested, as he was going to *embark* for his *native country*, is brought before the *wicked*

Accus. prætor. With *eyes darting fury*, and a *countenance distorted with cruelty*, he orders the

helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain, that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty praetor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, * "I am a Roman citizen" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross.

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of

Pity.

Deprecati.

Accus.

Pity.

*Deprecati.

Accus.

Horror.

Lamenta.

Exciting

to Vindic.

Caius Verres to escape the due *punishment*, leave room to apprehend the *danger* of a total *subversion* of authority, and introduction of general *anarchy* and *confusion*.

LXIV.

TERROR. DISCOVERY of secret Wickedness.

The ghost of Hamlet king of Denmark, murdered by his brother, in concert with his queen, appears to Hamlet his son.

[Shakesp. Hamlet.]

Alarm.

Horatio. **L**OOK! my lord, it comes!

Starting.

Hamlet. *Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!*—(1)

Trembl.

Be thou a spirit of *health*, or goblin *damn'd*;
Bring with thee *air* from *Heav'n* or *blasts* from *hell*,
Be thy intents *wicked* or *charitable*,
Thou com'st in such a *questionable* (2) *shape*,
That I *will* speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,

Earnest.

King, Father, Royal Dane! O answer me,
Why thy bones, hears'd in canonized earth,

(1) Hamlet, standing in conversation with Horatio and Marcellus, is supposed to be turned from the place where the ghost appears, and is seen by Horatio. When Horatio gives the word, that the ghost appears, Hamlet turns hastily round toward it in great consternation, and expresses his fear in the first line, "Angels and Ministers," &c. Then, after a long pause, looking earnestly at the spectre, he goes on, "Be thou a spirit," &c. See Fear, p. 23.

(2) Questionable, means inviting question. The ghost appeared in a shape so interesting to the young prince, viz. That of his father, that he could not help venturing to speak to it, tho' with great reluctance from fear.

Have burst their cerements? (1) Why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee forth again? What may this mean,
That thy dead corps again in warlike steel
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?
Say, why is this? What would'st thou have Quest.
done for thee?

Ghost. (2) I am thy father's spirit; to earth Horror.
return'd

Foul murder to disclose—Lift then, O Hamlet!—
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my garden,
A serpent stung me. So the ear of Denmark
Is, by a forg'd process of my death,
Grossly abused. But know, thou princely youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father dead,
Now wears his crown. Sleeping within an alcove, Complaint
On my security thy uncle stole of Injury.
With juice of cursed hebenon distill'd,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leprous poison, whose contagious nature
Holds such an enmity with the life of man,
That with a sudden vigour it doth curdle
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,
And instantly a tetter bark'd about,
Most loathsome like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once bereft.
Cut off ev'n in the blossom of my sins;

T 2

(1) Cerements are the medicated swathings
put about a dead body, to preserve it longer
from putrefaction; from cera wax.

(2) The speech of the ghost to be spoken with-
out action, very slow and solemn, with little
variation of voice, and in a hollow dreary tone.

- No reck'ning made, but sent to my account,
 With all my imperfections on my head.
- Exciting. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
- Aversion. A couch for filthiness, and beastly incest.
 But howsoever thou pursu'st redress,
- Caution. Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heav'n
- Anguish. And to those thorns, which in her bosom lodge,
 To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
 The glow worm shews the morning to be near;
 His ineffectual fire begins to pale.
 Farewel. Remember me.

LXV.

EXHORTATION. REPROACHING.

The Athenians, being unsuccessful in the war against Philip of Macedon, assembled, in great dejection, in order to consult what measures were to be taken to retrieve their seemingly desperate affairs. Demosthenes endeavours to encourage them, by shewing them, that there was nothing to fear from Philip, if they prosecuted the war in a proper manner.

[Demost. Philip. Orat.]

ATHENIANS!

- Apology. HAD this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have waited to hear the opinions of others, before I had offered my own; and if what they proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those, who had spoken before me. But as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I
- Submission
- Apology.

hope I shall be excused, though I rise up *first* to offer my opinion. Had the schemes, *formerly* proposed, been *successful*, there had been *no occasion* for the *present* consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me *intreat* Encourag-
 you not to look upon the state of our affairs as
desperate, though it be *unpromising*. For, as
 on *one* hand; to compare the *present* with times
past, matters has indeed a very *gloomy aspect*; Concern.
 so, on the *other*, if we extend our views to
future times, I have good hopes, that the Hope.
distresses we are *now* under, will prove of
 greater advantage to us, than if we had *never*
 fallen into them. If it be asked, what *probabi-* Doubting.
ity there is of this, I answer, I hope, it will
 appear, that it is our *egregious misbehavior*
alone, that has brought us into these *disad-*
vantagous circumstances. From whence fol- Reproach.
 lows the necessity of *altering* our conduct, and Directing.
 the prospect of *bettering* our *circumstances* by Hope.
 doing so. If we had *nothing* to *accuse* ourselves Apprehen-
 of; and yet found our affairs in their *present*
disorderly condition; we should not have room
 left even for the *hope* of *recovering* ourselves Exciting.
 But, my countrymen, it is known to you,
 partly by your own remembrance, and partly
 by information from others, how *gloriously* the
Lacedaemonian war was *sustained*, in which we Courage.
 engaged in *defence* of our own rights, against
 an enemy *powerful* and *formidable*; in the *whole*
conduct of which war *nothing* happened unwor-
 thy the *dignity* of the *Athenian state*; and this Approba-
 within these *few years* past. My *intention* in
 recalling to your memory this part of our
 history is, To shew you, that you have no Exciting.
 reason to *fear any enemy*, if your operations be
wisely planned, and *vigorously executed*; as, on Apprehen-
 the *contrary*, that if you *do not exert* your

- natural strength in a proper manner, you have nothing to look for but disappointment and distress; and to suggest to you, that you ought to profit by this example of what has actually been done by good conduct against the great power of the Lacedæmonians; so as in the present war to assert your superiority over the insolence of Philip; which it is evident from experience may be effected, if you resolve to attend diligently to those important objects, which you have of late shamefully neglected. The enemy has indeed gained considerable advantages by treaty, as well as by conquest. For it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those, who, by their counsels and arms, seem likely to procure for themselves and their confederates distinguished honours and advantages.
- But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover* what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your industry obliges, at present to list their real
- Exciting. nothing to look for but disappointment and distress; and to suggest to you, that you ought to profit by this example of what has actually been done by good conduct against the great power of the Lacedæmonians; so as in the present war to assert your superiority over the insolence of Philip; which it is evident from experience may be effected, if you resolve to attend diligently to those important objects, which you have of late shamefully neglected. The enemy has indeed gained considerable advantages by treaty, as well as by conquest. For it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those, who, by their counsels and arms, seem likely to procure for themselves and their confederates distinguished honours and advantages.
- Courage. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover* what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your industry obliges, at present to list their real
- Reproach. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover* what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your industry obliges, at present to list their real
- Regr. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover* what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your industry obliges, at present to list their real
- Encourag. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover* what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your industry obliges, at present to list their real
- Exciting. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover* what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your industry obliges, at present to list their real
- Reproach. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover* what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your industry obliges, at present to list their real

sentiments, which are in your favour. But Exciting.
when will you, my countrymen, when will
you rouse from your indolence, and bethink
yourselves of what is to be done? when you Apprehen
are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When
irresistible necessity drives you? What think ye Rousing
of the disgraces, which are already come upon Shame.
you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your
activity? Or do ye wait for somewhat, yet Reprov.
to come more forcible and urgent? How long with
will you amuse yourselves with enquiring of one Contempt
another after news, as you ramble idly about
the streets? What news so strange ever came Rousing
to Athens, as, that a Macedonian should subdue Shame.
this state, and terd it over Greece? Again, you Contempt-
ask one another, "What, is Philip dead?"
"No," it is answered, "but he is very ill!" Chiding.
How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you
whether Philip is sick, or well? Suppose he
were dead. Your inactivity would soon raise up
against yourselves another Philip in his stead.
For it is not his strength, that has made him
what he is; but your indolence, which has of
late, been such, that you seem neither in a con-
dition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor
to keep it if it were gained by others for you.

But what I have hitherto observed to your Recollect.
reproach, will be of no service towards retrieving
the past miscarriages, unless I proceed to offer
a plan for raising the necessary supplies of money,
shipping, and men.

The orator then goes on to treat of ways and
means. But that part of his speech being
less entertaining, and his demands of men,
money, and shipping, being pitiful, com-
pared with the immense funds, and stupen-
dous armaments, we are accustomed to, I

leave it out. Afterwards he shews Philip's insolence by producing his letters to the Eubœans; and then makes remarks on them.

- Regret. The present *disgraceful* state of your affairs, my countrymen, as it appears from the *insolent* strain of the *letters* I have just read, may not, perhaps, be a very *pleasing* subject, for your
- Reluctance *reflections*. And if, by *avoiding* the mention of *disagreeable* circumstances, their existence could be *prevented* or *annihilated*, there would be *nothing* to do, but to *frame* our *speeches* so as to
- Apprehension give the most *pleasure* to the *hearers*. But, if the *unseasonable smoothness* of a speech tends to *lull* a people into a *fatal security*, how *shameful*
- Reproach is such *self-deceit*! How *contemptible* the *weakness* of putting off the *evil day*, and through
- Apprehension fear of being *shocked* at the sight of what is *disordered* in our *affairs*, to suffer the disorder to *increase* to such a degree, as will soon be *irretrievable*! Wisdom, on the contrary, directs, that the conductors of a war always *anticipate*
- Courage. the operations of the *enemy*, instead of waiting to see what steps *he* shall take. Superiority of
- Contempt genius shews itself by taking the *part* of others; as in marching to battle, it is the *general*, who leads, and the *common soldiers*, that follow.—
- Courage. Whereas you, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is *necessary* for war, as *shipping*, *cavalry*, *infantry*, and *funds*, have not the *spirit* to make the proper use of your *advantages*; but suffer the *enemy* to *dictate* to you every motion you are to make. If you hear, that Philip is in the *Chersonesus*, you order troops to be sent *thither*. If at *Pyle*, forces are to be detached to secure *that post*. Wherever *he* makes an *attack*, there you stand upon your *defence*. You
- Repr. with Indigna. attend him in *all his motions*, as *soldiers* do their
- Rousing Shame.
- Chiding.

general. But you *never* think of striking out Chiding.
of yourselves any bold and *effectual* scheme for
 bringing him to *reason*, by being *beforehand*
 with him. A *pitiful* manner of carrying on Contempt
 war at *any time*: but, in the critical circum- Apprehen-
 stances you are *now in*, utterly *ruinous*. How-
 ever you might *trifle*, so long as things were
 in a tolerable state of *safety*, you will not, I
 hope, think of going on in the same way, now
 that the *very being* of the *state* is come to be
precarious. I would willingly *flatter myself* Hope.
 with the hope, that things being come to a *cri-*
sis, the hasty *strides* made by Philip toward the
 conquest of this *commonwealth*, will prove the
 means of *defeating his design*. Had he pro-
 ceeded *deliberately and prudently*, you seem so Sarcaſm.
 disposed to *peace*, that I do not imagine, you
 would have *troubled yourselves* about his taking
 a few towns and provinces, but would have given
 him leave, without *molestation*, to affront your
standards and flags at his *pleasure*. But now,
 that you see him making *rapid advances* toward
 your *capital*, perhaps you may at last be *alarmed*,
 if you be not *lost* to all sense of *prudence, honor,*
or safety.

O *shame* to the *Athenian name*! We under- Rousing
 took this war against Philip, in order to obtain Shame.
redress of *grievances*, and to force him to *indem-*
nify us for the *injuries* he had done us. And Sarcaſm.
 we have conducted it so *successfully*, that we
 shall, by and by, think ourselves *happy*, if we
 escaped being *defeated and ruined*. For, who Apprehen
 can think, that a prince, of his *restless and am-*
bitious temper, will not improve the *opportuni-*
ties and advantages which our *idolence and tim-*
idity present him? Will he give over his designs
 against us, without being *obliged* to it? Remonſt.
 And *who* will *oblige* him? *Who* will *restrain* his Alarm.

Soliciting. *fury ? Shall we wait for assistance from some*
 Intreating *unknown country ? In the name of all that is*
sacred, and all that is dear to us, let us make
an attempt with what forces we can raise, if
we should not be able to raise as many as we
 Indigna. *would wish. Let us do somewhat to curb this*
 Char. with *insolent tyrant of his pursuits. Let us not trifle*
 Reproof. *away the time in hearing the ineffectual wrang-*
 Apprehen *lings of orators, while the enemy is strengthening*
himself, and we are declining, and our allies
growing more and more cold to our interest,
and more apprehensive of the consequences of
continuing on our side.

LXVI.

Villainous SURMISING. JEALOUSY.

Iago artfully endeavours to excite Othello to jealousy against his innocent wife Desdemona, to be revenged on Othello for a supposed injury. [Shakesp. OTHEL.]

Question. Iago. **D**ID Michael Cassio, when you
 woo'd my lady,

Craft. Know of your love ?

Indiffer. Othello. He did from first to last. Why
 dost thou ask ?

Insinuat. Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
 No farther harm.

Doubting. Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Insinuat. Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted
 with it.

Declar. Oth. O yes ; and went between us very often.

Surmising. Iago. Indeed ?

Anxiety. Oth. Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught from
 that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. *Honest, my Lord?*

Surmising.

Oth. *Honest! ay, honest!*

Anxiety.

Iago. *My Lord—for aught—for aught—I*

Surmising.

know.

Oth. *What dost thou think of?*

Anxiety.

Iago. *Think of, my Lord!*

Oth. *Think of, my Lord! Why dost thou*

Anxiety.

echo me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought

Suspicion.

Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something.

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'd'st not that;

When Cassio left my wife: What didst not

Question.

like?

Suspicion.

And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst,

"Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brows together,

As if thou had'st shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Earnest.

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. *My Lord, you know I love you.*

Fawning.

Oth. *I think thou dost.*

Suspicion.

And as I know thou'rt full of honesty,

And weigh'st thy words, before thou giv'st them

breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

Apprehen.

For such things in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but in a man, that's just,

They're distillations working from the heart,

Which passion cannot rule. Therefore I tell

Earnest.

thee,

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

Charg.

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his

ear

- Pret. A stranger to thy thought.
 Reluct. Iago. I do beseech you,
 From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
 Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
 Out of my scattering and unsure observance.
 It were not for your quiet nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.
- Questioni. Oth. What dost thou mean ?
 Pretended Iago. Good name in man, or woman, dear my
 Reluct. Lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
 Contempt Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something
 — nothing —
 'Twas mine — 'tis his — it has been slaves to thou-
 sands ;
- Concern. But he who filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which makes not him the richer,
 And makes me poor indeed.
- Charging. Oth. I'll know thy thoughts.
 Refusing. Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
 hand (1)
- Caution. Beware, my Lord, beware of jealousy,
 Horror. That ghastly green-ey'd monster, which doth make
 The meat it feeds on. (2) The injur'd husband's
 happy,
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his traitress :
 Anguish. But, oh, what cruel minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves.
 Oth. O misery ! [Aside]

(1) Iago. You cannot, &c.] That is, " I hardly know, myself, what to think ; and yet I cannot help suspecting Cassio."

(2) —doth make the meat it feeds on] That is, " Jealousy creates to itself, out of nothing, grounds of suspicion."

Iag. *Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough :*

But *wealth unbounded is as poor as winter*

To him, who *ever fears*, he shall be *poor*.— Pretend.

I *doubt*, this hath a little *dash'd* your *spirits*. Symp.

Oth. *Not a jot. Not a jot. Farewel.* Pretend.

If thou dost *more perceive*, let me *know more*. Indiff.

[Exit Iago.]

Why did I *marry*? This *honest fellow*, doubtless, Jealousy.
Secs, and *knows more, much more*, than he *un-*
folds.

He *knows all qualities*, with a *learn'd spirit*

Of *human dealings* (1)—Should I prove her Anguish.
faithless,

Tho' that her *charms* were *bodied* with my Threatn.
heart,

I'd *rend* it into *twain*, to *throw* her *from me*.

LXVII.

COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The speech of Adherbal, son of Micipsa, king of Numidia, complaining to the Roman senate, and imploring assistance against the violence of Jugurtha, adopted, and left co-heir of the kingdom, by Micipsa, with himself and Hiempsal, which last Jugurtha had procur'd to be murdered. [Sal. BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

FATHERS,

IT is known to you, that king *Micipsa*, my *father*, on his *death-bed*, left in charge to *Jugur-* Explain.

(1) He knows all qualities &c.] That is, "He knows the characters of men and women, and is learned in human nature."

Submis.

tha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother *Hiempsal*, and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome, as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

Grief.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing, but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father;—*Jugurtha*——the most infamous of mankind!—breaking through all ties of gratitude, and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne, and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather *Masinissa*, and my father *Micipsa*, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

Compl.

Grief.

For a prince to be reduced, by villany, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors; not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. *Jugurtha* has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burthensome, before I could be useful, to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeserved misery who, from a powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of

Compl.

begging foreign assistance against an enemy, who has seized my throne and kingdom, if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitress of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from whence my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax, and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated, and Jugurtha in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

Submis.

Intr.

Excit. to
Vindic.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! Is this the consequence of your generosity; that he whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children! Must then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia, drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Lament.

Horror.
Lament.

Glim.

Hope.

Horror.

Whither!—O whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother.

Angu.

Distr.

Dread.

- Horror. *What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood, those hands which are now reeking with my brother's?*
- Dist. *If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation. But he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand, which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all, whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross; others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death.*
- Horror. *Look down, illustrious senators of Rome, from that height of power, to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him, who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed that he labours by his emissaries, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might, for him, have staid, in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time*
- Subm.
- Intr.
- Subm.
- Cant.
- Horror.
- Accus.
- Comp.

comes, when the due *vengeance*, from above, shall overtake him, he will then assemble in the very same manner as I do. Then he, who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight.—
 But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life and kingdom, at once by the very person, who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family: But as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries, which render life to me a burden. He lies full low gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction; whilst I am set up a spectacle, to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Lamenta.

Horror.

Anguish.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world! To you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you; deliver a wretched prince

Vehem.

Soliciting.

from *undeserved, unprovoked injury* ; and save the kingdom of *Namidia*, which is your own property, from being the prey of *violence, usurpation and cruelty*.

LXVIII.

ACCUSATION. PITY.

Pleadings of *Lyfias* the orator in favour of certain orphans defrauded by an uncle, executor to the will of their father. [*Dion. Halicarn.*]

VENERABLE JUDGES !

Subm. **I**F the *cause* which now comes under your
 Apology. cognisance, were not of extraordinary im-
 Averfion. portance, I should never have given my consent,
 that it should be *litigated* before you. For it
 seems to me *shameful*, that near *relations* should
 commence *prosecutions* against one another ;
 and I know, that in such trials, not only the
 aggressors, but even those, who *resent* injuries
 too *impatiently*, must appear to you in a *disad-*
 Subm. *vantageous light*. But the *plaintiffs*, who have
 Pity. been *defrauded* of a very large sum of money,
 and *cruelly injured* by one, who ought to have
 Accusa. been the last to hurt them ; have applied to me
 Pity. as a *relation* to *plead* their *cause*, and *procure*
 Apology. them *redress*. And I thought I could not *de-*
 Pity. *cently excuse* myself from undertaking the *pat-*
ronage of persons in such *distressful* circum-
 stances, with whom I had such close *connections*.
 For the *sister* of the *plaintiffs*, the niece of
 Apology. *Diogiton* the defendant, is my *wife*. When
 the *plaintiffs* *intreated* me, as they did *often*, to
 undertake the *management* of the *suit*, I advised

them to refer the difference between them and Averſion their uncle the defendant, to private arbitration ; thinking it the intereſt of both parties to conceal, as much as poſſible, from the knowledge of the public, that there was any diſpute between them. But as Diogiton knew, that it was eaſy Accuſati. to prove him guilty of detaining the property of the plaintiffs his nephews, he foreſaw, that it would, by no means, anſwer his purpoſe, to ſubmit his cauſe to the deciſſion of arbitrators. He has, therefore determined to proceed to the utmoſt extremity of injuſtice, at the hazard of the conſequences of a proſecution.

I moſt humbly implore you, venerable judges, Submiſſi. to grant the plaintiffs redreſs, if I ſhew you as Intr. I hope I ſhall in the moſt ſatisfactory manner, that the defendant, though ſo nearly related to Pity. the unhappy orphans, the plaintiffs, has treated Blame. them in ſuch a manner, as would be ſhameful among abſolute ſtrangers.

I beg leave to lay before you, venerable Submiſſi. judges, the ſubject of the preſent proſecution, as follows :

Diodotus and Diogiton were brothers, the Narration children of the ſame father and the ſame mother. Upon their father's deceaſe, they divided between them his moveables ; but his real eſtate they enjoyed conjunctly. Diodotus growing rich Diogiton offered him his only daughter in marriage. (1) By her Diodotus had two ſons and a daughter. Diodotus happening afterwards to be enrolled, in his turn, to go to the war under Thraſyllus, he called together his wife, his brother's daughter, and his wife's brother, and his own brother, who was likewise his father-in-law, and both uncle and grandfather to his chil-

(1) Among the ancients, marriage was allowed between perſons very nearly related.

dren. He thought, he could not trust the care of his children in *properer* hands, than those of his brother. He leaves in his custody, his will, with *five talents* (1) of silver. He gives him an account of *seven talents*, and *forty minae* besides, which were out at interest, and a *thousand mina* which were due to him by a person in the *Gher-sonefus*. He had ordered in his will, that in case of his death, *one talent*, and the *household furniture*, should be his wife's. He bequeathed, farther to his daughter, *one talent*, and *twenty minae*, and *thirty Cyzicenean stateres*, and the rest of his estate equally between his sons—Settling his affairs thus, and leaving a copy of his will, he sets out along with the army. He dies at *Ephesus*.—Diogiton conceals from his daughter the death of her husband. He gets into his hands the will of his deceased brother, by pretending, that it was necessary for him to shew it as a voucher, in order to his transacting some affairs for his brother, during his absence. At length, when he thought the decease of his brother could not much longer be concealed, he formally declares it. The family goes into mourning. They stay *one year* at *Piræum*, where their moveables were. In this time the produce of all that could be sold of the effects, being spent, he sends the children to town, and gives his daughter, the widow of his brother *Diodotus*, to a second husband, and with her *five thousand drachmæ*, of which the husband returns him *one thousand* as a present. When the eldest son came to man's estate, about eight years after the departure of *Diodotus*, Diogiton calls the children together; tells them, that their father had left them *twenty minae* of silver, and *thirty stateres*. "I

Conc.
Accus.

Pity.

Narration

Accus.

(1) See for the value of talents, minæ, drachmæ and stateres, Gronov. De Pecun. Vet.

"have laid out (says he) of my own money, for Pret end.
 "your maintainance and education, a consider- Conc.
 "able sum. Nor did I grudge it, while I was in
 "flourishing circumstances, and could afford it.
 "But, by unforeseen and irremediable misfor-
 "tunes, I am reduced to an incapacity of contin-
 "uing my kindness to you. Therefore, as Advising,
 "you" (speaking to the eldest son) "are now
 "of an age to shift for yourself, I would advise
 "you to resolve upon some employment, by
 "which you may gain a subsistence."

The poor fatherless children were thunder- Shock.
 struck, upon hearing this barbarous speech. They Distr.
 fled in tears to their mother, and, with her,
 came to request my protection. Finding them-
 selves stripped of the estate left them by their
 father, and reduced by their hard hearted uncle
 and grand-father, to absolute beggary, they in- Intr.
 treated, that I would not desert them too; but
 for the sake of their sister, my wife would un-
 dertake their defence. The mother begged,
 that I would bring about a meeting of the rela-
 tions, to reason the matter with her father; and
 said, that though she had never before spoke in
 any large company, especially of men, she would
 endeavour to lay before them the distresses and
 injuries of her family.

Diogiton, being, with difficulty, brought to
 the meeting, the mother of the plaintiffs asked Accus.
 him, how he could have the heart to use her
 sons in such a manner. Are you not, Sir," Remons.
 (says she) "the uncle and the grand-father of
 "the two fatherless youths? Are they not the
 "children of your own brother, and of your
 "own daughter? How could they be more
 "nearly related to you, unless they were your
 "own sons? And though you despised all hu-
 "man authority, you ought to reverence the

"*gods, who are witnesses of the trust reposed in you by the deceased father of the unhappy youths.*"

Narration She then *enumerated the several sums, the property of the deceased, which had been received by*
 Accus. *Diogiton, and charged him with them, producing authentic evidence for every particular.*

Remonf. "*You have driven,*" (says she) "*out of their own house, the children of your own daughter, in rags, unfurnished with the common decencies of life. You have deprived them of the effects, and of the money left them by their father. But you want to enrich the children you have had by my step mother; which, without doubt, you might lawfully*
 Sev. "*and properly do, if it were not at the expence,*
 Charg. "*and to the utter ruin of those, whose fortunes were deposite in your hands, and whom, from affluence, you want to reduce to beggary; impiously despising the authority of the gods, injuring your own daughter, and violating the sacred wil of the dead.*"

Narration The distressed mother having vented her
 Pity. grief in such bitter *complaints as these, we were all, by sympathy, so touched with her afflictions, and the cruelty of her injurious father, that,*

Blame. *when we considered in our own minds, the hard*
 Pity. *usage which the young innocents had met with, when we remembered the deceased Diogitus, and thought how unworthy a guardian he had chosen for his children, there was not one of us who could refrain from tears. And I persuade myself, venerable Judges, that you will not be unaffected, with so calamitous a case, when you come to consider attentively, the various aggravations of the defendant's proceedings. Such unfaithfulness, in so solemn a trust, were it to pass unpunished, and consequently, to become*

Accus.

common, would destroy all confidence among mankind, so that nobody would know how, or to whom, he could commit the management of his affairs, in his absence, or after his death. The defendant, at first, would have denied his having had any effects of his brother's left in his hands. And when he found, he could not get off that way, he then produced an account of sums, laid out, as he pretended, by him for the children, to such a value, as is beyond all belief? no less than seven talents of silver, and seven thousand drachmæ. All this, he said, had been expended in eight years, in the clothing and maintenance of two boys and a girl. And when he was pressed to shew how their expences could amount to such a sum, he had the impudence to charge five obolio a day for their table; and for shoes and dying their clothes, (1) and for the barber, he gave in no particular account, neither by the month, nor by the year; but charged in one gross sum a talent of silver. For their father's monument, he pretends to have been at the expence of five thousand drachmæ, of which he charges one half to the account of the children. But it is manifest, that it could not cost twenty minæ. His injustice to the children appears sufficiently in the following article alone, if there were no other proof of it. He had occasion to buy a lamb for the feast of Bacchus, which cost, as he pretends, ten drachmæ; and of these he charges eight to the account of his wards.

Had the defendant been a man of any principle, he would have bethought himself of laying out to advantage the fortune left in his hands by

W

(1) In those simpler ages, the cloth, or stuff, of which the clothes of persons, even of high rank, were made, was commonly manufactured, from the wool to the dying, at home,

the deceased, for the *benefit* of the fatherless children. Had he bought with it *lands* or *houses*, the children might have been *maintained* out of the yearly *rents*, and the *principal* have been kept *entire*. But he does not seem to have *once thought* of *improving* their fortune ; but on the contrary, to have contrived only how to *strip* them.

Narration But the most *atrocious* (for a *single* action) of all his proceedings, is what *follows*. When he was made *commander* of the *gallies*, along with *Alexis*, the son of *Aristodicus*, and, according to his *own* account, had been, on occasion of fitting out the *fleet*, and *himself*, at the *expense* of *forty-eight minæ*, out of his *own* private *purse*—

Accus.

Wonder.

he *charges* his *infant-wards* with *half* this *sum*. Whereas the state not only exempts *minors* from public *offices*, but even grants them *immunity*, for *one year*, at least, after they come of *age*. And when he had fitted out for a voyage to the *Adriatic*, a ship of burden to the value of *two talents*, he told his *daughter*, the mother of his *wards*, that the adventure was at the *risque* and for the *benefit* of his *wards*. But, when the *returns* were made, and he had *doubled* the *sum* by the *profits* of the *voyage*—the *gains* were, he said, *all his own*. The *fortune*

Accus.

of his *wards* was to answer for the *damages*—but was not to be at all the *better* for the *advantages* ! If, in this manner, one is to trade at the *peril* and *loss* of others, and engross to *himself* the whole *profits* ; it is not difficult to conceive how his *partners* may come to be *undone*, while he *enriches himself*.

Aversion.

To lay before you all the *particulars*, which have come to our knowledge, of this *complicated scene* of *wickedness*, would but *disgust* and *shock* you. We have *witnesses* here to *prove*

Affir.

what we have *alleged* against this *cruel invader* Pity with
of the property of *helpless innocents*, his own Blame.
near relations, entrusted to his charge by his
deceased brother.

[The witnesses examined.]

You have heard, venerable Judges, the *evi-* Subm.
dence given against the *defendant*. He himself Affirm.
owns the actual receipt of *seven talents*, and
forty minæ of the *estate* of the *plaintiffs*. To Accus.
say nothing of what he *may have*, or rather
certainly has, gained by the *use* of this *money*; Grant.
I will allow, what every reasonable person will
judge *more than sufficient* for the *maintenance* of
three children, with a *governor* and a *maid*, a
thousand drachmæ a year, which is something Affir.
less than three drachmæ a day. In *eight years*
this amounts to *eight thousand drachmæ*. So
that, upon balancing the account, there re-
main due to the *plaintiffs*, of the *seven talents*
and *forty minæ*, *six talents* and *twenty minæ*.
For the *defendant cannot pretend*, that the *estate*
of the *plaintiffs* has suffered by *fire*, by *water*,
or by *any other injury*, than what *himself* has
done it.

[The rest is wanting.]

CONSULTATION.

The speech of Satan, in his infernal palace of Pandæmonium, in which he proposes to the consideration of his angels, in what manner it would be proper to proceed, in consequence of their defeat, and fall. [Milt. Parad. Lost. Book II.]

Maj. with
Dist.

Courage.

Autho.

Apprehen.

Compl.

Courage.

POWERS and Dominions ! Deities, of Heav'n !
For (since no deep within her gulph can hold
Celestial vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n)
I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious, and more dread, than from no
fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of
Heav'n
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council, or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit ; yet this loss
Thus far, at least, recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe, un-envied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior ; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper, than prosperity.

Could have assured us, and by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise, may speak. Confid.

LXX.

FIERCENESS. DESPERATION.

The speech of the fallen angel Moloch, exciting the infernal crew to renew the war against the Messiah. (1) [Ibid.]

MY sentence is for open war. *Of wiles Cour.
More inexpert, I boast not. Then let those *Cont.
Contrive who need; unworthy of our might.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest Cour.
Millions, now under arms, who longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here Cont.
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place Rage:
Accept this dark approbrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns.
By our delay! — (2) No — let us rather choose, Pierce.
Arm'd with hellflames and fury, all at once Cour.
O'er Heav'n's high tower's to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against our torturer. When to meet the noise
Of his terrific engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for light'ning see
Black fire, and horror, shot with equal rage
Amongst his angels; and his throne itself

W 2

(1) The author represents Satan's hostility as directed against the Supreme Being. But this seems (with all deference) to be incredible. For no created being can, without losing all use of reason, imagine itself a match for Omnipotence.

(2) "No, let us," &c. to, "But perhaps," can hardly be over-acted, if the dignity of the speaker be kept up in pronouncing the passage. At the words, "But perhaps," &c. the angel composes himself again.

- Recol. Mixt with *Tartarean sulphur* and *strange fire*,
 His *own* invented torments.—But perhaps
 The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
 With *adverse* wing, against a *higher* foe.—
 Let such *b.* think them, if the steepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That, in our proper motion, we ascend
 Up to our native seat. Descent and fall
 To us is *adverse*. Who but felt of late
 When our fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep;
 With what compulsion, and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low?—Th' ascent is easy then.—
 Th' event is fear'd.—Should we again provoke—
 Our enemy, some worse way he may find
 To our destruction; if there be in hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd.—What can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss,
condemn'd
- Comp. In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour
 Call us to penance?—More destroy'd than
thus
- Fierce. We must be quite abolisht, and expire.
 What fear we then?—What doubt we to
incense
 His utmost ire; which, to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential; happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being.
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
 On this side nothing. And by proof we feel
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
- Complain. Cour.

Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. (1)

Malice.

Fury.

LXXI.

CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION.
DIFFIDENCE.

The speech of the fallen angel Belial, in answer to the foregoing. [ibid.]

I Should be much for open war, O peers !
As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
When he who most excels in feats of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utters dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
But what revenge ?—The tow'rs of Heav'n are
fill'd

Delib.

Apprehen.

With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable. Oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions ; or with flight obscure,
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
Scorning surprize. — Or could we break our way
By force and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heav'n's purest light ; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' aetherial mould,
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd our final hope

Arg.

Apprehen

Awe.

(1) The voice instead of falling toward the end of this line, as usual, is to rise ; and in speaking the word revenge, the fierceness of the whole speech ought, as it were, to be expressed in one word.

- Recol. Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
 His own invented torments.—But perhaps
 The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
 With adverse wing, against a higher foe.—
 Let such bethink them, if the steepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That, in our proper motion, we ascend
 Up to our native seat. Descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When our fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep;
 With what compulsion, and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low?—Th' ascent is easy then.—
 Th' event is fear'd.—Should we again provoke
 Our enemy, some worse way he may find
 To our destruction; if there be in hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd.—What can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss,
 condemn'd
- Comp. In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the tort'ring hour
 Call us to penance?—More destroy'd than
 thus
- Fierce. We must be quite abolisht, and expire.
 What fear we then?—What doubt we to
 incense
- Complain. His utmost ire; which, to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential; happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being.
 Cour. Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
 On this side nothing. And by proof we feel
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,

Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. (1)

Malice.

Fury.

LXXI.

CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION.
DIFFIDENCE.

The speech of the fallen angel Belial, in answer to the foregoing. [ibid.]

I Should be much for open war, O peers !
As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
When he who most excels in feats of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utters dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
But what revenge ?—The towers of Heav'n are
fill'd

Delib.

Apprehen.

With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable. Oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions ; or with flight obscure,
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
Scorning surprize. — Or could we break our way
By force and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heav'n's purest light ; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolled, and th' aetherial mould,
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd our final hope

Arg.

Apprehen

Awe.

(1) The voice instead of falling toward the end of this line, as usual, is to rise ; and in speaking the word revenge, the fierceness of the whole speech ought, as it were, to be expressed in one word.

Horror. Is flat despair. We must exasperate
Our conqueror to let loose his boundless rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more,—Sad cure!—For who would
lose,

Tho' full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity—
To perish utterly; for ever lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?—But will he,
Arg. So wise, let loose at once his utmost ire,
Belike through impotence, or unawares,
To give his enemies their wish and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
Courage. To punish endies?—'Wherefore cease we then,'
Anguish. Say they, who counsel war; "we are decreed,
"Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe."
Despair. "Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?"
***Arg.** "What can we suffer worse?"* Is this then
worse

Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
Terror. What, when we fled amain pursu'd and struck:
By Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us; this place then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was
worse.

Apprehen What if the breath that kindled these grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again

Horror. His red right hand to plague us? What, if all
Her stores were opened; and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurld,

Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of wrecking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreliev'd,
 Ages of hopeless end!—This would be worse.— Angu.
 War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike Appr.
 My voice dissuades.— Dissua.

“ Shall we then live thus vile! The race of Remonc.
 “ Heav'n with Con.

“ Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
 “ Chains and these torments!” Better those than
 worse, Dissua.

By my advice. To suffer, as to do, Arg.
 Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust,
 That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh when those, who at the spear are bold, Cont.
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow; to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqu'ror. This is now
 Our doom; which if with courage we can bear, Encou.
 Our foe supreme, in time, may much remit
 His anger, and, perhaps, thus far remov'd
 Not mind us, not offending, satisfy'd,
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapour, or inur'd, not feel,
 Or chang'd, at length, and to the place con-
 form'd

In temper, and in nature, will receive,
 Familiar, the fierce heat, and void of pain,
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light.
 Besides what hope the never-ending flow

Of future days may bring; what chance, what
change,

Worth waiting. Since our present lot appears,
For happy, dismal; yet, for ill, not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

LXXII.

SUBMISSION. COMPLAINT.
INTREATING.

The speech of Seneca the philosopher to Nero, complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requesting the emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumstances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity. [The substance is taken from *Corn. Tacit. ANNAL. xiv.*]

Submiss.

MAY it please the imperial Majesty of Caesar, favorably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak, though faithful guide of his youth. (1)

Grat.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honor of attending your imperial Majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince, where to bestow, and where to withhold his favors. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed

Compl.

Apol.

(1) Seneca was one of Nero's preceptors; and the emperor seemed, during the first part of his reign to have profited much by his instructions. The egregious follies, and enormous, unprovoked cruelties he afterwards committed, of which his ordering Seneca to put himself to death among the most flagrant, seem hardly otherwise accountable, than by supposing that he lost the use of his reason.

on his *deserving favorites*, Agrippa, and Mæcenæ, *honors and emoluments*, suitable to the *dignity of the benefactor*, and to the *services of the receivers*: Nor has *his conduct* been *blamed*. My *employment* about your imperial Majesty has, indeed, been purely *domestic*: I have neither *headed your armies*, nor *assisted at your councils*. But you know, Sir (though there are *some*, who do not seem to *attend to it*) that a prince may be served in *different ways*, some *wore*, others *less conspicuous*, and that the *latter* may be, to him, as *valuable* as the *former*.

“But *what*,” says my enemies, “Shall a *provin-* Pride.
“*vate person*, of *equestrian rank*, and a *provin-* Remon-
“*cial by birth*, be *advanced to an equality* with
“*the patricians*? Shall an *upstart*, of no
“*name, nor family*, rank with *those*, who can
“*by the statues*, which make the *ornament of*
“*their palaces*, reckon *backward a line of an-*
“*cestors*, long enough to *tire out the fast*? (1)
“Shall a *philosopher* who has written for others
“*precepts of moderation*, and *contempt of all*
“*that is external*, himself live in *affluence and*
“*luxury*? Shall he *purchase estates*, and lay
“*out money at interest*? Shall he *build palaces*,
“*plant gardens*, and *adorn a country*, at his
“*own expence*, and for his *own pleasure*?”

Cæsar has given *royally*, as became *imperial* Grat.
magnificence. Seneca has *received* what his prince Apol.
bestowed: nor did he ever *ask*: he is only *guilty*
of—not *refusing*. Cæsar’s rank places him *above*
the reach of *invidious malignity*. Seneca is not, Compl.
nor can be, *high enough to despise the envious*.
As the *overloaded soldier*, or *traveller*, would be Fatigue.
glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this

(1) The *Fasti*, or *Calendars*, or if you please, *Al-*
manacs, of the *ancients*, had, as our *Almanacs*, tables
of *kings, consuls, &c.*

Intreat.

Orat.

Intreat.

Apology.

last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa, and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind.—Cæsar is in the flower of life. Long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn out servant, leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness, to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed, that they could be happy when (at their own request) divested of them.

LXXIII.

JEALOUSY.

Iago goes on to inflame Othello's jealousy (see page 228.) against his innocent wife. Othello is by him worked up to rage. [Shakesp. OTHEL.]

Plotting.

Iago. [Alone.] I Will in Cassio's lodging drop this handkerchief,

*That he may find it; then persuade the Moor,
His wife did give it.—Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong,*

Malicious
Joy.

As proofs from holy writ. This will work mischief.

*Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little action on the blood,*

Burn, like the mines of sulphur.

[Othello appears.]

'Tis as I said.

Look where he comes! Not all the drowsy potions
That e'er calm'd raging anguish to repose,
Shall medicine thee to that blessed sleep,
Which thou aw'd'st the past night.

Enters Othello. Does not see Iago.

Oth. *Ha! false to me!*

Perturbat.

Iago. *How now, noble general? No more* Soothing.
of that.

Oth. *Avaunt! Be gone! Thou'st set me on* Rage.
the rack.

Better, unknowing, to be much abus'd,
Than but to doubt the least.

Iago. *How my Lord?*

Pret.

Oth. *What sense had I of her unfaithfulness?*

Surpr.

I thought not of it; felt no injury;

Regret for
lost repose.

I slept untroubled; I wak'd free and cheerful.

O now farewell for ever blessed peace

Angu. of
Grief.

Of mind! Farewell the tranquil breast,

The plumed troops, the thunders of the war,

The fire of valour, and the pride of triumph.

Othello is a wicked woman's mock'ry.

Pret.

Iago. *Is't possible, my Lord, you should be* Surpr.
thus . . .

Oth. *Villain! Be sure thou prove my love* Rage.

a traitress, [Catching him by the throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Threat.

'Twere better for thee to have been born a dog,

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Pret.

Iago. *Is it come to this! Good Heav'n de-*
 fend me!

Surp. with
Vexat.

**Are you a man? Have you a soul, or sense?*

*Pret.

I've done. Take my office——†Wretched fool,

Rep. of In-
gra. †Pre.

- Self-Accu. That liv'st to make thine *honesty* a vice !
 Aston. || O monstrous world ! What times are we fall'n
 Repr. of upon ?
 Ingrat. To be direct and *honest*, is not safe.
 I thank you for this profit, and henceforth
 I'll love no friend ; since love breeds such offence.
 [Going.]
- Recol. Oth. Nay stay—thou should'st be *honest*.
 Pret. sense Iag. I should be wise ; for *honesty's* a fool,
 of Injury. That loses what it works for.
 Oth. In my anguish
 I think my wife is *honest*, and think she is not.
 Apol. I think that thou art just, and that thou art not.
 *Regr. I'll have some proof. *Her name, (1) that was
 as fresh,
 Fury. As Dian's (2) visage, is now begrim'd, and black,
 As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,
 I'll not endure it. Would I were but satisfied.
- Pret. Iag. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion.
 Conc. I do repent me that I ever started it.
 Anxiety. Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.
 Pret. Iag. I do not like the office :
 Reluc. But since I'm enter'd in this cause so far,
 Apol. Urg'd on by foolish honesty of friendship,
 I must go on, or bear the name of slander.
 I lay in the same room with Cassio lately,
 Narr. And being troubled with a raging tooth,
 Explan. I could not sleep. There is a kind of men,
 So loose of soul, that, in their sleep, will mutter
 Love. All their affairs. One of this kind is Cassio.
 Caution. In sleep I heard him say, " Sweet Desdemona !
 Vexat. " Let us be wary ; let us hide our loves.
 Rage. " O cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor."

(1) " Her name" that is, her character, or reputation.

(2) " Diana's visage." Diana is represented in the heathen mythology, as a goddess of extraordinary purity.

Oth. O monstrous! I will tear her limb from limb.

Iago. Nay; but be calm. This may be Soothing.
nothing yet

She may be honest still. But tell me this, Question.
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand;

Oth. I gave her such a one. 'Twas my first Alarm.
gift.

Iag. That I knew not. But such a handkerchief Accus.
(I'm sure, it was the same) did I to day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. O that the slave had twenty thousand Desperat.
lives!

One is too poor—too weak for my revenge.

Iag. Yet be patient, Sir.

Oth. O blood, blood, blood!

Hot reeking blood shall wash the pois'nous stain, Bound.
Which fouls mine honor. From this hour, my
thoughts Fury.

Shall ne'er look back, nor ebb to humble love,

'Till a capacious, and wide revenge,

Equal to their gross guilt, swallows them up. Horror:

Come, go with me apart. I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death Plotting.

For the fair forc'refs, and her smooth adulterer.

From hence thou'rt my lieutenant. Grat.

Iago. As you will, Sir. Pert.

Acknew.

CRAFT. FOOLISH FEAR. VEXATION.

Mascarille, a crafty servant in the interest of Leander, his master's son, contrives to send his old master into the country, and in the mean time, persuades his friend Anselm, that he is dead, suddenly ; and, on that pretext, borrows of him a sum of money for Leander. [See Moliere, L'ETOURDI.]

- Surprise. Anf. **W**HAT, my good friend Pandolph
dead!
- Concern. Masc. I don't wonder the news *surprises* you.
- Surprise. Anf. To die so very suddenly!
- Concern. Masc. It is a very *hurrying* way of doing
things, to be sure. But who can *make* people
live, you know, if they *will die*?
- Question. Anf. But how does your young master take
it?
- Whim. Masc. *Take it* ! why worse than he would
Grief. a *kicking*. He *welters* on the ground like a
wounded adder, and says he will absolutely go
into the *same grave* with his dear papa. If it
were not that they who take on so *violently*, do
not, for the most part, hold it *long*, I should
expect him to go quite *compompous* about it.—
- Apology. But—a—you must know, Sir, that we are all
in a *pucker* at our house. The old gentleman
must be *buried*, you know, and that requires
some of the *ready*. And my young master, if he
were in his *best wits*, knows no more than a
broomstick, where to find a *penny of money*. For
you know, the *old one*, rest his soul, kept all
that same as *snug* as if he had thought the *day*—

light would melt it. Now, Sir, you would do *Asking*
us a *great kindness* if you will be so good as to *Favour*
help us with a *score* or two of *pieces*, till we can
turn ourselves round a little.

Ans. Hum—[*Aside.*] He will have a *good* *Anxiety*.
estate. And will not *grudge* to pay handsome *Avarice*.
interest. [To *Masc.*] I will *come* to him *im-* *Resolution*
mediately, and bring the *money* with me; and
try to *comfort* him a little. [He goes. Gives
the money. Is deceived by an artificial corps
laid out on the bed. Returns full of anxiety.] *Anxiety*.
Lawkaday! what a *sad* thing *this* is. He was *Alarm*.
but *sixty-eight* or *sixty-nine*; about the *same* age
with *myself*. It *frightens* me to think of it. Sup-
pose I *should die* suddenly too. I believe I had
better think of *repenting*, and making my *peace*.
It is true, he was a little *asthmatic*, and, thank *Courage*.
God, *no body* has better lungs—hem—hem—
hem—than *myself*——Well, but I must go, *Haste*.
and send neighbor *Gloak'um*, the *undertaker*,
as I promised. [Going, he meets the sup-
posed dead man, who had been stopped on his
way to his country-house, by persons, who
informed him of the falsehood of the reports
which had occasioned his setting out.] *Ah!* *Sudden*
mercy on my soul! What is *that!* My old *Fear*.
friend's *ghost!* They say, none but *wicked*
folks walk. I wish I were at the *bottom* of a
coal-pit! Law! How *pale*, and how long his
face is grown since his death. He never was
handsome. And death has improved him very
much the wrong way.—Pray, do not come near *Intr.*
me. I *wished* you very well when you was alive.
But I could never *abide* a dead man cheek by
jowl with me. Rest your soul! Rest your soul, *Trem.*
I pray! *Vanish, vanish*, in the name of . . .

Pandolph, What the plague is the matter, *Wonder*.

old friend ! Are you gone out of your wits. I came to ask your *advice* ; but . . .

Intr. Ans. Tell me, then, pray, without coming a *step nearer*, what you would have me do for

Trem. the *repose* of your *soul*. Ah, ah, eh, eh, mercy on us ! no nearer pray ! If it be only to take your *leave* of me, that you are come back, I could have *excused* you the *ceremony* with all my heart.

[Pandolph comes nearer, to convince Anselm, that he is not dead. He draws back, as the other advances.] Or if you—mercy on

Protest. us——no nearer, pray———or if you have *wronged* any body, as you always loved *money* a little, I give the *word* of a frightened *christian*, I will pray, as long as you please, for the

Intr. *deliverance* and *repose* of your *departed soul*. My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray, disappear, as ever you would wish your old friend Anselm, to come to his *senses* again.

Mirth. Pand. [laughing.] If I were not most *confoundedly* out of *humour*, I could be *diverted* to a

Remon. *pitch*. But *prithee* now, old friend, what is in the *wind* ; that you will have me to be *dead* ?

Susp. This is some *contrivance* of that rogue *Mascardille* ; I guess by what I have just *found out* of his *tricks*.

Fear. Ans. Ah, you are *dead*, too sure. Did not I see your *corps* laid out upon your own bed, and . . .

Remon. Pand. What the *duce* ! I am *dead*, and know *nothing* of it ! But don't you see that I am *not dead* ?

Fear. Ans. You are *clothed* with a *body* of *air*, which *resembles* your own *person*, when you was

Intr. *alive*—only—you'll *excuse* me——a good deal *plainer*. But, pray, now, don't assume a *figure* more *frightful*. I am within a hair's *breadth* of *losing* my *senses* already ; and if you

should turn your self into a *giant* with *saucer-eyes*, or *black horse* without a *head*, or any of the *ugly shapes*—I ask pardon—you *apparitions* sometimes put on, I am sure I should go *clean o' one side* at the first *glimpse* of you. *Pray*, Earn. then, in the *name* of the *blessed virgin*, and all Intreating the *saints*, *male and female*, be so good as to *vanish quietly*, and leave your poor *frightened old friend* wit enough to keep him out of a *mad-house*,

Pand. This is undoubtedly that *rogue Mafcarille's manufacture*. He has, for some *gracious purpose*, contrived to send me to the *country* on a *fool's errand*, and I suppose, in my *absence*, he has, to answer some other *pious end*, persuaded you that I am *dead*. Come give me Encour. thy hand and thou wilt be convinced I am not dead more than thyself.

Ans. [drawing back] What was it I saw Reluct. laid out upon the bed then?

Pand. How should I know? It was not I, Encour. however.

Ans. If I were sure you are not dead, I Reluct. should not be afraid to touch you: but the hand of a dead man must be so co—o—old! Shudd.

Pand. Prithce now give over. I tell you, Encour. it is nothing but *Mascarille's invention*. [He seizes Anselm's hand, who screams out.]

Ans. Ah! *St. Anthony preserve me!*—Ah Terror. —ah—eh—eh—Why—why—after all, your Return. hand is not so co—o—old, neither. Of the Courage. two, it is rather warmer than my own. Can it be, though, that you are not dead?

Pand. Not I.

Encour.

Ans. I begin to question it a little myself. But still my mind misgives me plaguily about the Recol. corps I saw laid out upon your bed. If I could but find out what that was——

Encour. Pand. *Pshaw, prithee, what signifies it what it was? As long as you see plainly I am not dead.*

Recol. Ans. *Why yes, as you say, that is the point. But yet the corps upon the bed haunts me, But—[pauses] I'll be hang'd if it be not as you*

Vexation *say. Mascarille is a rogue. But if you be not dead, I am in two sweet scrapes. One is, the danger of being dubbed Mascarille's fool. The other of losing fifty pieces, I furnished him for your interment.*

Discovery Pand. *O, you have lent him money, have you? Then the secret is out.*

Apology. Ans. *Yes; but you know, it was upon the credit of your estate, and for your own personal benefit. For, if you had been dead you must have been buried you know. And Mascarille told me, your son could come at no ready cash,*

Insinuat. *you know. So that I hope you will see me paid you know.*

Refusing. Pand. *I'll be hang'd if I do. I have enough to pay on that score otherwise.*

Vexation Ans. *I'll pluck off every single grey hair that is upon my old foolish head.—What! to have no more wit at this time of life!—I expect nothing else than that they should make a farce in praise of my wisdom, and act me, till the town be sick of me.*

[Exeunt different ways.]

LXXV.

EXHORTATION.

The speech of Galgacus the general of the Caledonii, (1) in which he exhorts the army he had assembled, in order to expel the Romans, to fight valiantly against their foes under Jul. Agricola. [*Corn. Tacit. VIT. AGRIC.*]

COUNTRYMEN and FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

WHEN I consider the *cause*, for which Courage.
 we have drawn our swords, and the
necessity of striking an *effectual* blow, before we
sheath them again, I feel joyful *hopes* arising in
 my mind, that *this day* an opening shall be made
 for the restoration of British liberty, and for
 shaking off the infamous yoke of Roman slavery.
 Caledonia is yet free. The all-grasping power Vexation
 of Rome has not yet been able to seize our Courage.
 liberty. But it is only to be preserved by valour.
 By flight it cannot: for the sea confines us; and Warning.
 that the more effectually, as being possessed by
 the fleets of the enemy. As it is by arms, that
 the brave acquire immortal fame, so it is by
 arms, that the sordid must defend their lives and
 properties or lose them. You are the very men, Encon.
 my friends, who have hitherto set bounds to the
 unmeasurable ambition of the Romans. In con-
 sequence of your inhabiting the more inaccessible
 parts of the island, to which the shores of
 those countries on the continent, which are
 enslaved by the Romans, are invisible, you have

(1) The Caledonii were, according to Pto-
 lemy, the inhabitants of the interior parts of
 what before the union was called Scotland, now
 North-Britain.

Warning.

hitherto been free from the common disgrace, and the common sufferings. You lie almost out of the reach of *fame itself*. But you must not expect to enjoy this untroubled security any longer, unless you bestir yourselves so effectually, as to put it out of the power of the enemy to search out your retreats, and disturb your repose. If you do not, curiosity alone will set them a prying, and they will conclude that there is somewhat worth the labour of conquering, in the interior parts of the island, merely because they have never seen them. What is little known, is often coveted, because so little known. And you are not to expect, that you should escape the ravage of the general plunderers of mankind, by any sentiment of moderation in them. When the countries which are more accessible, come to be subdued, they will then force their way into those which are harder to come at. And if they should conquer the dry land, over the whole world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean, to see, whether there be not certain unknown regions, which they may attack, and reduce under subjection to the Roman empire. For we see, that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be glorious; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the desire of fame. The east and the west, the south and the north, the face of the whole earth, is the scene of their military achievements; the world is too little for their ambition, and their avarice. They are the only nation ever known to be equally desirous of conquering a poor kingdom as a rich one. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting and shedding

Agents.

Horror.

of blood; and when they have *unpeopled* a region, so that there are *none left alive* able to bear arms, they say, they have given peace to that country.

Nature itself has peculiarly *endeared* to all Tender men, their wives, and their children. But it is known to you my countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily *draughted off* to supply the deficiencies in the Roman army. The Horror. wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the conquered are either exposed to the violence, or at least corrupted by the arts of these cruel spoilers.

The fruits of our industry are plundered to make up the tributes imposed on us by oppressive avarice. Britons sow their fields; and the greedy Romans reap them. Accus.

Our very bodies are worn out in carrying on their military works, and our toils are rewarded by them with abuse and stripes. Compl.

Those, who are born to slavery, are bought and maintained by their master. But this unhappy country pays for being enslaved, and feeds those who enslave it. Indigna. And our portion of disgrace is the bitterest, as the inhabitants of this island are the last, who have fallen under the galling yoke.

Our native bent against tyranny, is the offence, which most sensibly irritates those lordly usurpers. Accus.

Our distance from the seat of government, and our natural defence by the surrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their suspicions; for they know, that Britons are born with an instinctive love of liberty; and they conclude, that we must be naturally led to think of taking the advantage of our detached situation, to disengage ourselves one time or other, from their oppression.

Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, suspected and hated, as we ever must be by the Romans, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable state of bondage under them. Warning.

- Courage. Let us, then, in the name of all that is *sacred*, and in defence of all that is *dear* to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if not for *glory*, at least for *safety*; if not in *vindication* of British honor, at least in defence of our lives. How near were
- Commend the *Brigantines* (1) to *shaking off* the yoke—led on too by a woman?—They burnt a Roman settlement: they attacked the dreaded Roman legions
- Regret. in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business
- Courage. was done. And shall not we of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free, and whose strength entire, shall we not, my fellow-soldiers, attempt somewhat, which may shew these foreign ravagers, that they have more to do, than they think of, before they be masters of the whole island.
- Remonst. But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods, or mortal men, like ourselves? Do we not see, that they fall into the same errors, and weaknesses, as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonness enervate them?
- Courage. Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine, that they, who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise
- Courage. remarkable for their valour? What, then, do
- Regret. we dread?—Shall I tell you the very truth, my fellow-soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions, that the Romans have gained so great advantages over us. They turn the mismanagements of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise as to unite against them.

(1) The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkshire, the bishoprick of Durham, &c. *

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it Cont.
not composed of a mixture of people from different
countries, some more, some less, disposed to
military achievements; some more, some less, ca-
pable of bearing fatigue and hardship. They
keep together, while they are successful. Attack Cour.
them with vigour; distress them: you will see
them more disunited among themselves than we
are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Regr.
Germans, and—with shame I must add, Britons,
who basely lend, for a time, their limbs, and
their lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can Cour.
one imagine, that these will not be longer ene-
mies, than slaves? Or that such an army is held
together by sentiments of fidelity, or affection?
No: the only body of union among them is fear. Cont.
And, whenever terror ceases to work upon the
minds of that mixed multitude, they, who now
fear, will then hate, their tyrannical masters.—
On our side, there is every possible incitement to
valor. The Roman courage is not, as ours, in- Cour.
flamed by the thought of wives and children in
danger of falling into the hands of the enemy.
The Romans have no parents, as we have, to
reproach them, if they should desert their infirm
old age. They have no country, here to fight Cont.
for. They are a motly collection of foreigners,
in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from
their native country, hemmed in by the surround-
ing ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our
hands, without all possibility of escape. Let not
the sound of the Roman name affright your ears.
Nor let the glare of gold or silver, upon their
armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold, or
silver, that men are either wounded or defended;
though they are rendered a richer prey to the
conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited Cour.

- rabble.* We shall find among *themselves* a reinforcement to our army. The degenerated Britons who are incorporated into their forces, will, through *shame* of their country's cause deserted by them, quickly leave the Romans, and come over to us. The Gauls remembering their former liberty, and that it was the Romans who deprived them of it, will forsake their tyrants, and join the asserters of freedom. The Germans who remain in their army, will follow the example of their countrymen, the *Usipii*, who so lately deserted. And what will there be then to fear? A few half garrisoned forts; a few municipal towns inhabited by worn-out old men, discord universally prevailing, occasioned by tyranny in those who command, and obstinacy in those who should obey. On our side, an army united in the cause of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their liberties, their lives. At the head of this army—I hope I do not offend against modesty in saying, there is a General ready to exert all his abilities, such as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory, and to freedom.
- Cont. Encou. I conclude, my countrymen, and fellow soldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your behaviour this day depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your subjection to a tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage—think of your ancestors—and think of your posterity.

LXXVI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. AFFECTATION OF LEARNING. COMPULSION, &c.

[See Moliere's Marriage Forge.]

Longhead solus, with an open letter in his hand.

I WAS *wrong* to proceed so far in this matter so *hastily*. To *fix* the very day, and then *fail*. Her father will *prosecute* me, to be sure, and will recover *heavy damages* too, as he *threatens* me. But then, *what* could I *do*? Could I *marry* with the *prospect* I had *before* me? To tell me, she married to get free from *restraint*, and that she expected, I should make *no inquiry* into her *conduct*, more than *she* would into *mine*! If she *speaks* so freely *before* marriage, how will she *act* after? No, no, I'll stand his *prosecution*. Better be a *beggar*, than a *cuckold*.—But hold.—Perhaps I am more *afraid* than *hurt*. She might mean only *innocent freedom*—She is a *charming girl*. But I am *thirty years older* than *she* is—I would wish to *marry* her; but I should not like what I am *afraid* will be the *consequence*. *What resolution* shall I *take*? I'll be *hang'd*, if I know what to *do*. On *one* hand, *beauty* *inviting*; on the *other*, *cuckoldom* as *ugly* as the *devil*. On *one* hand, *marriage*; on the *other* a *law-suit*. I am in a *fine dilemma*.—Lancelet Longhead; *Lancelet* Longhead; [striking himself on the forehead.] I'll tell you *what*, old friend, I doubt you are but a *simpleton* all this while, that have been thinking yourself a little *Solomon*. I'll e'en go

Vexation.

Appreh.

Apology.

Blame.

Apprehen.

Courage.

Recollect.

Desire.

Doubt.

Desire.

Appreh.

Anxiety.

Desire.

Appreh.

Vexation.

- and *consult* with some *friends*, what I must do.
- Doubt. For I cannot determine, within *myself*, whether I had better try to *make it up* with the family, and go on with my intended *marriage*, or set them at *defiance*, and resolve to have *nothing to do with matrimony*.——If any body advises me to *marry*, I'll venture it, I think. Let me see, what *wise, sagacious* people are there of my acquaintance?——Oh——my two neighbors, Dr. *Neverout*, and Dr. *Doubty*; men of *universal learning*! I'll go to them *directly*. And here is Dr. *Neverout* coming out of *this house* very *fortunately*.
- Confid. Neverout, [talking to one in the house.] I tell you, friend, you are a *silly fellow*, ignorant of all good *discipline*, and fit to be *banished* from
- Resolut. the *public of letters*. I will undertake to *demonstrate* to you by *convincing arguments*, drawn from the writings of *Aristotle himself*, the *philosopher of philosophers*, that *ignarus es* you are an ignorant fellow; that *ignarus eras*, you *was* an ignorant fellow; that *ignarus fuisti*, you have been an ignorant fellow; that *ignarus fu-eras*, you *had been* an ignorant fellow; and that *ignarus eris* you *will be* an ignorant fellow, through all the *genders, cases, numbers, voices, moods, tenses, and persons* of all the *articles* the *nouns, the pronouns, the verbs, the participles, the adverbs, prepositions, interjections, & conjunctions*.
- Anger. Longh. Somebody must have used him very *ill*, to make him call so many *hard names*. Dr.
- Affecta. of Learn. *Neverout*, your *servant*. A word with you, if you please, Sir.
- Wonder. Nev. You pretend to *reason*! You don't so much as know the first *lements* of the art of *reasoning*. You don't know the difference between a *category* and a *predicament*, nor between a *major* and a *minor*.
- Civil. Learned Pride.

Longh. His *passion blinds* him so, he does not see me. Doctor I *kiss* your hands. May Civil. one

Nev. Do you know what a *blunder* you have Contemp. committ.d? Do you know, what it is to be Pride. guilty of a *sylogism* in *Balordo*? Your *major* is foolish, your *minor* *impertinent*, and your *conclusion* *ridiculous*.

Longh. Pray, Doctor, what is it, that so Inquiring. disturbs your *philosophy*?

Nev. The most *atrocious* *provocation* in the Anger. world. An *ignorant* fellow would defend a *prop- Pride. osition* the most *erroneous*, the most *abominable*, the most *execrable* that ever was *uttered*, or *written*.

Longh. May I *ask* what it is?

Nev. Mr. Longhead, all is *ruined*. The Inquir. world is fallen into a *general depravity*. A de- Appreh. gree of *licentiousness*, that is *alarming*, reigns *uni- Reproach. versally*; and the *governors* of *states* have reason to be *ashamed* of themselves, who have *power* in their hands for *maintaining* good order among mankind, and *suffer* such *enormities* to pass *unpunished*.

Longh. What is it, pray, Sir?

Nev. Only *think*, Mr. Longhead, only *think*, Accus. that in a *christian* country, a person should be allowed to use an expression *publicly*, that one would think would *frighten* a nation; an expression, that one would expect to raise the *devil*! Only think of—"The *form* of a *hat*!"—Amaze. There, Mr. Longhead, there's an expression for you! Did you think you should have *lived* to hear such an expression as—"The *form* of a *hat*?"

Longh. How, Sir? I don't understand where. Inquir. in the *harm* of such an expression consists.

- Positive.** Nev. I affirm, and insist upon it, with hands and feet pugnīs et calcibus, unguibus et rostro, that to say, "The form of a hat," is as absurd, as to say, that, *datur vacuum in rerum natura*, there is a vacuum in nature. [Turning again to the person with whom he had been disputing in the house.] Yes, ignorant creature a hat is an inanimate substance, and therefore form cannot be predicated of it, Go, illiterate wretch, and read Aristotle's chapter of qualities. Go, study Aquinas, Burgerficus, and Scheiblerus, of the ten predicaments. Go; and then say "The form of a hat," if you dare.
- Satisfact.** Longh. O, I thought, Doctor, something worse than all this had happened.
- Apprehen.** Nev. What would you have worse, unless a comet were to come from beyond the orbit of Saturn, and either burn the world by its near approach; drown it by attracting the sea, and raising a tide three miles high; or force it from its orbit by impinging against it, and make it either fly out into infinite space, or rush to the sun the centre of our system, Except this, what can be worse than confounding language, destroying qualities, demolishing predicaments and, in short, overturning all science from the foundation. For Logic is the foundation of science,
- Consult.** Longh. Why, it may be a bad thing, for
Intreat. what I know. But, pray, Doctor, let a body speak with you.
- Anger.** Nev. [To the person in the house.] An impertinent fellow!
- Intreat.** Longh. He is so; but I want your advice, Doctor, in
- Anger.** Nev. A blockhead!
- Intreat.** Longh. Well, I own, he is so; but no more of that, pray, good Doctor.
- Pride.** Nev. To pretend to dispute with me!

Longh. He is very much in the *wrong*, to Consult. be sure. But now let me ask you a *question*, Intreat. Doctor. You must know, Sir, that I have Asking been thinking of *marrying*. Only I am a little Advice. *afraid* of that you know of; the *misfortune* for which *no body* is *pitied*. Now I should be glad you would as a *philosopher*, give me your *opinion* on this point.

Nev. Rather than *admit* such an *expression*, I Anguishi. would *deny* *substantial forms*, and *abstract entities*.

Longh. *Plague* on the man! He *knows no*. Vexation. *thing* of what I have been *saying*. Why Dr. Intreat. *Neverout*, I have been *talking* to you this *hour*, and you give me no *answer*.

Nev. I ask your *pardon*. I was engaged in *Apology*. supporting *truth* against *ignorance*: but now I have *done*. If what I have said will not *convince*, let the *ignorant* be *ignorant still*. What would you consult me upon?

Longh. I want to *talk* with you about an Intreat. affair of *consequence*.

Nev. Good. And what *tongue* do you in- Enquiring tend to use in the *conversation* with me?

Longh. What *tongue*? Why, the *tongue* Wonder. I have in my *mouth*.

Nev. I mean what *language*; what *speech*? Enquiring Do you intend to talk with me in *Latin*, *Greek* or *Hebrew*?

Longh. Not I. I don't *know one* of them Wonder. from *another*.

Nev. Then you will use a *modern language*, Enquiring I suppose, as the *Italian*, perhaps, which is *sweet* and *musical*.

Longh. *No*.

Vexation.

Nev. The *Spanish*, which is *majestic* and *so-* Enquir. *rorous*.

Longh. *No*.

Vexation.

Enquiring Nev. The *English*, which is *copious* and *expressive*.

Vexation. Longh. *No*.

Enquiring Nev. The *High Dutch* is but an *indifferent* language. You *won't* I suppose, make use of it in this conversation.

Vexation. Longh. *No*.

Enquir. Nev. And the *Low Dutch* is *worse* still. Will you talk to me in *Turkish*? It is a *lofty* language.

Vexation. Longh. *No*.

Enquir. Nev. What think you of the *Syriac*, the *Arabic*, the *Chaldaic*, the *Persian*, the *Palmyrene*? Do you choose any of them?

Vexation. Longh. *No*.

Enquir. Nev. *What* language then?

Vexation. Longh. Why the language we are talking *now*.

Satisfacti. Nev. Oh! you will speak in the *vernacular* tongue? If so, please to come on the *left* side.

Learned Pride. The *right* ear is for the *foreign* and the *learned* languages.

Vexation. Longh. Here is a deal of *ceremony* with such *Intreating* sort of people I want to *consult* you, Doctor, about an affair of *consequence*.

Affected Learning. Nev. O! I understand you, You want my *opinion* upon some of the *difficulties* in *philosophy*, as, for example, Whether *substance* and *accident*, are terms *synonymous* or *equivocal*, with regard to the *being*?

Vexation. Longh. *No* that is *not* it.

Affect. Nev. Whether *Logic* is an *art*, or a *science*?

Vexation. Longh. *No, no*. I don't care a *half-penny* which.

Affect. Nev. If it has for its object the *three* operations of the *mind*, or the *third* only.

Vexation Longh. That is not the *affair*.

Nev. Whether, properly speaking, there are Affect.
six categories, or only one?

Longh. I don't care, if there were *six* Vexation
busket of catechisms. That is not what I want.

I am . . .

Nev. Perhaps you want to know whether Affect.
the *conclusion* is of the *essence* of the *sylogism*?

Longh. No, no no. It is not about *any* Vexation
such point; but . . .

Nev. Whether the *essence* of *good* is *appeti-* Affect.
bility, or suitableness?

Longh. I am going to tell you my *business*, if- Vexation.

Nev. You would know, perhaps, if the *good* Affect.
and the *end* are *reciprocal*?

Longh. Not a bit.

Vexation.

Nev. Whether the *end* influences us by its Affect.
real essence, or by its *intentional*?

Longh. No, no, it is quite *another affair*, I Vexation.
tell you.

Nev. You must *explain yourself*, then; for Affect.
I have mentioned the most *difficult* points, and
those, that are commonly agitated in the *schools*
in our times.

Longh. I should have *told* you my *business* Vexation.
an *hour ago*, if you would have *heard* me.

Nev. Pronounce then.

Longh. and (The *affair* I want to *consult* Affect.
Intr.

Nev. together. (Speech was given to man on Affect.
you about, Dr. Neverout, is *this*; I have had
(*purpose*, that by it he might *express* his *thoughts*:
(*thoughts* of *marrying* a young lady, who is
(and as the *thoughts* are the *images* of *things*,
(*very handsome*, and *much* to my *liking*. I have
(*so words* are the *images* of our *thoughts*. Make
(asked her father's *consent*, and he has *granted*
(use therefore of *words* to *explain* to me your
(it. Only I am *afraid* . . .
(*thoughts* . . .

- Impat. Longh. *Plague on this everlasting talker. Who is like to be the wiser for him; if he will not so much as hear what one has to say to him? I'll go to Dr. Doubty. Perhaps he will be more reasonable.—And, very fortunately, here he comes. I will consult him at once.—* Dr. Doubty, I beg your wise advice about a matter of great concern to me.
- Joy. Civility. Affect. Learn. Doubt. Be pleased, good Mr. Longhead, to alter your phraseology. Our philosophy directs to give out no *d* *cisive* propositions; but to speak of all things with uncertainty; and always to suspend our judgment. Therefore you ought not to say—"I beg your advice," but—"I *seem* to beg it."
- Surprise. Longh. *I seem!* What signifies taking of *seems*; when I am here on the spot with you?
- Affect. Doubt. That is *nothing* to the purpose. You may imagine a thousand things, in which there is *no reality*.
- Wonder. Longh. *What!* is there *no reality* in my being here talking with Dr. Doubty?
- Affect. Doubt. It is *uncertain*; and we ought to *doubt* of every thing. You appear to my external senses to be here as I, perhaps, to yours. But nothing is certain. *All things are doubtful.*
- Wonder. Longh. *Sure, Dr. Doubty, you are disposed to be merry. Here am I: there are you: here is no seem; no uncertainty; nothing doubtful; but all as plain as the nose on your face.*
- Chiding. Intreat. Let us, for *shame*, drop these whims, and talk of my *business*. You must know, Dr. Doubty, that I have had thoughts of *marrying*, and should be glad of your *opinion* and advice.
- Affect. Doubt. I don't know, that you have had thoughts of *marrying*.
- Vexation. Longh. But I *tell* it you.
- Affect. Doubt. That may be, or it may not be.

Longh. The young lady I had made choice of, is very young, and very handsome. Anxiety.

Doubt. That *may be* or it *may not be*. Affect.

Longh. Do you think, I shall do *wisely* in marrying her? Anxiety.

Doubt. You may do *wisely*, for aught I know, or you may do *unwisely*, for aught I know. Affect.

Longh. I am very much in *love* with the young lady. Anxiety.

Doubt. that is *not impossible*. Affecta.

Longh. But, as she is *much younger* than me, I am *afraid* of, you know what. Anxiety.

Doubt. You may be *afraid*, for aught I know. Affect.

Longh. Do you think, I should run the hazard of being a *cuckold*, if I should *marry* her? Anxiety.

Doubt. There is no *natural impossibility* in it. Affect.
But, if you should, you may, *perhaps*, not be the *first*, nor the *last*. But *all things are uncertain*.

Longh. But what would you do, if you were in my place, Dr. Doubty? Anxiety.

Doubt. It is *uncertain*, as *all things* are. Affect.

Longh. But what do you *advise* me to do? Anxiety.

Doubt. What you *please*. Indiffer.

Longh. I shall go *mad*. Vexation

Doubt. I *wash* my hands of it. Indiffer.

Longh. A *plague* on the old dreamer! Anger

Doubt. *Happen* what will, I am *clear*. Indiffer.

Longh. I'll *make* you *change* your *cuckew-note*, you old philosophical humdrum, you—
[beats him]—I will—[beats him] I'll *make* you say *something else*, than, "*All things are doubtful; all things are uncertain*"—[beats him] I will, you old *jussy* pedant. Passion.

Doubt. *Ah!—oh!—eh!—*What beat a philosopher!—*Ah!—oh!—eh!* Compl.

Stiffn.

Longh. Be *pleased*, Dr. Doubty [mimicking the Doctor] to *alter* your *phraseology*. Your *philosophy* directs you to give out no *decisive propositions*; but to speak of all things with *uncertainty*, and always to *suspend* your *judgment*. — I therefore, you ought not to say——“ I have *been* beaten;” but——“ I *seem* to have been *beaten*.”

Anger.

Doubt. I will have you *prosecuted* with the utmost *rigor* of the *law*.

Threat.

Indiff.

Longh. I *wash* my *hands* of it.

Anger.

Doubt. I will shew the *marks* of the *blows* I have received from you.

Indiff.

Longh. You may *imagine* a *thousand things*, in which there is *no reality*.

Anger.

Doubt. I will go *directly* to a *magistrate*, and have a *warrant* for you.

[Exit Doubty.]

Indiff.

Long. There is no *natural impossibility* in it.

Enter Captain Pinkum, with two swords in one hand, and a cane in the other.

Respect.

Pink. Mr. *Longhead*, I am your most *obedient*, most *humble servant*.

Indiff.

Longh. Sir, your *servant*.

Respect.

Pink. Sir, I have the honor of *waiting* on you, to let you *know*, that, as you was *pleased* to *disappoint* us yesterday, which was the *day* fixed by yourself for your *marriage* with my *sister*, you and I must *settle* that *affair* in an *honorable way*.

Vexation.

Longh. Why, Sir, it is with *regret* that I *failed* you; but . . .

Respect.

Pink. *Oh!* Sir, there's no harm as we shall *order matters*.

Longh. I am sorry it so happens. But some Vexat.
little scruples chanced to come into my mind
about the difference between our ages, which,
you know, is pretty considerable. And I put
off the marriage for a little time, only that I
might consider of it, and advise with my friends.
And now, that the day is past, I think it may
be better for us both, that it be let alone altoget-
her.

Pink. Sir, as you please. You know it is Respect.
not an object of any consequence. But, Sir, what
I have done myself the honor of waiting on
you for, is only to beg the favour of you, Sir,
to choose which you please of these two swords.
They are both good, I assure you, Sir, and as Affirm.
fairly matched as I could. If my judgment de-
serves any regard, you need not hesitate long.
Either of them is very fit for a gentleman to be
run through with.

Longh. Sir, I don't understand you. Surprise.

Pink. O, Sir, I wonder at that. The thing Respect.
is not hard to be understood. It is no more than
this, Sir, that if a gentleman promises a lady
marriage, and, especially, if he fixes the day, and
fails of performing his contract, the relations of
the lady (whose characters and fortune in life are
injured by it, you know, Sir,) generally think
it proper to commence a prosecution against the
gentleman; and the law gives in those cases,
heavy damages. My father had thoughts of
prosecuting you, Sir, as he wrote you. But as
law is tedious, we chose rather, Sir, upon second
thoughts, to vindicate the honor of our family
in a more expeditious way. Therefore, if you
please, Sir, I will endeavour to whip you
through the lugs in the neatest manner now
practised in the army. And I offer you your

choice of one of these two swords, to defend yourself with. This, you must own, Sir, is treating you genteelly. For, you know, I could run you through the body now, without giving you the opportunity of defending yourself.— Please, Sir, to make your choice.

Refus. Longh. Sir, your *humble servant*. I shall make *no such choice*, I assure you.

Respect. Pink. Sir—you *must*, if you please, *fight* me. You shall have *fair play*, upon my honor.

Refus. Longh. Sir, I have *nothing to say to you*. [Going.] Sir, your *humble servant*.

Respect. Pink. *O dear Sir*, [stopping him] you must *excuse* me for *stopping* you. But you and I are not to *part*, till *one or t'other drops*, I assure you, Sir.

Longh. *Mercy on us!* Was ever such a *blood-minded fellow!*

Pink. Sir, I really have a little *business* upon my hands; so that I must beg you will give me leave to *run you through* as soon as possible.

Refus. Longh. But I don't intend that you shall *run me through at all*. For I will have *nothing to say to you*.

Respect. Pink. If you mean, Sir, that you *won't fight* me, I must do myself the honor of telling you, that you are in a little *mistake*, Sir. For

Explan. the *order of such things is this*, Sir. First, a gentleman happens to *affront* another gentleman or a family, as you have done *ours*, Sir. Next, the gentleman *affronted*, or *some one of the family*, in order to vindicate their honor, challenges to *single combat*, the gentleman who did the injury, as I have done you, Sir. Then the gentleman who did the *injury*, perhaps, *refuses to fight*. The other proceeds to take the regular *course of beating* [counting on his fingers] *bruising, kicking, cuffing, pulling by the nose and*

ears, rolling in the dirt, and stamping on him, till the breath be fairly out of his body, and there is an end of him, and of the quarrel, you know. Or if the gentleman, who happened to do the injury, will fight, which, to be sure, is doing the thing gently, you know; why then, one, or t'other is decently run through the body, and there is an end of the matter another way, you know. Now, Sir, you see plainly, that my Respect. proceedings are regular, and gentleman like—gentleman-like—absolutely. So Sir, once more, and but once more, will you be pleased to accept of one, or t'other, of these two swords?

Longh. Not I, truly.

Refuse.

Pink. Why then, Sir, the first step I am to Respect. tak-, you know, is, to cane you, which I humbly beg leave to proceed to accordingly.—[Canes him.]

Longh. Ah—ch—oh!

Comph.

Pink. Then, Sir, the next operation is cuff- Respect. sing—no, I am wrong; kicking is next. [Kicks him.]

Longh. Hold, hold. Is the d—! in you? Compl. Oh! I am bruised all over!

Pink. Sir, I ask your pardon, if I have of- Respect. fended you; I did not mean it, I assure you, Sir. All I want, is to vindicate the honor of our family. If you had fulfilled your contract, you had spared me all this trouble. Besides, I Haſte. am really pressed for time; therefore must take the liberty of proceeding, as expeditiously at possible, to the remaining operations of cuffing you, pulling you by the nose and ears, rolling you in the dirt, and stamping the breath out of your body. Come, Sir, if you please.

Respect.

Longh. Hold a little, pray—Oh!—my Intreat. bones are bruised to jelly.—Is there no way of Compl. compounding this affair but by blood and murder? Intreat.

- Respect. Pink. *O yes, Sir. You have only to fulfil your contract, and all will be well.*
- Distress. Longh. [Aside] *What the duce must I do? —I had better be cuckolded, I believe than trod to death.—[To him.] I am willing—I am willing—to perform the contract.——Oh! my poor bones!——Oh!*
- Respect. Pink. *Sir, you are a gentlemen, every inch of you. I am very glad to find you are come to a right way of thinking. I assure you, Sir, there is no man in the world, for whom I have a greater regard, nor whom I should rather with to have for a brother-in-law. Come, Sir, the ceremony shall be performed immediately.*
- Joy.
- Compl.
- Inviting.
- [Exeunt.]

LXXVII.

WARNING. BLAMING. COMMENDATION. INSTRUCTION.

The substance of Isocrates's Areopagitic oration, which is celebrated by Dion Halicarn. Tom. II. p. 40.

- Apology. **I** DOUBT not, Athenians, but many of you will wonder what should excite me to address you upon public affairs, as if the state were in immediate danger, whilst, to you we seem to be in perfect safety, a general peace prevailing, and the commonwealth secured by formidable fleets and armies, and strengthened by powerful allies, and tributary states, to support the public expences, and co-operate with us in every emergency. All which circumstances seeming to be in our favour, I suppose most of those who now hear me, imagine, we have nothing to do, but congratulate ourselves on our
- Triumph.

happiness, and enjoy ourselves in peace ; and that it is only our enemies, who have any thing to fear. I therefore, take for granted, Athenians you do, in your own minds, despise my attempt to alarm you ; and that in your imaginations, you already grasp the empire of all Greece. But what would you think, my countrymen, if I should tell you it is on account of the seemingly favourable circumstances, I have mentioned, that I am apprehensive. My observation has presented me so many instances of state, which at the very time they seemed to be at the height of prosperity, were in fact upon the brink of ruin ; that I cannot help being alarmed at the security, in which I see my country, at present sunk. When a nation is puffed up with an opinion of her own strength and safety ; it is then that her councils are likely to be rash and imprudent, and their consequences fatal. The condition of kingdoms as of individuals, is variable. Permanent tranquility is seldom seen in this world. And with circumstances the conduct both of individuals, and of nations, is commonly seen to change. Prosperity generally produces arrogance, rashness, and folly. Want and distress naturally suggest prudent and moderate resolutions. Therefore, it is not so easy, as at first view it may seem, to determine, which condition is for the purpose of real happiness, the most to be desired for individuals ; or, with a view to national prosperity, which state one should wish public affairs to be in, during his own life, and that of his children ; whether of perfect superiority to danger and fear, or of circumstances requiring caution, frugality, and attention. For that condition, which is most desired by mankind, I mean of perfect prosperity,

Contempt

Pride.

Alarm.

Caution.

Instruct.

- generally brings with it the *causes*, and the *forerunners* of *misfortune*; whilst *narrower circumstances* commonly lead on to *care*, *prudence*, and *safety*. Of the truth of this *observation*, *better proofs* cannot be *desired*, than those which the *histories* of our own *commonwealth*, and of *Lacedæmon*, furnish. Was not the *taking* of our city, by the *barbarians*, the very *cause* of our *applying*, with such *diligence*, to the arts of *war* and *government*, as set us at the head of *Greece*? But when our *success* against our *enemies* misled us into the *imagination*, that our *power* was *unconquerable*, we soon found ourselves on the *verge* of *destruction*. The *Lacedæmonians*, likewise, from inhabiting a few *obscure towns*, came through a *diligent attention* to the *military art*, to *conquer Peloponnesus*.—
- Arguing. And, upon this, *increasing* their *power* by *sea* and *land*, they were soon *puffed up* to such a height of *pride* and *folly*, as brought them into the *same dangers*, which we had run into.
- Appre. Whoever attends to these particulars, and yet thinks our *commonwealth* in a *safe condition*, must be extremely *thoughtless*, especially as our *affairs* are now in a *worse state*, than at the *period* I refer to; for we have both the *envy* of the other *states* of *Greece*, and the *hostility* of the *king of Persia* to *fear*.
- Arguing. Whoever attends to these particulars, and yet thinks our *commonwealth* in a *safe condition*, must be extremely *thoughtless*, especially as our *affairs* are now in a *worse state*, than at the *period* I refer to; for we have both the *envy* of the other *states* of *Greece*, and the *hostility* of the *king of Persia* to *fear*.
- Appre. Must be extremely *thoughtless*, especially as our *affairs* are now in a *worse state*, than at the *period* I refer to; for we have both the *envy* of the other *states* of *Greece*, and the *hostility* of the *king of Persia* to *fear*.
- Blame. When I consider these things, I am in doubt, whether I should conclude that you have *lost all care* for the *public safety*; or that you are, *not indifferent*, but *wholly ignorant* of the *present dangerous state* of our *affairs*. May it not be said, that we have *lost* the cities of *Thrace*; that we have *squandered* above a *thousand talents* in *military pay*, by which we have *gained nothing*; that we have *drawn upon* ourselves the *suspicion* of the other *states* of *Greece*,
- Cont.
- Alarm.

and the *enmity* of the *barbarous king*; (1) and that we are necessitated to take the side of the *Thebans*, and have *lost* our own *natural allies*? Blame. And for these signal *advantages* we have twice appointed public *thanksgivings* to the *gods*; and shew, in our deliberations, the *tranquility*, which could only be proper, if all were in *perfect safety*. Nor is it to be *wondered*, that we fall into wrong measures, and consequent *misfortunes*. Nothing is to be *expected* to go right Intreating in a state, unless its governors know how by *prudence* and *sagacity*, to *consult* the *general advantage*. Fortune may occasionally, bring *partial success*, and *temporary prosperity*: but upon this there can be no *dependance*. When the Blame. command of all Greece fell into our hands, in consequence of the naval victory gained by Conon and Fimotheus, we could not *keep* what we were in *actual possession* of. The very constitution of our commonwealth is gone *wrong*, and we have not the *least* thought of entering upon ways and means to set it *right*; whilst we Instruct. all know that it is not the surrounding of a city with *high* and *strong walls*, nor assembling together a *multitude* of *people*, that makes a *great* and *flourishing state*, but *wholesome laws*, a *wise police* and a *faithful administration*.

How much, therefore, is it to be *wished*, that Desire. the commonwealth could be brought back to the condition in which the *wise legislation* of Solon placed it (than whom *no one* ever had the good of the *people* more at heart), and to which Cleisthenes restored it when enslaved by the *thirty tyrants*, whom he *expelled*; *re-establishing* the commonwealth in the hands of the *people*, according to the *original constitution*. It is no- Instruct.

(1) Of Persia.

- Blame.** *torious, that, in the happier times, when the republic was administered according to the original constitution, there was not, as since a nominal liberty, with a real tyranny; but that the people were accustomed to other principles, than those, which now lead them to consider democracy as the same with anarchy, liberty with licentiousness; and that their happiness consists in the unpunished violation of the laws. In those*
- Commend** *times, the equal distribution of justice which prevailed, brought adequate punishment upon those who deserved it, and conferred the due honors upon such as had earned them by their virtue.*
- Blame.** *Preferment to stations of power and trust, was not, in those days open to all promiscuously.*
- Commend** *They, who appeared to the public to have the best claim by merit and character, obtained them. For they wisely considered, that to promote to high stations men of superior eminence for virtue, was the likeliest means to excite a general emulation among persons of all ranks, even to the*
- Instruct.** *lowest; as the people are constantly observed to form their manners upon the model of their superiors. Instead of the public treasures plundered*
- Blame.** *to fill the coffers of private persons; it was*
- Commend** *common to see large sums of private wealth voluntarily contributed for defraying the public expence. In those times the difficulty was, to prevail with the persons qualified for filling*
- Blame.** *important stations, to assume them: whereas in our days, all are aspiring to preferment worthy and unworthy, qualified and unqualified. In*
- Commend** *those times, they, who refused, were the most solicited to assume high stations; as it was considered that merit is commonly diffident of itself.*
- Blame.** *In our days, they who elbow others, and thrust themselves forward, obtain the most readily, what they, by this very conduct, shew them-*

selves the most *unworthy* of. Our *ancestors* did Cont.
 not look upon a place of authority as an *emolu-* Commend
ment; but as a *charge*: the successor did not Cont.
 inquire what his predecessor had *gained*, while
 he held his employment; but what he had left
undone, that the *deficiency* might be *supplied*, as Commend
 soon as possible. They held it proper, that the
 administration should be trusted to those, who
 had the *most* to lose, in case of a subversion of the
 state; but so, that *no riches*, or *power*, should
screen any person from an *inquiry* into his *con-*
duct, nor from *suffering adequate, punishment*, in
 case of *delinquency*. The rich thought extreme
poverty in the lower people a *reflection* upon them,
 as having *failed* in their *patronage* of them;
 and the poor, far from *envying* the *wealth* of
 their *superiors*, *rejoiced* in it; considering the
power of the rich as *their protection*. Sensible
 of the supreme *importance* of right *education* to-
 ward the happiness of a state, they bestowed the
strictest attention upon forming the *manners* of
 the youth to *modesty*, *truth*, *valor*, and *love* of
 their *country*. Nor did they think it sufficient
 to lay a *foundation* of *good principles* in the
 minds of young people, and *leave* them, after
 they were grown up, to *act* as they *pleased*: on
 the contrary, the *manners* of *adult persons* were
 more strictly inspected, than those of the youth;
 and the general *censorship* was vested in this
 very court of *Areopagus*, of which none could
 be *members*, but persons *eminent* for their *birth*,
 and their *virtues*; so that it is not to be won-
 dered, that *this court* bore, at *that time*, a *cha-*
racter superior to that of all the other *councils* of
Greece.

It is from *ignorance*, that *they speak*, who Cont.
 would persuade us, that there is *nothing more*
 necessary toward making a state great and hap-

- py, than a body of good laws. The laws, by which our commonwealth was governed in her most flourishing time, were known to all the other states of Greece, and they might adopt as many of them, as they pleased. But were all the other states of Greece—was any of them—upon as advantageous a foot as the Athenian republic? What chiefly tends to the establishment of a state, is, a police founded in habitual modesty temperance, integrity, valour, and patriotism. The general prevalence of these dispositions in a people is not brought about by laws or sanctions; but by education, example, and a judicious exertion of the discretionary power, which is and ought to be, in the hands of magistrates, whereby they discountenance vice, without directly punishing it, and draw the subjects into that voluntary rectitude of behavior, which force will never produce. Laws heaped upon laws, and sanctions added to sanctions, shew an unruly and perverse disposition in the people, who would not otherwise require such various terrors to restrain them. The sagacity of governors appears in their shewing, that they have the address to plant their laws in the hearts of a tractable and obedient people. The most tremendous sanctions will be incurred by men of ungovernable dispositions: but those, whose minds have received, from education and good police, a proper bent, will behave well, though left to themselves. The business, therefore, is not so much, to find ways of punishing offenders, as to form the minds of the people so that they shall have no disposition to offend.
- Remon. I hope no Athenian, who hears me this day, will shew such malice, as to accule me of attempting to promote innovations. To advise, that we should return to the institutions of our
- Self-Defe.
- Apology.

ancestors, is, surely, a very *different* matter from proposing *innovations*. And to propose the *re-establishment* of those arts of government, which we know to have been *judicious*, from their producing the most *desirable effects*, is far enough from shewing a love of *novelty*. Experience may Alarm. teach us, if we be *disposed to learn*, what we have to *expect*, if we go on in the track we are now in; and what the *consequences* will be, if Encour. we restore the commonwealth to the condition in which our wise ancestors established and maintained it. Let us attend to the *effects* which Instr. our conduct will have upon those, we are most concerned with, viz. The other states of Greece, our rivals, and the Persians our enemies. The truth is too *notorious* to be *dissembled*: we have, Repr. by our *misconduct*, and neglect of the public concerns, brought matters to such a pass, that part of the rival states *despise*, and part *hate* us. And, as for the Persian monarch, we have his *sentiments* of us in his letters.

I have in *perfect sincerity* declared to you, Apology. Athenians, as far as my judgment reaches, the *precarious* state of the commonwealth at present; with its *causes* and cure. You will shew your Advis. wisdom, and your patriotism, by taking into your *serious consideration* these important objects; and setting yourselves with *speed and diligence* to find out, and carry into execution, the most proper and *effectual* means of redressing those evils, which, otherwise, will draw after them the most Alarm. ruinous consequences.

BLUNT REPROOF. WARNING. OF-
FERING FRIENDSHIP.

The speech of the Scythian ambassadors to Alexander, who was preparing war against them. [*Q. Curt. xii.*]

- Respect. **I**F your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia : from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to
- Warning. *subdue nature.* But have you considered the usual course of things ? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years a growing to their
- Cont. height, and are cut down in an hour. It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without con-
- Warning. sidering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take care, lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens ; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wisdom to take care how
- Remon. you venture beyond your reach. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you ? We have never invaded Macedonia : Why should you attack Scythia ? We inhabit vast deserts, and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery ;
- Cour.

and we have no ambition to *tyrannize* over any nation. That you may understand the *genius* of the *Scythians*, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these *respectively* in our commerce with friends, and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labor of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered those, who have attempted to *tyrannize* over us in our own country, and likewise the kings of the *Medes* and *Persians*, when they made unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into *Egypt*. You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken *Lydia*: you have seized *Syria*: you are master of *Persia*: you have subdued the *Bactrians*; and attacked *India*. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct? You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten how long the conquest of the *Bactrians* detained you? While you were subduing them, the *Sogdians* revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is twofold; to win and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer, will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the *Tanais*, you may travel over

Accus.

Remon.

Instr.

Warn.

Cour.

- Scythia*, and observe how *extensive* a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the *cumbrous* spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the *Scythians*, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp. For the *Scythians* attack with no less vigor than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of *Scythia* are commonly talked of in *Greece*; and all the world knows that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have gained.
- Warn. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in *Scythia*, "That Fortune has no feet; and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful." You give yourself out to be a god, the son of *Jupiter Hammon*. It suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But, if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom than by dwelling on those subjects which have puff'd up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of *Scythia*. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both *Europe* and *Asia*. There is nothing between us and *Bactria* but the river *Tanais*; and our territory extends to *Thrace*, which as we have heard, borders on *Macedon*. If you decline at-
- Warn.
- Threat.
- Remon.
- Advice.
- Warn.
- Repr.
- Cont.
- Advice.
- Repr.
- Offer.
- Friend.
- Instr.
- Offer.

tacking us in a *hostile* manner, you may have our *friendship*. Nations, which have never been at war, are on an *equal footing*. But it is *Warn.* in vain that *confidence* is reposed in a *conquered* people. There can be no *sincere friendship* between the *oppressors* and the *oppressed*. Even in *peace* the latter think themselves *entitled* to the *rights* of war against the *former*. We will, if *Offer.* you think good, enter into a *treaty* with you, according to our *manner*, which is, not by *signi g. sealing*, and taking the *gods* to witness, as is the *Grecian custom*; but by doing *actual services*. The *Scythians* are not used to *promise*, *Bluntly* but to *perform* without *promising*. And they think an *appeal* to the *gods* *superfluous*; for that those who have *no regard* for the *esteem* of men, will not *hesitate* to *offend* the *gods* by *perjury*. You may therefore *consider* with *yourself*, *Advice.* whether you had better have a people of *such a character* (and so situated, as to have it in their power either to *serve* you, or to *annoy* you, according as you *treat* them) for *allies*, or for *enemies*.

LXXIX.

OUTCRY. EXAMINATION. SELFDEFENCE. CHIDING. LAMENTATION. THREATENING. REFUSAL. RELUCTANT COMPLIANCE.

[See Moliere's L'AVARE.]

Scrapely. **T**HIEVES! Robbers! Thieves! Outcry.
Robbers! Thieves! Robbers!
Traitors! Murderers! Justice! Help! I am robbed! I am ruined! I am dead! I am buried! Lament
O my money, my money! My guineas! My

golden guineas! My thousand guineas! My precious treasure! My comfort! My support! My life! My all is gone, plundered, robbed, carried off, strong box and all! O that I had never been born! O that the earth would open, and swallow me up alive! [Throws himself down on the floor. Lies some time, as stupified with the fall, then gathers himself up.] Oh! oh! oh! Who has done this? Who has robbed me? Who has got my money? Where is the thief? the murderer, the traitor? Where shall I go to find him? Where shall I search? Where shall I not search? Is he gone this way? [Running to the right.] Is he gone that way? [Running the contrary way.] Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief! Here is nobody. Are they all gone out of the house? They have robbed me, and are all gone off. My son, my daughter, my servants are all concerned; they have conspired together to ruin me.—Hah, [Listening] what do you say? Is he caught, Villain! [Catching himself.] I have you.—Alas, I have caught myself, I am going out of my senses; and that is not to be wondered at.—I will go to a magistrate. I will have every body examined, that ever was in my house. I will have half the town imprisoned, tried, and hanged; and if I cannot, with all this, recover my money, I will hang myself.

Returns with Justice Nofewell.

*Affect. Just. Nofewell. Let me alone. I know
Wisdom. what I have to do, I'll warrant you. This is
not the first piece of roguery I have found out.
If I had but a purse of ten guineas for every
fellow, I have been the hanging of, there are not
many of his Majesty's Justices of the peace,
Question. would carry their heads higher. There were,
you say, in your strong-box?*

Scr. *A thousand guineas well told.* Lament.

Nose. *A thousand guineas ! A large sum !* Wonder.

Scr. *A thousand guineas of gold. Hoo, hoo, Weeping.*
hoo ! [Weeps.]

Nose. Have you any suspicion of any parti- Question-
cular person ?

Scr. Yes, I suspect every body. Lament.

Nose. Your best way, Sir, will be, to keep Affect.
very quiet, and not to seem to suspect any one, Wisdom.
till you can lay hold of some proof, or presumption,
at least. Then you may proceed to the
rigour of the law. [While they are talking
without the door of Scrapely's house, James,
the cook, comes out, and speaks with his face
from them, leaving directions with the scullion
boy.]

James. You understand me, Jack. I shall Directing
be back presently. Kill him directly. Put him
in boiling water. Scrape him, and hang him up.

Scr. What, the rogue who has robbed me ? Anger.
Do hang him, drown him, burn him, slay him
alive.

James. I mean a pig, Sir, that is come Submis.
from Mr. Rackum, your honor's worship's stew-
ard in the country.

Scr. Pig me no pigs, Sir. I have other Anger.
things to think of than pigs.—You may be the
rogue for what I know of. A cock may carry
off a strong-box as soon as another man. Ex- Intreat.
amine him, pray, good Mr. Justice Nosewell.

Nose. Don't frighten yourself, friend. I Affect.
am not a man who loves to blaze things abroad. Wisdom.

James. Sir, your honor, I ask your honor's
pardon ; I am a little hard of hearing, your
honor. Often hot, and often cold, your ho-
nor. Your honor's worship, sups this e-
vening with my master's honor's worship, I

Flattery. suppose, and your honour's worship would, mayhap, like to have a little *plate* of something *tossed up* to your honour's worship's *liking*, mayhap. If your honour's worship pleases to let me *know* what your honour's worship *fancies*, I will do my best to *please* your honour's worship.

Affect. Nofew. *No, no*, my business with you is quite another matter. Friend, it will be your wisdom not to conceal any thing from your master. It will be the better for you.

Flattery. James. Sir, your honour, I assure your honour's worship, I will do my very best to please your honour's worship, upon my honour. if there be a better way than another, I will use it,

Desire. as far as I have *materials* and *ingratitude*s. I wish my master's honour's worship would go to the expence of a few *morrels* and *truffles*, and

Flattery. a little *right East India catchup*. There's your high *flavour*, your honour. And our niggardly

Accus. steward, *hang* him, downright *spoils* my master's

Flattery. honour's worship. I could engage to send up as pretty a little *collation*, as your honour's worship could wish to *sit down* to, if that narrow-

Accus. hearted soul, Rackum, our steward, did not clip my wings with the *scissars* of his niggardliness.

Arguing. Scr. Hold your tongue, you scoundrel. We don't want to hear your *nonsense* about eating. Hold your tongue, and answer to the questions, which Justice Nofewell is going to put to you about the money I have lost, and which I suppose you have taken.

Surprise. James. I take your honour's worship's money Sir! *Mercy* defend me from thinking of such

Self-De. a thing! I did not so much as know, that your honour's worship had lost any money.

Threat. Scr. Yes, you rogue, I have lost money, and I'll have you and twenty others hang'd, if I don't recover it.

James. *Mercy defend me, your honor ! Why* Anxiety.
should your honour's worship suspect me of such Self-Def.
a thing ? Did your honor's worship ever
know me rob your honour's worship of a farthing
or of a farthings worth ?

Nosew. *Hold, Mr. Scrapely. There is no* Affect.
need of *scolding*. My clerk shall administer to Wisdom.
him the oath. *Here Mr. Longscroll, admin- Directing.*
ister the oath to this man. Not the common
oath. No body minds kissing the book now-a-
days. Give him the great oath. [Clerk comes
forward.]

Clerk. Fall down on your knees before his Affect.
worship, and say after me. [James kneels be- Authority
fore the Justice, in great trepidation.] May Authority
the d—l.

James. *May the d—l.*

Fear.

Clerk. *The great d—l.*

Authority

James. *The gre—e—e—at d—l.*

Tremb

Clerk. *The great d—l of d—ls.*

Authority

James. *The gre—e—e—at d—l of d—ls.*

Terror.

Clerk. *With his great iron claw.*

Authority

James. *With his gre—e—e—at iron—Ah !* Fear.

Mercy defend me, your noble honour's worship Intreating
I am frightened out of my wits ! I can't say
any more of this dreadful oath. I expect the
d—l to come up through the ground before my
very nose in a minute. I'll tell your honor's
worship all the whole truth without the oath, if
your honor's worship will but give me a little
time to fetch breath

Nosew. *Rise then James. Don't frighten* Affect.
yourself ; but *frankly confess the foul fact* like an Wisdom.
honest christian. [To Scrapely] *I knew he*
would not trifle with the great oath. We shall
have a full confession presently.

James. *Why then—why then—I confess* Self-Def.
the foul fact frankly and like an honest christian

that I do not know who has taken my master's worship's money, no more than the child that was unborn forty years ago, as I am a sinner to be saved for ever and ever and amen.

Affect. Nosew. O that won't do, James. You
Wisdom. must kneel down again, and take all the whole
Threatni. great oath. And if you won't give up the
truth, my clerk shall write your mitimus to
prison, James.

Fright. James. O mercy defend me! O your noble
honour's worship, have mercy on a poor harmless
Self-Def. criminal, that is as innocent of the fact he is
convicted of, as you honor's worship, or your
honor's worship's clerk, there where he stands.
If I ever do such a thing again, your worship
shall hang me twenty times over. For I am sure
I never touched my master's honor's worship's
money, nor any man's money, in all my born
days, in an unfair or unconscionable way, saving
your honor's worship's presence, and my mas-
ter's honor's worship's presence, and . . .

Enter Smoothly leading in Mariana, Scrapely's
daughter.

Submis. Smooth. Behold, Sir, your son and daughter,
present themselves to beg your pardon, favour,
and blessing.

Anger. Scr. My son (if you be my son) and my
daughter may hang themselves. That is all the
blessing I have to bestow on them, or myself. O
my dear strong box! O my lost guineas! O poor
Lament. ruined, beggared old man! Hoo! hoo! hoo! —
Weeping. [Weeps.]

Submis. Smooth. Sir, if you please to look upon our
union with a favourable eye, no uneasiness about
your strong box need trouble your repose. It
shall be forth-coming immediately.

Scr. *What do you say? My strong-box? Surprise. With all that was in it? The thousand guineas? and Joy. The whole thousand? Shall it be forth coming? If you make your words good, you shall eat my daughter, if you please and my son too.*

James. *I told your honor's worship, I knew Self-Def. nothing of your honor's worship's money.*

Scr. *Where is my precious, precious, trea- Desire. sure, my life, my joy, my all?*

Mar. *Sir, your unreasonable anxiety about Blame money, which appears on the present, as on ma- with Sub- ny former occasions, in your lamentations about- mission. what to a man of your fortune, are trifles, has been the cause of constant anxiety to yourself, and all your family, and has forced me upon what I Apology. am ashamed of. This worthy gentleman has Grat. long had a regard for me, much above my de- Esteem. serving. He has always declared that he de- sired no fortune with me. Your excessive penu- Blame ries denied me the decencies of dress suitable to with Sub- your daughter. I thought myself entitled to some mission. part of what you can very well spare. I took Apology. the liberty of having your strong-box seized, that I might have wherewith to furnish myself suitably to the daughter of a man of fortune, and the bride of a man of fortune. His generous heart Esteem. could not bear the thought of my taking any thing from you, which you did not choose to give me. He therefore insists upon my delivering you up the strong-box, if you require it. But I Intreating am in hopes, Sir, you will not only grant me the trifling sum contained in it, but allow me a fortune suitable to your estate, and to the gentleman's who is so kind as to marry me without the prospect of any.*

Scr. *Where must I have it? Can I make Peevish money? Where is my strong box? if this gentleman has married you without a fortune, let*

him keep you without a fortune. *Where is my strong box ?* He cannot say, I ever promised him a fortune with you. *Where is my strong box ?*

Enter Mr. Sagely.

Demand.

Sage. Mr. Scrapely, *this gentleman, my nephew, has, in consequence of a long mutual affection between him and your daughter, married her this day. He has a fortune sufficient to maintain his lady and family, without any addition by marriage ; and he desires nothing with your daughter. But as it is well known, you can afford to give her a fortune, I insist upon it, though he is indifferent about the matter, that you sign this bond, which is ready filled up, for twenty thousand pound, which is much less than you ought to give with your daughter to such a son in law.*

Affected

Surprise.

Mist.

Threat.

Scr. Mr. Sagely ! Are you out of your wits ? *I twenty thousand pound ! Where should I have the tenth part of twenty thousand pound ?*

Sage. Hark ye, Mr. Scrapely, [takes him aside] *I know enough of your tricks, your smuggling, your extortion, and the like (you know I know enough of them) to hang you. If, therefore, you don't directly sign this bond, I will go and lay the informations against you before the proper persons : so that before you be a day older, you may depend on being safe in custody.*

Vexation

Fear.

Mist.

Scr. [Aside] *O d—! on him. He has me. I feel the noose under my left ear already. [To him.] Why, Mr. Sagely, twenty thousand pound is a great sum. How should I raise twenty thousand pound ? I believe I might, with the help of some friends, raise two thousand ; but . . .*

Threat.

Sage. Will you sign and seal directly ; or shall I go, and inform directly ? I ask you only this once. [Going.]

Scr. *Hold; you are so hasty. Let me see Fear.*
the bond. [Aside.] I wish I had you in a pri- Madness.
vate place, and a knife at your throat; I'd soon Vexation.
spoil your informing. [To him.] I will sign Self. Def.
and seal. But I know not where the money is
to come from.

James. *Now, Sir, I hope you are satisfied. Compl.*
I am intirely conscious of meddling with your
honor's worship's money; that I am a consci-
onable man, and not such a rogue, as your hon-
or's worship [makes a long pause] was pleased
to take me for.

LXXX.

DISSUASION.

The wise advice of Charidemus, an Athenian
 exile at the court of Darius, when he was
 asked his opinion of the event of the warlike
 preparations making by Darius against Alex-
 ander. [*O. Curt. III.*]

PER *ance of the great God,* *not bear the Apology.*
"Jesus Christ." *Recian and an*
exile; and if I do not declare it now, I never
will; perhaps I may never have another oppor-
tunity. Your majesty's numerous army, drawn Warning.
from various nations, and which unpeoples the
east, may seem formidable to the neighboring
countries. The gold, the purple, and the splen- Contempt
dour of arms, which strike the eyes of behold-
ers, make a shew, which surpasses the imagi-
nation of all, who have not seen it. The Ma- Alarm.
cedonian army, with which your majesty's
forces are going to contend, is, on the con-
trary, grim, and horrid of aspect. and clad in
iron. The irresistible phalanx, is a body of men, Comm.

him keep you without a fortune. Where is my strong box? He cannot say, I ever promised him a fortune with you. Where is my strong box?

Enter Mr. Sagely.

Demand. Sage. Mr. Scrapely, this gentleman, my nephew, has, in consequence of a long mutual affection between him and your daughter, married her this day. He has a fortune sufficient to maintain his lady and family, without any addition by marriage; and he desires nothing with your daughter. But as it is well known, you can afford to give her a fortune, I insist upon it, though he is indifferent about the matter, that you sign this bond, which is ready filled up, for twenty thousand pound, which is much less than you ought to give with your daughter to such a son in law.

Affected
Surprise.
Mist. Scr. Mr. Sagely! Are you out of your wits? I twenty thousand pound! Where should I have the tenth part of twenty thousand pound?

Threat. Sage. Hark ye, Mr. Scrapely, [takes him aside] I know enough of your tricks, your smuggling, your extortion, and the like (you know I know enough of them) to hang you. If, therefore, you don't directly sign this bond, I will go and lay the informations against you before the proper persons: so that before you be a day older, you may depend on being safe in custody.

Vexation
Fear. Scr. [Aside] O d—n on him. He has me. I feel the noose under my left ear already. [To him.] Why, Mr. Sagely, twenty thousand pound is a great sum. How should I raise twenty thousand pound? I believe I might, with the help of some friends, raise two thousand; but . . .

Threat. Sage. Will you sign and seal directly; or shall I go, and inform directly? I ask you only this once. [Going.]

Scr. *Hold; you are so hasty. Let me see Fear.*
the bond. [Aside.] I wish I had you in a pri- Madness.
vate place, and a knife at your throat; I'd soon Vexation.
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exile at the court of Darius, when he was
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ander. [Q. Curt. III.]

PER [redacted] not bear the Apology.
[redacted] a Grecian and an
exile; and if I do not declare it now, I never
will; perhaps I may never have another oppor-
tunity. Your majesty's numerous army, drawn Warning.
from various nations, and which unpeoples the
east, may seem formidable to the neighboring
countries. The gold, the purple, and the splen- Contempt
dour of arms, which strike the eyes of behold-
ers, make a shew, which surpasses the imagi-
nation of all, who have not seen it. The Ma- Alarm.
cedonian army, with which your majesty's
forces are going to contend, is, on the con-
trary, grim, and horrid of aspect, and clad in
iron. The irresistible phalanx, is a body of men, Comma.

who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear; so that a brazen wall might as soon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up,

Contempt by a fixed contempt of what your majesty's troops are so vain, I mean of gold and silver. The

Comm. bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your majesty may, therefore, judge, whether the Thessalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army, that has, in spite

Contempt of all opposition, over-run half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude of numerous) armed with slings and darts at the

Advice. points by fire. [redacted] with

Alexander, your majesty [redacted] an army composed of the same sort of troops. And they are no where to be had, but in the same countries, which produced those conquerors of the world. It is therefore my opinion, that, if your majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorns your men, to the purpose of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have some chance for success; otherwise I see no reason to expect any thing else, than that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been, who have encountered the irresistible Macedonians.

Alarm.

LXXXI.

A SERMON. (1)

THE end of preaching is twofold: To Teach. *instruct* mankind in the several truths contained in *scripture*; and, To *persuade* them to live agreeably to the laws of the *Christian* religion. It is therefore, my present purpose, my brethren, to endeavour, with the Divine assistance, to promote your spiritual and temporal happiness, by desiring your attention to what shall be spoken to you from the following passage of the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to Titus, the second chapter, and eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verses.

“ The grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that denying ungodliness, and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, looking for the blessed hope, and glorious appearance of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

We may represent to ourselves the great Apostle of the Gentiles, speaking as follows: for

B b

(1) I did not know where to find a single sermon containing a sufficient variety of species of matter, for exercising, generally, the talents of a preacher. The reader will perceive, that this discourse is composed with a direct view to expression or delivery. And whoever has considered the strain of the popular addresses of the prophets and apostles, and of the Fathers, and best French preachers, to say nothing of the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, and the rest, will not, I hope, be offended at a vivacity of remonstrance, and description, unusual in our English sermons; which are, otherwise, the best.

it is, I think, probable, he meant what follows :

Cour.

“ The favour of God, to which we owe all, that we enjoy, or hope for, particularly our *deliverance* from Heathen *ignorance* and *immorality*, and the prospect of *future rescue* from the *tyranny* of Satan, (1) and from *death* ; (2) this *Divine goodness* is, in the *Christian revelation*, gloriously *displayed* before *mankind* ; the new religion being *established* upon the unquestionable evidence of *miracles*, *prediction*, and its own *internal character*, and that of its *divine Author*, and of its *propagators*, who are ready to *law down* their *lives* in attestation of the truth of his *resurrection* from the *dead* ; (3) of the *reality* of which they are *sure* beyond the *possibility* of *mistake*, and cannot be suspected of a design to *deceive* others, having no *worldly temptation* to *propagate*, but much to *conceal*, or *deny* the *fact*.

“ And this heavenly religion giveth full *satisfaction* to the anxious and *inquisitive* mind, upon the most *interesting subjects* ; where the *light* of *nature*, and the *sagacity* of *philosophers* had left men in *great uncertainty*, as, *Wherein* the *chief good* of man *consisteth* : *Who* is the *only Object* of *worship*, and how he is to be *acceptably worshipped* : Of the *other orders* of beings, *inferior* to the one *indivisible* and *unoriginated Supreme*, but *superior* to us ; and how we are *concerned* with them : How *evil*, and, particularly, *death*, came into *God's world* : Of the *future redress* of the *disorderly state*, in which this world is at *present* : The *will* of *God*, or *duty* of *man*, fixed by laws *authoritatively promulgated* : — What will be the *effect* of *repentance* and *reformation* : How, and when, the *good*, and

(1) Acts xxvi. 18. (2) Heb. ii. 14, 15. (3) Acts i. 3.

the wicked are to receive their respective retributions of reward and punishment: The possibility of rising from the dead demonstrated by actual resurrections, especially that of Christ himself: That the whole human species is to be raised from the dead, in bodies, and that the heathen notions of Elysian fields, and of Tartarus, as well as of transmigration of some souls into other bodies, without end, and of the re-union of others to the Deity, are fables and fictions; and that all mankind are to be judged at one time, and that it is to be done by Christ: That the retribution for the virtuous is glory, honor, and immortality; and of obdurate wickedness, final destruction from the presence of God, and the glory of his power; both sentences irreversible.

“ And the new religion inculcates, in the most powerful manner, the necessity of forsaking the impious superstitious, and vicious abominations, allowed, or not reformed, by the heathen religions, as the worship of deified men, and of innumerable imaginary gods and goddesses, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal, with rites absurd, obscene, and cruel; the promiscuous, excessive, and unnatural indulgence of fleshly lust; the arbitrary violation of the matrimonial union by causeless separation; the horrid practices of exposing children; of self-murder; or inflicting arbitrary revenge, and the like. (1) And this blessed religion doth also prohibit, in general, the indulgence of every wicked disposition (for its authority reacheth to the heart) and every wicked practice; all malice, hatred, envy, injustice, selfishness, pride, covetousness, intemperance, lasciviousness, anger, revenge, backbiting, lying, craft,

Aversion.

Teaching.

(1) Rom. i.

uncharitable zeal, impiety, prophane swearing, blasphemy, obscenity, idleness, sedition, rebellion, and neglect of public and private religion. The Christian law forbiddeth all unwarrantable pursuit of the three great objects of the desires of wicked and worldly men, viz. riches, power, and pleasure; and it requireth the faithful and unreserved performance of our whole three-fold duty.

“First, That which respecteth *ourselves*, The due regulation of every *passion, appetite, and inclination* of our nature; and a proper attention to, and careful cultivation of, all our *powers, bodily and mental*, so that the *wise ends* of the benificent Giver of them may best be answered, and the *least disappointed*: Therefore no one can justly pretend to be a *sincere proselyte* to the new religion; who does not study to be *humble, meek, forgiving, pure in heart, sincere, diligent* in improving his *knowledge and virtue, courageous* in the cause of truth, *temperate, frugal, industrious, decent, cautious, fearful of offending, penitent* for his weaknesses, *heavenly-minded, and richly furnished* with every grace and *virtue, flourishing, and growing, and rising* to higher and higher degrees of *perfection* continually.

“The second head of duty required by the new religion, is, That which respecteth our *fellow-creatures*, viz. The conscientious observance of *justice, negative and positive*, as to the interests of the *body, the soul, the reputation, and the worldly estate* of our neighbour; and over and above mere *justice, a generous disposition* to shew *kindness* on every proper occasion, and in every prudent manner, to *all* within our reach; and the discharge of

every relative duty according to our respective situations of governors, subjects, countrymen, parents, children, husbands, wives, masters, servants, and the rest.

“ The third head of duty required by the new religion, is, That which respecteth our Creator, viz. *Thinking, and speaking, and acting in the constant fear, and sense of the universal presence of Almighty God; with love and gratitude to him for all his goodness to us, especially for his last and best gift, the Christian religion; worshiping Him in spirit and truth, both publicly and privately; obedience to all his laws; acceptance, upon due examination, of the blessed religion of his Son, and adherence to it in spite of the terrors of persecution, with an unreserved submission to its heavenly precepts, (1) sincerely repenting of, and thoroughly reforming all our faults; with gratitude to our illustrious Deliverer from Satan, sin, and death, and observance of his institution for commemorating his sufferings and death.* Venerati.

“ And this heavenly religion teacheth us to expect the future glorious appearance of its divine Author, to restore this ruined world, to put an end to the tyranny of Satan, (2) to abolish death, and to judge the whole human race, both those who shall then be alive, and also all who have lived in all parts of the earth, from the creation of man, who shall universally be restored to life, by the same power which first gave them life; and to reward

Bb 2

(1) The gospels, and particularly that by St. Matthew, in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of which we have the peculiar laws of christianity summed up, probably, were not at this time, written.

(2) Rev. xxi.

Joy. them according to their *respective characters*, to fix the *penitent and virtuous*, in a state of *safety and everlasting happiness*, and condemn the *obdurate* to utter *destruction*."

Horror.
Alarm.

This is, in part, the *vast and weighty sense* of the passage of Scripture, from which I have chosen to speak to you at this time. And what is there, my Christian brethren, of *consequence* to us, with regard either to our *peace of mind here*, or our *happiness hereafter*, that is not virtually comprehended in this *short passage of three verses*? What *various matter for consideration* is here suggested? To think of the *state* we are at present in, and of the *task* prescribed us, of which you have heard only the *principal heads*, which task if we do not *labour* to perform, with the *fidelity* which becomes those, who know, that the *all-piercing eye* is upon them, it were better we had *never been born*—to think of this, is it not enough to make us tremble at ourselves?—To consider the *prospect* we have,

Fear.

Joy.

Excit.

Alarm.

and the *hope* set before us, if we endeavour, with *sincere diligence*, to act *worthily* our part—is it not enough to *overwhelm* us with *rapture*? If we are not *stocks and stones*, if we have in us either *hope or fear*, *desire* of our own *happiness*, or *horror* at the thought of *misery and ruin*; here is what ought to *alarm* us to the *highest pitch*. There is not *one* here present, whose condition may not hereafter be *blissful or calamitous*, beyond *imagination*. And which of the two it *shall be*, depends upon every *individual himself*. Then surely no man, who *thinks* for a *moment*, can imagine, that the period of our present existence, however *transient*, is to be *trifled* with. No one, who has ever heard of a *future appearance* of a *general Judge*, as in the text, can think it a matter of *indifference* what

life he leads. Hear the voice of inspiration on this important point : " Be not deceived. God " is not to be mocked. Whatsoever a man " soweth, that he shall also reap.* God shall " render to every man according to his works ; " to them who by patient continuance in well- " doing, seek for glory, honour, immortality, and " everlasting life ; but to them who are conten- " tious and obey not the truth, but obey un- " righteousness, indignation and wrath, trib- " ulation and anguish, upon every soul that " worketh wickedness, of the Jew first, and " also of the Gentile ; for there is no respect of " persons with God."†—What can be more awful than this warning ! It is not for vain parade, like the triumphant entry of a conqueror, that the son of man is to come with the sound of the trumpet, attended with hosts of angels, and armed in flaming fire. Every one of us is interested in the solemn business of that dreadful day. It is, therefore, my Christian brethren, in the Protesta- sincerity of my heart, and the agony of my soul,‡ that I stand forth to warn you, in the name of the great and terrible One, who sitteth upon the throne of heaven, whose creatures we are, and to whom we must answer, and to declare to you without flattery, without reserve, that there is no safety, no chance of escape for you, but by a constant and faithful attention to the performance of every one of the duties I have mentioned to you, and a fixed aversion against every one of the vices I have pointed out, and all others. You have the word of God for it. And his word shall stand ; he will do all his pleasure ;|| and the Judge of the earth will do what is right.§ Would you have the preacher say Remonstr.

* Gal. vi. 7. † Rom. ii. 6. ‡ Rom. ix. 1, 2, 3. || Isa. xlv. 10. § Gen. xviii. 25.

smooth things ? Would you have him betray the truth of God ? Shall he, like a faithless hireling, leave his flock unwarned a prey to the Enemy of mankind ? Would you have him heap on his own soul, the damnation of a whole*

Protesta. *people.† No, not for the riches of this wide world. By the help of God, I will be faithful to my trust. I will set before you life, and death, the*

Warning. *blessing, and the curse.‡ It shall appear, in that day, when you and I shall stand before the general judgment-seat, that I have done the duty of my office, and if you listen not, those above, who now look on, though to us invisible, shall witness against you, that you have murdered your own souls.*

Alarm. *I would not have you imagine, that it is so easy a matter to secure your own salvation, as to render care on your part, and apprehension on mine, unnecessary. He, who best knew, has declared that the way to happiness is strait, and the gate narrow ; that the way to destruction is broad and the gate wide ; and that the number of those who shall reach happiness, will be small compared with that of those, who shall go to destruction.|| Can I then address you with indifference, when I know that you are in danger ?—But why should I say you ?—I am myself in danger. Every individual, who shall come to salvation, will be one escaped from extensive ruin and wreck.*

Fear.

Comfort.

Yet I would not have you think, my Christian brethren, that the charge of your souls is a burden too grievous to be borne ; or your duty, a task impossible to be performed. Tho' it is true, that the reward offered, and the punishment threatened, by the Christian religion,

* John. x. 13. † Ezek. iii. 18, 19.
‡ Deut. xi. 26. || Matt. vii. 13.

are motives sufficient if we think aright, to excite in us *desires* and *fears* to carry us through any *abstinence* from pleasure or any *suffering* of punishment ; though this is true yet so little does our kind and merciful Lord deserve the character of a *hard task-master*, that all he requires of us—of us, who enjoy these happy times, untroubled with the terrors of *persecution*—all he requires of us, is—To be *happy here, and hereafter*. Even in the life that *now is*,* I appeal to the feelings of every man of common decency in this assembly (for I hold not the abandoned *profligate* a judge of what *virtue* is, or what its effect) I appeal to every heart that is not *hardened* beyond feeling, whether *virtue* is not even in this world, its own reward ? And I ask thy conscience, O sinner, whether *vice* be not its own tormentor ? Canst thou say, the imaginary *pleasure*, the *profit* and the *honor* which *vice* bestows, are sufficient to arm thee against the pang of *guilt* ? Does not its envenomed *sling* often pierce thee through that weak though *threefold armour* of *defences*, to the very *soul* ? What, then, dost thou gain Anguish. by thy fatal attachment, if thou art not by it secured from *suffering* ? Thou hast but one Remonstr. objection, and that, God knows, a wretched one, against a life of strict *virtue* ; that it may chance to *deprive* thee of some fancied *pleasures*, and subject thee to certain imaginary *austerities*. Now, if thy favorite *vices* were capable of affording thee, at present, a *pleasure untainted, unpoisoned*, and of securing thee against all *pain* ; and thou knowest, that *virtue* is, in the present state, pure *misery*, thou mightest pretend, thy *scheme of life* had the whole ad-

* 1 Tim. vi. 6.

- vantage* against a course of *virtue*, as far as *this* world goes; and for the *next*, thou mightest, if thou wert *desperate* enough, set it at *defiance*.
- Challeng. But thou *darest* not pretend, that *vice* will yield thee, even in *this* life, the copious harvest of substantial *happiness* which *virtue* gives. Which of thy *lawless* pleasures affords, on reflection, an untroubled enjoyment? Does the *smile* of the great, bought with *perjury*, light up in thy soul the sunshine of *undisturbed* tranquility? Does the *glittering* trash, by unjust means wrested from the *reluctant* hand of *industry*, satisfy the ever-craving *thirst* of gold? Does *lawless* lust indulged, does *virgininnocence* betrayed, do broken *marriage-vows*, yield, on reflection, a continual feast to thy mind? In what condition is thy breast from the moment of conceiving *wickedness*, to that of its execution? Does the dark conspirator enjoy himself in quiet? Can *happiness* dwell with *anxiety*, *tumult*, and *horror*? Will sweet *peace* take up her habitation with discordant *desires*, with warring *passions*, with fear of *discovery*, with apprehension of public *shame*, and exemplary *punishment*? Is the reflection on *reveng*e, gratified by the shedding of blood, a subject of *calm* enjoyment? Why then, is the murderer afraid to be alone? What is it, that breaks his *slumbers*, whilst all nature is at rest? Why does he start at every noise? What does he see? With what does his scared *imagination* fill the void? Does not the horror of his *conscience* even raise the murdered out of the earth again? Whence came the frightful *imagination*s of *charnel* houses opening, and graves casting forth their dead? What is it, but *guilt*, that presents the bloody *apparition* of the mangled innocent, dumb and ghastly before the eyes of the assassin? We know, that the dead
- Horror.
- Trepida.

(excepting a few raised by miracle) are to *sleep* till the *resurrection*. Yet the murderer does not find himself *safe*, even when the hapless victim of his cruelty is *dust*. The pang of remorse proves so *intolerable*, that a *violent death* is *relief*. He flies from his internal tormentor to the *more friendly halter or dagger*. To deliver himself from his present ceaseless *gnawings*, he is content to *lose* this blessed *light*: he throws himself headlong into *eternity*, and, committing the crime, which *cuts itself off* from *repentance*, seals his own *damnation*. Such are the *fruits* of atrocious *wickedness*. Do not, therefore, O presumptuous sinner! I *charge* thee *Despair.* on thy *soul*, do not pretend, that the ways of *vice* are ways of *pleasantness*, or that her *paths* are *peace*. (1) The *history* of *mankind*—thy own *feelings*—will give thee the *lie*. *Charge.*

Didst thou but consider, what *figure* thou *Contempt* makest in the eye of the *discerning* among thy own *species*, thou wouldst think of *altering* thy *conduct*. Thy *wisdom* is easily understood to be at best but *low cunning*. Thy *honors* are but *Sarcasm.* the *applause* of *fools*, *dazzled* by thy *riches*, or of *knaves*, who *flatter* thee for what they hope to *gull* thee of. Thy *arts* over-reach only the *weak*, or the *unguarded*, The eye of *experience* pierces the *cobweb veil* of *hypocrisy*; not to mention a more *penetrating eye*, which thou art sure *Awe.* thou *canst* not *deceive*. But *go on*, if thou *wilt*. *Sarcasm.* Take the advantage, while thou *canst*, of thy *honest* neighbor, who *suspects* not thy *worthlessness*. It will not be long that thou wilt have it in thy *power* to *over-reach* any one. *Craft* is but for a day. O *fool*! *whom* art thou *deceiving*? Even thy *wretched self*. And of what art thou *cheating* thyself? Of thy *reputation*,

thy prosperity, and thy peace; to say nothing of thy miserable soul; which thou art consigning to the *Enemy of man*, for what thou hadst better a thousand times be without, if the future consequences were nothing. Remember I have told thee, what thou acquirest by lawless means, whether thou hast been used to dignify it by the name of profit, pleasure, or honour; and the wickedness thou drinkest in with greediness, will either poison thy life, or else must be disgorged, with the horrible pangs of remorse. Where

Teaching then will be thy gains? I say therefore, were there no state ordained for us beyond the present, the wisdom of a man would direct his choice to virtue. To be conscious of that cloudless serenity within, which proceeds from passions subdued under the superior authority of reason; to feast upon that uninterrupted joy, which this vain world can neither give, nor take away: to bless, and be blessed, to love, and be loved, to be eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame,* to be a guardian angel to his fellow-creatures; to serve Him, whose service is the glory of those who sit enthroned in heaven,† to have neither thought, nor wish, which would not do him honour, if published before the universe—what sense of dignity, what self enjoyment must not this consciousness yield—I tell thee, thoughtless libertine! there is more joy, in repenting of, and flying from vice, nay, in suffering for virtue, than ever thou wilt taste in the cloying draught of swinish impurity,‡ what, then, must be the undisturbed fruition of that which makes the happiness of every superior nature?

A larm.
Rever.

But this life is not all. There is—there is full surely, another state abiding us. The soul of man feels itself formed for something greater

* Job xxix. 15. † Rev. iv. ‡ 2 Pet. ii. 22.

than all that is here *below* ; and it cannot think what is *noblest* in its nature to be given in *vain*. The power of *lifting* its thought to its *Greater* ; the unconquerable *dread* of an *account* hereafter to be *given* ; the *thirst* for *immortality* (to say nothing of that *surest proof* given by the Messenger of Heaven, who *showed* us, in himself, man actually raised from the grave to *immortality*) * all these confirm that there is a *life* to come. And if there is—what is thy prospect, O remorseless obdurate?

The present state would teach thee if thou Remon-
wouldst be taught, what will be prevalent in the
future. The world is now under the moral Teaching
government of the One Supreme. The life to
come will be under the same direction. The Appr.
present state of things, for the most part, brings
on vice the present punishments of fear, remorse,
with worldly shame, and often bitter poverty,
and death, from a constitution shattered by vice,
or from the iron hand of justice. The natural Joy.
course of this world rewards the virtuous with
peace of mind, with approbation from every
worthy character, and, generally, with length
of days, prosperity and affluence.† What does Arguing.
this conclude? Is it not from hence evident,
that when the temporary irregularity of the pres-
ent state which hinders equal retribution from
being universal, when the influence of the Ene-
my‡ is at an end, under which this world now
groans,|| and, when at the appointed time,
order shall spring out of confusion ; then, what
now appears in part will prevail universally ;
then virtue will rise superior ; and evil be, for
ever, sunk to its proper place.

C c

* 1 Cor. xv. 20. † Prov. iii. 16. ‡ Matt.
xiii. 39. || Rom. viii. 20—24.

- Roufing Shame. To a *generous* mind there is little need of *terror*. Such are better won to *goodness* by the view of its own apparent *excellence*, which wants only to be *held forth* to be *perceived*; is no sooner *perceived* than *admired*. But, alas, I sadly fear the *generous-minded* are but *few*. For, if otherwise, how could the number of the *wicked* be what it is. Every *hardened sinner* is one *lost* to all that is truly *great* or *worthy* in the rational nature. And are there *any* in this assembly, is there *one*, fallen to so *low* an ebb of *sentiment*, so *stupified* beyond all *feeling*, as to go on to offend, without *remorse*, against the goodness of his *heavenly Father*? Think, wretched mortal, that thou art *insulting* the very *power*, which *supports* thee in thy *insolence* against *itself*.
- Grief. Roufing Shame. The gentle *mercy* of the Almighty, like the fructifying moisture of the spring *droppeth* on thee from on high; and, instead of producing the fruit of *repentance* in thee, is, by thy *impiety*, dashed back in the *face* of *Heaven*. What could thy *best friend* on earth, what could pitying *angels*, what could the *author* of all *good*, do for thee that *has not been done*? Thy Creator hath given thee *reason* to *distinguish* between *good* and *evil*; to know what is thy *life*, and what will seal thy *ruin*. He hath placed *conscience* in thy breast, to warn thee in the moment of thy *guilt*. He hath sent down to thee, Him, whom he had *dearest* in all *Heaven*, to give thee yet *amplior instruction* in the way to *bliss*. And the *Son* condescended to come with the same *willingness* as the *Father* sent him, though with the certain knowledge, that, like a *patriot* rising in defence of his *country*, his coming must *cost* him his *life*. The *richest blood*, that ever *flowed*, has been shed for thy *worthlessness*, and for such as thou art. *Shame*
- Softness. Rage. Remons. Mov. Pity. Reproach.

and torture have been despised for the sake of bringing thee to good. And wilt thou grudge to forego a little sordid pleasure, to shew thyself *Pity.* grateful for all this goodness? Go with me then, to Golgotha, and insult thy suffering Saviour in his agonies. Behold there a sight, which the sun would not look upon. * View with dry eyes, what made angels weep. Harden thy heart at an object, which rent the rocks, † and brought the dead out of their graves. ‡ His arms stretched on the cursed || tree, invite thee to bliss. Though now feeble and languid, they *Awe.* will quickly raise a world from the grave, and lay the angel of death full low. I am not describing a fancied scene. The witnesses of the *Affir.* death and resurrection of Jesus have sealed the truth of what they saw with their blood. But canst thou find a heart to crucify him afresh, § *Remons.* by persisting in the crimes, which brought on him this cruel death? If thou hast been so wicked, bethink thee of thy obstinacy. If thou *Warning.* dost, even now repent, he has prayed for thee, *Encour.* “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” ¶ — Behold how deadly pale his sacred *Pity.* countenance! Cruel are the agonies, which rend *Weak.* his tender frame. His strength fails; his heart breaks; the strong pangs of death are on him. Now he utters his last solemn words—“It is *Path.* finished.” ** What is finished? The suffering *Quest.* part, to which his dear love for mankind, ex *Pity.* posed him. The rest is victory and triumph; *Joy.* and the salvation of a world will reward his glo *Path.* rious toil. But what salvation? Not of the *Quest.* obdurate, with all their vices about them; but *Inform.* of the heart-bleeding penitent, whose streaming

* Matt. xxvii. 45. † Ibid. 51. ‡ Ibid. 53.
 || Gal. iii. 13. § Heb. vi. 6. ¶ Luke xxiii.
 34. ** John xix. 30.

Pity. sorrows have washed away his impurity, and
 Aversion. who has bid a last farewell to vice, and to every
 Comfort. temptation, which leads to it. To such the
 blessed gospel which I preach, speaks nothing
 but peace. For them it has no terrors. Be of
 good cheer, then, my disconsolate, broken-hearted
 mourner. Though thy sins have been as scar-
 let, they shall be white as the wool, which never
 received the tincture.* They shall be blotted
 out, as if they were covered with a cloud.†
 They shall no more come into remembrance.‡
 For our God is long-suffering, and of great
 mercy, and will abundantly pardon.||

Beseech. O suffer then, my unthinking fellow crea-
 tures, suffer the word of exhortation.§ Every
 encouragement, every invitation, is on the side
 of virtue. It has the promises of this life, and
 of that which is to come.¶ Let me beseech
 you by the superior love of your Maker; by the
 streaming blood of the Saviour, and by the
 worth of your immortal souls; to cast off your
 ruinous vices, and to return to Him, who is
 ready to receive the returning sinner, and never
 casts him out, who comes to Him.** Listen!
 Oh listen to Him, who speaketh from Heaven.
 It is not the voice of an enemy. It is your
 heavenly Father, who calls you. Behold! the
 very Majesty of the universe bends forward from
 his throne to invite you. He veils uncreated
 brightness to allure you to return to your own
 happiness. He proclaims himself the "Lord
 "merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abun-
 "dant in goodness."†† He condescends to assure
 you with an oath, that he has no pleasure in the

* Isa. i. 18. † Isa. xlv. 22. ‡ Ibid. lxxv. 17.
 || Ibid. lv. 7. § Heb. xiii. 22. ¶ 1 Tim. iv. 8.
 ** John vi. 37. †† Exod. xxxiv. 6.

death of him that dies.* He encourages, he Beseech.
threatens, he promises, he remonstrates, he la-
ments, he wooes his wretched creatures, as if
his own unchanging happiness depended on
theirs. He leaves the door of mercy open; he
gives them space to repent, he does not take
them by surprise. Return—O yet return to
the Father of spirits, my poor deluded wanderers!
Whom have ye forsaken? What have you been Pity.
in pursuit of? Whose conduct have you put
yourselves under? You have forsaken the
Fountain of your happiness. You have pursued
your own ruin. You have given yourselves
up to the guidance of the Enemy of souls. But Encour.
it is not, even now, too late to retrieve all;
all may yet be well, if you will yet be wise. Grief.

Can you shut your ears, and steel your hearts
against all that is tender? Are you determined
on your own ruin? Must I then lose my crown
of rejoicing? † Must I be deprived of the joy of
our mutual endless congratulations for our escape
from the hideous wreck of souls? Must I reap Complain.
no fruit of my labour of love? ‡ Shall the
blessed message || from Heaven prove your death,
which was intended to be your life? § If you Alarm.
will not listen to the still small voice, ¶ which
now speaks to you from the mercy seat, the time
will quickly come, when your ears, if they
were of rock, will be pierced by the thunder of
that voice which will terrify this great world
from the throne of judgment. Think, O har-
dened offender, think, the time will quickly

C c 2

* Ezek. xxxiii. 11. † 1 Thess. ii. 19.

‡ 1 Thess. i. 3.

|| The literal signification of the Greek word
εὐαγγέλιον which our English word Gospel
(i. e. Good book) expresses but weakly.

¶ 2 Cor. ii. 16. ¶ 1 Kings xix. 12.

Terror.

Guilt.

Alarm.

Horror.

come, when, as *sure* as thou now hearest this awful warning, thou *shalt* hear (—it would be thy wisdom to think thou now *hearest*—) the sound of that *trumpet*, * which will startle the *silent dust*, and *break* the *slumbers*, which were begun before the general flood. Think, that, thou beholdest the whole *species* around thee, covering the face of the *earth* beyond the reach of sight. † Think of universal *trepidation* and *amazement*, ‡ to which all the *routed armies*, the *cities sacked*, the *fleets dashed in pieces*, the *countries whelmed by inundation*, and the *nations swallowed by earthquakes* which make the terrors of *history*, are but the *diversions* of a *stage-play*. Behold the *heavens* involved in *flames*; the *brightness* of the *sun* extinguished by the superior lustre of the *throne*; and the *heavens* and the *earth* ready to fly away from the terrible face of *Him*, who sitteth upon it. || Imagine thyself called forth; thy *life* and *character* displayed before *men* and *angels*. Thy *conscience* awakened, and all thy *offences* full in the eye of thy *remembrance*. What will then be thy *defence*, when thy various *uncancelled guilt* is charged upon thy *soul*? No *frivolous shuffle* will blind the *avenging Judge*. The very *counsel* now rejected by thee against thyself, ¶ if thou hadst never had another invitation to *repentance*, will condemn thee; the very *warning* given thee this day will be thy *undoing*.

To attempt a description of the terrors hidden under these dreadful words, “Depart from me, ye *curst*! into everlasting *fire* prepared for the *Devil* and his *angels*,” ** to reach, as it were, over the *brink* of the *bottomless pit*, to

* 1 Cor. xv. 52. † Rev. xx. 12. ‡ Rev. vi. 14. 15, 16. || Rev. xx. 11. § Ibid. 12th ver. ¶ Luke vii, 30. ** Matt. xxv. 41.

look down where ten thousand volcanoes are rearing, and millions of miserable beings tossed aloft in the fiery whirlwind of the eruption; what employment would this be for human imagination! But what human imagination can conceive how fearful a thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God? (1) When we see a raging hurricane tear up the rooted oaks, and shake the ancient hills on which they grow; when we hear of the mountainous ocean dashing with ease, the strong-jointed ships in pieces, overflowing a continent and sweeping whole towns before it; when we see the black thunder-cloud pour down its cataract of fire; whose burst shivers the massy tower or solid rock; or when we read of the subterraneous explosions heaving up the ground, shattering kingdoms, and swallowing nations alive to one destruction; do not such scenes exhibit to us a tremendous view of power? And whose power is it that works these terrifying effects? The laws of nature are the living energy of the Lord of nature. And what art thou wretched worm of earth to resist such power? But what we see at present, is but part of his ways. (2) What the direct exertions of omnipotence against his hardened enemies will produce; what the condition of those will be, who stand in the full aim of its fury—where is the imagination to be found equal to the conception, or tongue to the description, of such terrors? Yet this may be the situation of some, now known to us.—O frightful thought! O horrible image! Forbid it, O Father of Mercy! If it be possible, let no creature of thine ever be the object of that wrath, against which the strength of thy whole creation united would stand but as the moth against the thunder-bolt!—Alas, it is

Fear with
Wonder.
Remonst.
Fear
Apprehen.
Horror.
Earnest.
Deprecat.
Grief.

(1) Heb. x. 31. (2) Job. xxvi. 14.

not the *appointment* of Him, who would have *all saved*, that brings *destruction* on any one. On the contrary, it is his very *grace* that brings *salvation*.* He has no *pleasure* in the death of him, who will die. It is the *rebellion* of the *Enemy*, and the unconquerable *obduracy* of those who take part with him, that hath given a *being*, to the everlasting *fire*, which otherwise had never been kindled.†

Relief.

But let us *withdraw* our *imagination* from this *scene*, whose *horror* overcomes *humanity*.

Joy.

Let us turn our *view* to *joys*, of which the *supreme joy* is. That every one of us, if our own *egregious fault* and *folly* hinder not, may be *partaker* of them. Every one of us may, if he will, gain his *portion* in that *state*, which the *word of truth* holds forth to the present *weakness* of human understanding under all the *emblems* of *magnificence* and *delight*.

Delight.

To walk in *white robes*;‡ to eat of the *fruit* of the *tree of life*|| to sit on *thrones*;§ and to wear *crowns*;¶ to be clothed with the *glory* of the *firmament* of *Heaven*; and of the *stars*;** what do these *images* present to our understandings, but the *promised favour* of the *One supreme*; the *approbation* of the *general judge*; the *total purification* of our *nature*; and an *assured establishment* in *immortal honour* and *felicity*?

Rapt.

This, and much more than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or heart conceived,†† is laid up for those, who properly receive that *saving grace* of *God*, which hath appeared to all men, who study to live *soberly*, *righteously* and *godly*, in this present world, as

* Tit. ii. 11. the text. † Mat. xxv. 41. ‡ Rev. iii. 4. vi. 11. vii. 9, 13, 14. || Rev. ii. 7. xxii. 2, 14. § Rev. iii. 21. ¶ Rev. ii. 10. iii. 11. 1 Pet. vi. 4. James i. 12. 2 Tim. iv. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 25. ** Dan. xii. 3. †† 2 Cor. ii. 9.

those who look for the blessed hope, and future glorious appearance of our Saviour Jesus Christ.*

Thus have I (my dear fellow-creatures, and Ser.
fellow-christians; my flock, for whose inestimable Remonst.
souls I am to answer to the great Shepherd) thus
have I, in much weakness, but in perfect integ-
rity of heart, endeavored to excite you, and
myself, to a more strict attention, than I fear is Concern.
commonly given, to the care of all cares, the
business of all businesses. I have, for this pur- Charging.
pose, given you, in an explanatory paraphrase
on the text, an abridged view of your three-fold
duty. I have fairly warned you of your danger, Warning.
if you neglect or violate, habitually, any part of
it. I have put you in mind, that it is but too
common to neglect the great salvation,† whilst
with a reasonable diligence, and at no greater Remonst.
expence of hardship, or suffering, generally with
less, than vice exposes men to, it might be
made sure. I have appealed to your own feel- Arguing.
ings, whether virtue be not the best wisdom, if
there were no future state. I have laid before
you some of the arguments for the reality of a
world to come, with a view of the probabilities,
from what we see in the present state, of what
will be the immensely different consequences of
virtue, and of vice, in the future. I have tried
to rouse your sense of gratitude, and of shame.
I have set your suffering Saviour before your Rous. Sen.
view. I have invited you in the name of your of Grat.
heavenly Father, to return to him and to your and Sham-
own happiness. I have entreated you by your Beseech.
regard (—I hope you are not altogether without-
regard) for your weak, but faithful pastor, the
servant of your souls. I have put you in mind.

* Tit. ii. 11, 12, 13. † Heb. ii. 3.

Mod.
Alarm.

Grief.

Pity with
Venerat.

Tender.
Venerat.

of the *future appearance* of your Saviour, and Judge; and of the *sentences of approbation*, and *condemnation*, under one, or other of which, every human individual will be comprehended, from which there is no appeal. If these considerations be not sufficient to stir up, in your minds, a sense of danger, and of duty, I know not what more, I can, at present, do for you, but to retire, from this place of public instruction, to my closet, and there to pour out my soul for you before the Father of spirits, that He, who has access to all hearts, may touch your hearts with such prevailing influence, that the great end of preaching may be gained with you, in spite of that fatal indifference, and obstinacy, which so often baffles all human power and art.

I commit the salvation of your precious souls to the great Overseer of souls.* To Him, as to the Restorer of this ruined world, the Conqueror of Satan,† the Abolisher of death,‡ the Light of mankind,|| and the future Judge of the quick and the dead, be ascribed, by every being in Heaven, and on earth,§ blessing and honour, and power, to the glory of God,¶ the Father Almighty, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose supreme and unequalled dominion is over all from everlasting to everlasting. Amen.

* 1 Pet. ii. 25. † Mat. xii. 29. ‡ 2 Tim. i. 10
|| John viii. 12. xii. 46. § Rev. v. 13.
¶ Phil. ii. 11.

CONCLUSION.

I HOPE the judicious reader will think the labour, I have bestowed in collecting, and altering, where proper, the foregoing LESSONS, not wholly lost. Though a greater *number* of passages might have been put together (which likewise must have enhanced the bulk and *price* of the book) I hope it will be owned that this collection, affords such a competent *variety*, that whoever can express, or deliver, properly, all the matter contained in these LESSONS, need be at no great loss in speaking any kind of matter, that can come in his way.

There are in the LESSONS, several humours, or passions, for expressing which there are no directions *nominally* given in the ESSAY : But in the ESSAY there are directions for expressing the *principal* humours, or passions, which commonly occur, and the *others* are generally *referable* to them. For example, there is not in the ESSAY such an article as HYPOCRISY which occurs in the LESSONS, page 183 : but there is AFFECTATION of piety, in the ESSAY, page 30, which is the same thing under a different name, and so of others, which every reader's understanding will enable him to trace out with the help of the INDEX.

Masters of places of education, and private tutors, may easily enlarge the practice of their pupils, on the plan here given, to what extent they please ; this part of education being, like all others, endless. The youth may be directed to translate from the ancients, especially the orators, and then the master correcting their translations, and marking the emphatical words with lines under them, and the various humours or passions on the margin, they may be instructed to commit the substance of them to memory, so as to be able without having too often recourse to their papers, to speak them with ease and gracefulness, and with propriety as to tone of voice, looks and gesture.

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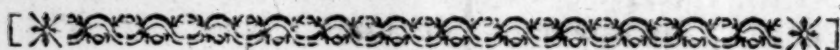
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